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MEMOIRS
OF THE
REV. S. F. JOHNSTON,
THE
REV. J. W. MATHESON,
AND
MRS. MARY JOHNSTON MATHESON.
MISSIONARIES ON TANNA.

WITH SELECTIONS FROM THEIR DIARIES AND CORRESPONDENCE, AND NOTICES OF THE NEW HEBRIDES, THEIR INHABITANTS AND MISSIONARY WORK AMONG THEM.

BY
THE REV. GEORGE PATTERSON,
PASTOR OF THE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, GREEN HILL, PICTOU, N. S.

"Weeping may endure for a night."—PSAL. xxx. 5.

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PREFACE.

SOME apology may be deemed necessary for bringing before the public the following memoirs. We do not claim for either Mr. Matheson or Mr. Johnston any unusual talents or extraordinary attainments; their labours in the Lord's vineyard on earth were short; and however diligently they may have sown, they were not permitted to reap. Why then, it might be objected, trouble the public with their biographies, when there are so many other individuals in the church, whose labours have been more extensive and more successful? To this the author would deem it sufficient to reply, that he believes the record of their lives is fitted to be useful in various ways. In the examination of the memorials of these beloved brethren placed in his hands, he has felt himself instructed and reprov'd, and as he hopes that their influence has been to make him a better man and a better minister, so he believes he is doing a service to the church in preparing them for the perusal of others. But in addition he would remark that while these brethren may have no claim to such a record from the church at large, they are entitled to it from the Presbyterian church of the Lower Provinces. We hold it to

be her duty to hold such in reputation, and to give due honour to their memory. In so doing she not only does an act of justice, but a real service to herself. She brings home to her members an example of what is noble, and he believes that there is something more impressive to a church in the lives of her own worthies, than of others, even of superior gifts or more extensive labours.

But particularly does he consider himself honoured in adding to the records of female heroism, which the modern missionary enterprise has given to the world, so beautiful an instance as that of Mary J. Matheson. Her missionary life was short, but while it continued few women have been placed in circumstances more trying, and few have afforded a finer specimen of Christian patience, wisdom and heroism. The church which had the privilege of presenting so rich an offering to the service of the God of missions, would be faithless to herself, to the interest of survivors, and to the grace given her by her great Head, did she not preserve a memorial of so lovely an example of devotedness to the cause of missions. From her modesty she did not write for the press, so that her excellences were not generally known even in the body to which she belonged. But we believe that now it will be seen, that we "had entertained an angel unawares."

In preparing this work it will be seen that he has allowed the parties to speak for themselves. It will also be observed, that we have made free use of the diaries of our lamented brethren. We are aware that some caution is necessary in the use of this means of illustrating character. To be really genuine they must have

been intended as secret. In the present instances we believe that an examination of the contents of both, will show that they were genuine heart studies, with a view to personal improvement. Mrs. M. has on one of her books the words "intended for no mortal eye but my own," while she destroyed much that she had written, and that referring to a most interesting portion of her life. It might be a question how far we are warranted in making public what was intended as secret. To this our answer is that the good of survivors must be paramount, and we believe that in this view the spirits of the departed could they now be consulted, would concur.

We are aware, too, that there is danger of erroneous impressions from such records. The feelings of one retiring to rest after the toils of the day, in reviewing its events as in the sight of God, are of a peculiarly solemn nature, and if taken as an exhibition of character in daily life would be apt to mislead. Thus in some instances from the publication of diaries, some of the most genial men in the Christian church have appeared to the public as men of naturally gloomy temperament. It would be easy to make the same mistake in the present instances. Such records must therefore be regarded as expressive of only one side of character, as exhibiting the individual in the act of solemn self-scrutiny, as in the presence of his impartial judge.

It is frequently said that the religion of the present day compared with that of past ages is deficient in *inwardness*—that while more expansive in its operations outwardly, it lacks those deep soul-exercises on which so much stress was laid by our fore-fathers. There may

be reason for the complaint. We are happy however to bring before our church two instances of thorough self-scrutiny, and deep breathings after God, which will bear comparison with the finest specimens of this kind even of the Puritan age. And the fact is to us the more interesting that in both cases these are to be found in conjunction with the most earnest and self-denying efforts for the good of others—in a manner exemplifying the best spirit of the present age, thus showing not only their harmony but their mutual dependence—that while labour for the good of our fellow men is one of the best means of promoting the health of the soul, on the other hand, the flame of missionary zeal is best fed by close communings with God in secret.

It is to him, in one view, matter of pain that it should have fallen to his lot to present the dark side of missionary life on Tanna. But it is well that the church should see the shadows as well as the lights of her enterprise—that she may appreciate the self-denial and faithfulness of her agents—that she may understand the greatness of the work—that she may feel her dependence on Almighty power, and be stirred up to lay hold by prayer of his strength, and that thus when the darkness is past, she may learn to give due honour to the Sun of righteousness, before whose beams the shadows flee away.

May God bless this effort as a means of advancing that cause to which these brethren gave their lives.

GEORGE PATTERSON.

November, 1864.

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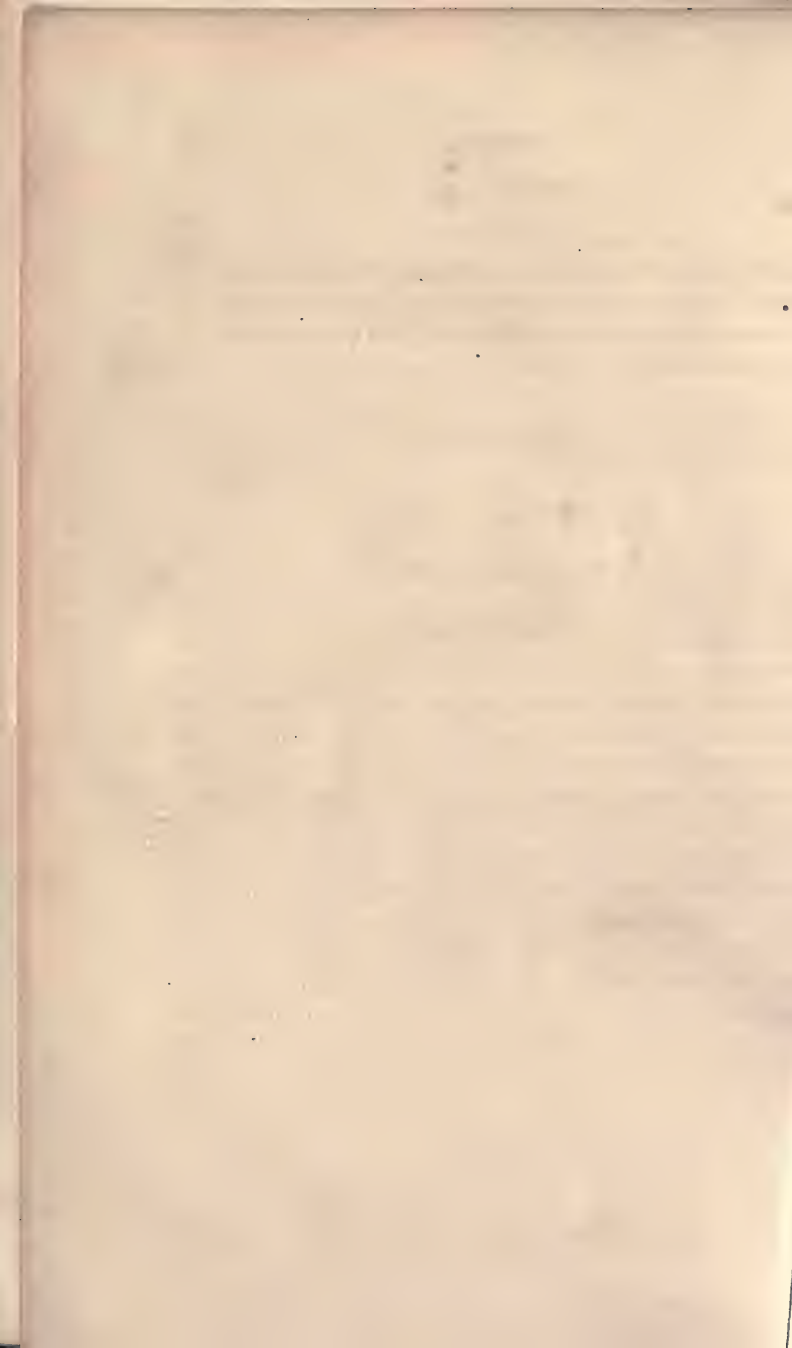
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REV. S. W. JOHNSTON.

MEMOIR
OF THE
REV. SAMUEL FULTON JOHNSTON.

CHAPTER I

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GENERAL PRINCIPLES OF THE

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THE first principle of the art is that the mind should be directed to the object of study. This is done by the use of the senses, which are the organs of knowledge. The second principle is that the mind should be directed to the object of study. This is done by the use of the senses, which are the organs of knowledge. The third principle is that the mind should be directed to the object of study. This is done by the use of the senses, which are the organs of knowledge. The fourth principle is that the mind should be directed to the object of study. This is done by the use of the senses, which are the organs of knowledge. The fifth principle is that the mind should be directed to the object of study. This is done by the use of the senses, which are the organs of knowledge. The sixth principle is that the mind should be directed to the object of study. This is done by the use of the senses, which are the organs of knowledge. The seventh principle is that the mind should be directed to the object of study. This is done by the use of the senses, which are the organs of knowledge. The eighth principle is that the mind should be directed to the object of study. This is done by the use of the senses, which are the organs of knowledge. The ninth principle is that the mind should be directed to the object of study. This is done by the use of the senses, which are the organs of knowledge. The tenth principle is that the mind should be directed to the object of study. This is done by the use of the senses, which are the organs of knowledge.

MEMOIR

OF THE

REV. SAMUEL FULTON JOHNSTON.

CHAPTER I.

EARLY YEARS.

THE REV. SAMUEL FULTON JOHNSTON was born on the 15th June, 1830, at Middle Stewiacke, Nova Scotia. This is an entirely rural district, forming part of a valley through which for a length of some twenty-five miles flows the river Stewiacke, from which the settlement derives its name. The inhabitants are principally devoted to agricultural pursuits, particularly to the raising of cattle, much of the land being what is called in Nova Scotia *intervale*, or generally in the West, bottom land, and extremely favourable for grazing purposes. His father's farm lay on the left bank of the river, in what is commonly called the Middle Settlement, from its position, between what is called the Upper Settlement near the head, and the Lower, near its junction with the Shubenacadie.

Both by the father's and mother's side he was descended from emigrants from the North of Ireland, of that class usually known in America as the Scotch

Irish. These sprang from settlers who at various eras passed over from Scotland to the northern Province of Ireland, and have there retained all the religious peculiarities of their fatherland, perhaps even somewhat intensified. Wherever they have gone they have been marked by a sturdy strength of character, strong but almost rugged piety, and all the sterner virtues of life. Circumstances in the state of Ireland about the middle of the last century led large numbers of them to emigrate to the United States, where they have distinguished themselves by their industry, energy, and moral worth. Among others Mr. Johnston's great grandfather emigrated to New England, where part of his family, among others Mr. Johnston's grandfather were born, and whence they shortly after removed to Nova Scotia. By his mother's side he was descended from persons of the same class, who had emigrated to this Province direct from Ireland. In religious profession his ancestors had been not only thorough Presbyterians, but Seceders of the strictest type, and for several generations had maintained a reputation for superior piety, his great grandfather, his grandfather and three of his brothers, his father and one of his brothers having all been ruling elders in the Presbyterian church.

His parents, Samuel Johnston and Rebecca Fulton, are still living, and have been long esteemed as fearing God above many. Especially, however, have they been marked by diligence in bringing up their family in the nurture and admonition of the Lord, following the time-honoured mode of family instruction, founded on the Bible and Shorter Catechism, characteristic of the

Scotch and Irish Presbyterians. For the training thus received, Mr. Johnston in his diary frequently expressed his deep obligations, and gave utterance to the most fervent declarations of his gratitude to the Father of mercies. In their worldly circumstances they occupied the position prayed for by Agur, of having neither poverty nor riches—being in the situation of the larger portion of the agricultural population of Nova Scotia, of having a sufficiency of all the necessities of life, but having little extra money, beyond what was required to furnish the usual comforts of families in middling circumstances.

Samuel, or as he was usually called from his second name, Fulton, was the eldest of a family of eight sons and two daughters, and the first to finish his earthly career, though one sister, tenderly beloved, had been called to meet him in the eternal world, before the intelligence of his death had reached Nova Scotia. From childhood he manifested an amiable and affectionate disposition, and even from his earliest years seemed to manifest an interest in divine things. "From a child he knew the holy Scriptures which are able to make wise unto salvation," and if love to God is a decided evidence of genuine conversion, then was he born of the Spirit even from childhood. Even before he could read his frequent petition to his mother was to read to him out of the Bible, and when but a boy he commenced the practice of reading a chapter himself every morning before going forth to his daily employments. And as to his conduct, he was one of those who like Renwick the martyr, might have thanked God that he had been saved from the pollutions of childhood.

He has, however, given us a full account of his early years in an autobiography, which we shall now present nearly in full to our readers, merely remarking that it was first written in his twenty-first year, when he had not attended any higher literary institution than a common school, but afterwards revised and enlarged. We need not, therefore, be surprised to find in it a juvenility of style, which will, we doubt not, render it all the more interesting as an exhibition of his youthful exercises.

“The first incident of my life which I deem worth recording is a severe attack of the croup, in which I was brought very low; so that all despaired of my life, and, humanly speaking, I had not lived a single hour longer (every symptom of death having been clearly depicted upon me) had it not been for a neighbour woman, who, as it were, at the last moment furnished a remedy.

“This happened when I was four years of age. It has always appeared to me that there were impressions made upon my mind on that occasion that never left it—that after this event I had a kind of feeling that I should and would be devoted to the Lord’s service. At the age of from six to eight I took great delight in hearing the Scriptures read and also entertaining narratives. I would plead with my mother to read to me, and many are the hours which I have sat and listened to her read. Scripture narratives interested me most. Often have the tears rolled down my cheeks, as I listened to the tale of Joseph’s being sold into Egypt and the sorrows suffered there. I was anxious to understand what I heard read, and can well remember of

hearing my parents say, that I had so many questions to ask that I was a great trouble to them. I can well remember also my anxiety to understand whatever I heard. My parents did endeavour to answer my questions to a certain extent. But all parents fail in this respect. It is not easy to tell what good would result from carefully and wisely inciting in the youthful mind a spirit of inquiry, to understand and to know the true nature of whatever may arrest their attention.

“I can well remember that at this early age I used to reflect much on the nature of sin, especially on original sin and the fall of our first parents and its ruinous consequences. The instructions which I received from my parents respecting these topics, made deep and lasting impressions on my mind. The remarks and explanations made upon my little questions, as I used to repeat them to them, appeared to have made the deepest impressions, as they are now most vivid upon my mind. There is an incident which happened when I was about ten or eleven years old, though quite simple in itself, yet from its influence upon me I shall here notice.

“One morning I arose from my bed and immediately commenced singing light songs and indulging in levity. Grandfather noticed this and reproved me, as nearly as I can remember to this effect: ‘Do you know why you are alive and well this morning? Many little children like you died last night. Why were you not among the number? Why are you not in eternal burning this morning? Many children went there during last night.’ When I did not answer these inquiries, he then told me it was of God’s mercy that I was preserved—that he had in kindness brought me to another

morning; and concluded by asking me if it would not be more becoming and wise if I now engaged in prayer, thanking him for his kindness manifested toward me, asking for protection during the day, &c. The impression made upon my mind *never* left it. It is seldom that I have since engaged in singing any kind of music before breakfast and family worship. Even to this day, to hear singing or levity in the morning before these duties are attended to, strikes a sort of gloom over my feelings and appears to be something daringly wicked. Thus it is that the youthful mind may be impressed for good or evil.

“Thus, my time passed away until I came to be about ten or eleven years of age. It was about this period, or a little before, that I commenced reading the Scriptures through *regularly*. This task I yearly accomplished, reading a chapter daily. My mother usually listened to me, and gave such explanations as she was capable of doing. From this exercise I have to this day derived much profit. It gave me a *general* acquaintance with Scripture, which I could not have now had it not been for this. I have much reason to be thankful that I was directed to spend a portion of each day in this profitable exercise, which time might have been squandered away idly. Besides, who can tell, the hallowing, solemnizing, purifying effect of the daily reading of a portion of God’s *holy* word and the bringing the mind into immediate contact with such a fountain of purity.

“When at the ages of from twelve to fourteen I was more given to the vanities of the world. Sometimes I would even feel a hatred to that which was good and

holy. Much of my time was squandered away shamefully. My pride was growing. I became more and more self-willed. Restraints became more and more irksome. Yes, I hated them. I desired to live according to the feelings, emotions and aspirations of my depraved wicked heart. At times, when my parents were instructing me, setting before my mind the loveliness, and desirableness of a life of holiness, my very soul would hate those instructions. But I must not neglect to mention, that during those very years my conscience would forcibly reprove me, at times, for my wickedness; and I would listen with pleasure and in tears to the solemn admonitions and instructions of my parents, and would desire, and form resolutions, to walk in the way of holiness. But I had a hard stony heart, and a proud disposition, which would soon lead me away again from God, lead me into evil, banish all my good desires, and cause me to forget all my good resolutions. I cannot but look back upon this portion of my life with emotions sad, sad, and feelings of sorrow. God is a God of infinite mercy and long-suffering, or He would have cut me off in my iniquity. I also look back with sorrow upon the disposition I had when young, to disregard the truth, to lie, when it would not benefit myself. This shows powerfully the corruption of my heart.

"I remember well the first time that I went by myself and bowed the knee in silent prayer to God. I felt it to be an awful moment. I felt as if God was near, and that I was speaking to him. I felt the exercise to be deeply, awfully solemn, and I also arose and departed from the place with such feelings. I had a most deep and painful inward conflict and struggle, ere I brought

my mind to consent to engage in this exercise. I was at this time about fourteen years of age. The thought that so much of my life passed away ere I bowed my knee in prayer fills my mind with deep and poignant sorrow. I cannot now conceive how I could possibly live without prayer. I must have been most miserable! True as soon as I could lisp out in broken accents the sentiments of my heart, I was taught to repeat the Lord's prayer, and with clasped hands, would by my mother's side repeat it, ere I retired to rest. They taught me that it was my duty to retire night and morning in secret and to pray to, and make known, my wants to God. But they failed to take me into the closet and to pray with me, to set me the example. Happy and highly favoured are those children, whose parents not only teach them prayers, but also take them into their closets and secretly pray with them and teach them to pray.

"Before this time I used to say the Lord's prayer, and child's prayer, and at times would add something to them, in my bed. After this, I retired frequently to pray. But I was not regular in the daily performance of this exercise, which is a most unfavourable indication of my piety. I continued on in this way. Sometimes my prayers were earnest, sometimes languid and wandering, hurried and cool.

"I felt the restraints which my parents imposed upon me to be most irksome, such as never allowing me to go from home without permission, and directions as to where I should go, how long I should remain, what company I should keep, their strict observance of the Sabbath, &c., &c. I would contrast my (as I then

thought it) hard lot, with that of other children, who had no such restraints laid upon them. I supposed them to be much more highly favoured than myself, to be most happy. But I have since learned that, I was the highly favoured and most happy child. Happy is that child who learns submission in early youth, that has its proud and rebellious disposition subdued. This is one of the first and most important duties of parents. Let them be most careful in observing it.

“When I was sixteen years of age, during the summer of 1846, we had a young man hired, with whom I worked. Feeling a restraint in his presence and not having a good opportunity for secret prayer, I reasoned thus with myself. I will be most attentive at the family altar, be most anxious that the prayers offered up may be answered and always add, “Amen.” I reasoned myself into the belief that this was quite sufficient. This I continued to do for some months. But still, at times, my conscience would speak out loudly against such neglect of so important a duty, and I would be compelled, in order to get relief, to retire and pour out my soul in prayer, and cry to God for pardon.

“Naturally possessing a large amount of buoyancy of spirits I was at this period of my life, when in company, full of merriment and levity. Naturally feeling and kind-hearted the young loved me, and were anxious to have my company. Thus I was led to waste precious time, was led away by thoughtless company into idleness and to acts of folly, but which by the world were denominated innocent. None reproved me. I was considered to be a consistent, well-behaved youth. But at that very time I knew that God was taking quite a

different view of my life. And when I now look back upon it, my heart is filled with sorrow and sadness. Ah! the sins I have committed in the dance, the merry play, and in the amusements of the social circle. But still amidst all these grounds for sorrowing and sadness, I have much reason for heartfelt gratitude, that I had so many restraints to draw me away from these soul-ruinous scenes, viz. the pious instructions of my parents, a conscience enlightened by these instructions, and the reading of the Scriptures and other books, a love for improvement, a desire to read and obtain knowledge and a love for retirement. These influences so operated upon my mind, as to keep me from frequently entering these scenes of amusements. It was but seldom that I went from home. But ah! when I did enter into these scenes of folly and levity, how completely did I throw off all these restraints and give myself up to merriment and levity. It is wonderful how I could so get rid of all these influences. But such is the deceitfulness of the human heart. When I retired from such scenes, my remorse of conscience would be most deep and painful, and I would form resolutions never again to yield to such influences. Yes, and I at times would even loathe them. But how weak and erring is human strength, how deeply corrupted the heart. I also must record my gratitude to God that it pleased him to place me in circumstances not the most favourable for frequent meetings for social amusements. I should also observe here another influence which must have restrained me and kept me from much idleness and folly in which I would doubtless have engaged. This was a desire to obtain useful knowledge and a love for reading. In this way I used to spend

many of my leisure hours and evenings. The profit arising from this expenditure of time I now feel to be invaluable. Would that I had been more economical of my time and more self-denying in my efforts in acquiring knowledge.

“When I was about sixteen years of age, I commenced a practice of rising between three and four o’clock in the mornings. I would then first attend to devotional exercises. (I can well remember hurrying over these in order to hasten to mental improvement, so great was my thirst for knowledge.) I would then read a portion of Scripture; next commit several questions of Brown’s Second Catechism to memory. After these exercises I would spend the remainder of my time (when any remained) in useful reading. It was during that portion of the year, when the nights are long, that I used to spend my mornings thus. It was in this way that I learned the English Grammar, with the occasional assistance of a cousin who lived near.

“As I grew older, this thirst for knowledge increased. My mind was not in my daily employments. Schemes for getting education were constantly floating through my mind. My parents were poor, and it was but seldom indeed, that there was a school in the district. Thus all things seemed against me, and my prospects dark and gloomy. I often used to wonder, why it was that I was thus situated; but still my mind was always running in that direction, and constantly anticipating some coming propitious day.

“Preaching always seemed to produce a deep impression on my mind. I seldom heard a lively, earnest sermon, but I felt in my bosom a burning desire to

proclaim the truths of the gospel to those who felt them not. Frequently have I listened in tears.

“When about fifteen or sixteen years of age these feelings were much intensified occasionally. At this period there was a great want of labourers in the Lord’s vineyard. The Macedonian cry was reiterated again and again, and none responded. Our school of the prophets was then lying in ruins. I used occasionally to retire and pray in tears, that God would raise up a seminary of learning for the training of young men for the ministry, and that it might be his will that I should be one of these. Still, that such should be the case, to human appearance, there was little reason to expect. Still I prayed and hoped, and it does still appear to me as though the prayers were sincere and earnest.

“Thus my life went on, the subject of the most opposite feelings and exercises of which the mind can conceive. I should not forget to mention what was my closet before this, and long after. It was my business night and morning to attend the stock. Thus I had a place of retirement in the barn. Many are the prayers I have offered up in that barn.

“In the winter of 1846 I was greatly led away by idle, thoughtless company, more so than in any other period of my life. When in company I was full of merriment. My whole soul seemed to be absorbed in the amusements of the company, into which I entered with all the warmth, earnestness, and enthusiasm of my nature. Thus I was neglectful of prayer, or engaged in it in a cold and hurried manner. How depraved is the human heart! How exceeding great the riches of the mercy

and love of God in his Spirit to operate upon so impure, and unholy, and deceitful a heart.

“In the spring of 1847 I had an attack of the measles, and was long recovering. This led me to greater frequency and earnestness at the throne of grace. I became more thoughtful and serious.

“On the night of the 17th of May, 1847, I was attacked with palpitation of the heart, the contractions and workings of the heart being such as to render me so weak as not to be able to move. I thought it was death, and felt as if I were dying. Well do I remember the silent prayer which I offered, on my bed, that night, to God. “Lord, if it is thy will that I die, pardon my sins through Jesus, and receive me to thyself; but O Lord, if it is thy will to spare me, I will give myself to thy service, to be a servant in thy vineyard. Nevertheless, not my will, but thine be done. I now resolve to serve thee, O Lord, and be for thee and not for another.” I cried unto God for strength to resist temptation, and for direction to do his will. I informed no person of this sickness. After this I had for a long time frequent attacks of this palpitation, but I did not make it known; but I had none nearly so severe, and they also became less and less severe, and a longer period intervened between them. For some time I thought it was quite probable that my life would be suddenly taken away in some of these attacks. But I never informed any person that I was subject to them. It was always my disposition to keep deeply hidden in my own bosom all my serious and more important feelings. It seemed as though I could not make these known to others. This, I believe, has been a great

injury to myself, and also to others, as to the influence I exerted on them. As I felt that this disease would soon cause my death, it was the subject of my frequent study, why the Lord was going to cut me off in my youth, and not spare me that I might be a means in his hands of doing good to others. My great desire to live (at least I then sincerely believed so) was, that I might be useful in His Church and world; this was my constant prayer; and I also asked the Lord, that if he had no work for me to do, that he would take me to himself from the evil of this world. I meditated much on Psalm iv. 8; vi. 4, 5, 39; xlix. 17, 18, and such like passages.

“When I was reduced to a state of weakness, how utterly helpless and wholly dependent did I feel, (these were my feelings while under that attack), how awfully vile and abominable did sin appear to me, and how vain and worthless did all the pleasures and things of time seem to be. I felt that I would never again sin, love pleasure or amusements, or indulge in them again. But alas! how did these feelings vanish from my mind. During that spring these views and this contrition for sin remained, and at times were most powerful and deep. Some days I was deeply oppressed and would not even smile. At times I felt deeply burdened and oppressed. I would resolve to shun every evil way, to live a life of seriousness and devotion to God’s service. I would resolve never again to give way to idleness and merriment, to go into idle company no more. I even sometimes resolved never to laugh again, to live in strict conformity to God’s word, but, ah! what a tremendous work I was undertaking, how little strength I possessed for such a work, how little knowledge, how little real disposition.

Nothing could be more hopeless than my success. I was endeavouring to justify myself, to work out my own salvation by the deeds of the law. I was not then conscious that such was my object; but by bitter experience and by the teachings of the Spirit, I have since learned that such was the real aim of my heart. Oh! what madness and folly.

“As might be anticipated, I frequently broke my most determined and solemn resolves—fell into sin, idleness, and levity. These falls would fill me with remorse. I would look upon myself as the most weak, erring, and foolish of mortals. Sometimes I would begin to despair of ever being able to secure my soul’s salvation, and would be almost tempted to relinquish the effort as hopeless.

“In June I attended on a sacramental occasion. I was deeply affected by the preached word. I felt that I should have been among the number of communicants. When I came home, I felt deeply impressed with a sense of my many and aggravated sins, and my vileness in God’s sight. I felt as if God was near to me, ready to take vengeance upon me on account of them. I used to love to go into solitude, and thus to muse on those things—to pray to God. I remember, that on one occasion, I was so deeply impressed with a sense of guilt, that I feared to go into the canoe to cross the river. (This was a canoe we had for crossing the river to a part of the farm on the opposite side. In this canoe I used to take the greatest pleasure in sporting about, on the waters of that gentle stream with my brother). After much hesitancy, I was prevailed upon to venture to cross. But I was filled with terror, and trembled, fearing the canoe would sink, or I would fall into the stream.

I feared to walk near the margin of the river, lest I should be drawn into it. How true the Scripture—‘The wicked flee when no man pursueth.’ ‘There is no peace, saith the Lord, to the wicked.’

“But still I would occasionally get into light, vile company, and drive away all these feelings for a time ; and those with whom I associated knew not the hidden emotions of my bosom, and would not for a moment suppose that ever I had been subjected to care or sorrow for sin. During this time I thought that I loved God, hated sin, and desired to live in conformity to his will. But I was deceived.

“Thus time rolled on until the month of August, towards the latter part of it. I had been reading the life of the Rev. James Hervey. In this memoir, his views of justification by faith through the righteousness of Christ, and his opposition to legal righteousness, were treated of at large. This was a dark, mysterious subject to me. My mind could not possibly comprehend it ; to the Christian it is most simple and pleasing doctrine. I was much perplexed, and would doubt its correctness, and the reading of this book much increased my perplexity.

“One day, as I was in the field mowing, sad and much perplexed with this subject, my thoughts on what I had been reading, I stopped to whet my scythe. While I was thus employed, all on a sudden light flashed into my mind—the whole subject seemed clear and simple. My own righteousness appeared to my mind as filthy rags—legal salvation an impossibility—Christ’s righteousness the only hope of a sinner’s justification with God. I saw and felt this righteousness to be suitable

to my soul's wants. I gladly seized upon it as my only hope of safety. The Saviour then appeared lovely and precious. Then peace and joy filled my bosom such as I never before experienced.

"This was accomplished suddenly, as if light had been flashed into my mind. I can only compare it to the experience of an individual in a dark room, famishing from hunger and thirst, and longing for the animating influences of the light, when all on a sudden light flashes into the room, and reveals to him that he is surrounded with everything needful to meet all wants. What joy and astonishment would fill that bosom! So it is with the sinner. I was astonished at my former blindness and folly, and wondered why I could not heretofore see the Saviour as thus lovely and precious.

"Then it was, I believe, that the angels in heaven rejoiced over a sinner turning to God and being forgiven. I then saw and felt that salvation was of free and sovereign grace—not the result of good works—that good works only flowed from being justified. Then the sinner is saved; then, as a faithful servant, he labours for his Saviour, not from selfish love of reward, but in obedience and from love.

"I feel persuaded, that from this period my whole soul and motives were changed; and though frequently in darkness, sin, and folly, yet I could ever after say that my Redeemer liveth, and that there is none on the earth I desire besides him. But oh, how much danger there is of being deceived in the matter of our conversion! So deceitful is the human heart. Previous to this, I thought sincerely (so far as I knew my own heart) that I loved God, and that I desired to live for him. I would

pray much at times, study his word, seemed to love his people, his ordinances, Christian instruction, admonition, warning, &c. And even now it does seem to me that I had real love for these things. But I can now clearly see that my great concern about salvation arose from a fear of coming punishment. Hence my great concern was to free myself from condemnation—not from the filth and pollution of sin—not to live a holy life because I loved holiness, but because I thought it would save me from punishment. I would much have preferred to have been saved, and also to have been freed from the restraints of the law, and to run on in sin according to the lust of my depraved nature. Thus I found the law to be a schoolmaster to bring me to Christ. I could now say with the Apostle Paul, in the 7th chapter to the Romans, ‘I delight in the law of the Lord after the inward man.’ It appears to me to be a thing impossible for a person to be converted and not to be conscious of it, though at times he may be full of doubts and fears.

“After this my desire to obtain an education rapidly increased. It became a subject of daily prayer to God. It was my increasing and earnest desire to become a preacher of the gospel. My soul seemed to burn with a desire to

— tell to sinners round,
What a dear Saviour I had found.

“I was constantly planning with myself respecting how I would effect this object so earnestly desired. But all these thoughts and feelings I carefully kept to myself. My nearest friends had not even a hint of them.

“In the fall of 1847, one of my schoolmates (R. R. C.) died. I was with him the night he died. His remarks

to me and another schoolmate respecting the nature of death, uncertainty of time, our duty to serve God, and his declaration that he only desired to get well, that he might do something for the glory of God, made a deep impression on my mind, which still remains. As I sat by his bedside I felt how feeble we are, how dependent upon God, how vain to resist his arm, how helpless in death, how uncertain is life, that those only can be safe who have their life 'hid in Christ.' I felt that it was a fearful thing to die, and how necessary and how wise to be always ready for that event.

"A short time after this the sacrament of the Lord's Supper was dispensed in our congregation. I had then a strong desire to commune, but my parents rather dissuaded me for the time. They thought that I had better wait awhile and reflect more seriously upon so solemn a step. But they little knew how much I had been reflecting upon it, for I did not make known to them the state of my mind and feelings. Such are some of the evils of so tenaciously retaining feelings and views to myself.

"Thus time rolled on. I think that after this I never gave away so much to idleness and levity, though at times I did err greatly in this respect, and by so doing much retarded the growth of grace in my heart. But I became more and more diligent in the study of the Scriptures, more faithful and earnest in prayer, more humble and serious. But from the corruption of the natural heart, what a great work I had before me, and how often was I cast down in doubts, sorrows, darkness, and great dissatisfaction with self.

"In the spring of 1850, I proposed to go down to Lon-

donderry, to engage in manual labour. But my real design was to endeavour to get a school. I proposed to go to hire as a day labourer, as I knew my parents would not consent to my taking a school, because they did not consider me to be qualified; neither did they wish me to attempt getting an education, as they did not feel able to assist me, and they thought I could not accomplish it myself, and also, I believe, did not consider me to be possessed of sufficient mental ability to be a useful man in the ministry. For these reasons I concealed from them my real design. Under this pretext I got away, and soon succeeded in getting a school. This I consider to be a turning point in my life. I taught five months, to the entire satisfaction of all concerned.

“As I a short time after this commenced a *diary*, I shall not continue this hasty sketch any farther.

“In conclusion I would state a few impressions which from time to time found a lodgment in my bosom.

“When I was about sixteen or seventeen, I read an account of the establishment and progress of the Tahiti mission. This made a deep impression on my mind. As I read of the condition of the heathen and the effects which the gospel produced upon them, I longed to be engaged in the work. The desire never after wholly left my mind, and upon the whole it gradually increased, at times buried amidst the cares and pleasures of this life, and at other times working powerfully in my bosom, being, as I trust, stirred up by the Spirit of God, and strengthened by various external circumstances. There was a deep impression on my mind that I should not live amongst my friends or have a home of my own. I

felt that I would never lead a settled life. When or how this feeling came I cannot now recollect. It is long since I can remember of having such an impression upon my mind.

“A desire for travel early throbbed within my breast. My imagination was frequently wandering over the distant regions of earth, to see which my mind, as it were, yearned.

“There was also an impression on my mind that I would not be a long liver. When this came I am not certain. I know it was deeply impressed on my mind ever after I experienced attacks of palpitation of the heart. It still remains, and is as it were to my mind, a certain fact, a thing which I anticipate, just as if I had been told it would be so. I have reason for believing it will be so. All I ask is, Lord, enable me to spend my short life actively and faithfully for thee. May for me ‘to live be Christ,’ and then I am satisfied. *All will be WELL.*

“A few reflections upon the whole and then I am done. I feel it to be a profitable exercise thus to review my life. It is profitable in that it tends to humble me, gives me to see my own weakness, and folly, and my dependence upon God, to show me the great work for me to attend to even in my own bosom, and to excite to greater watchfulness, prayerfulness, in God’s service. As I am thus employed, I can exclaim in the language of Rom. vii. 24, 25 ; xi. 33, to the end.

“As I review my life, I can discern that the light which first shined into my soul was dim. Everything was seen as it were enveloped in a mist. My motives though renewed still possessed a large amount of impurity. There

was so much of self in everything. I still seemed determined to have some part in procuring my salvation, seemed reluctant that it should be *all* of grace. My faith and confidence in God's promises were weak. I felt and thought that it was by my own doing that I should realize their fulfilment, and when I failed, I was almost ready to sink in despair. Thus my comfort, joy and advancement in holiness were much marred. (I was not at the time fully conscious of these errors and knew not where the error lay.) I was proud, unconscious of the extent of the depravity of the human heart. I did not rightly apprehend the use God allowed me to make of his promises. From these errors and evils oh how much happiness have I lost, how much misery endured, how much dishonour have I done to God, and how little acceptable service have I rendered to him, and how little good have I done to others !

“But I have reason to thank and praise God, that my mind has been gradually enlightened in respect to these errors, and these evils have been lessening. God be thanked that such a glorious heaven-born reformation has been effected on my soul.

“I can only add that I also feel it to be a profitable exercise to review my life, as it shows my grounds of gratitude to God, causes me to adopt the language of the 103d Psalm, lets me know what I am, what I have been, and how I am dependent on free and sovereign grace.”

In some remarks appended to this above, addressed to “any mortal whose eye might chance to rest upon this Manuscript,” he says, “I have to the utmost of my ability endeavoured to make an accurate and simple statement of my life just as known to myself and *for*

my own use. You may if you please, charge me with indecision of character, fickle-mindedness, weakness of judgment, and such other traits of character as may be suggested by this sketch. But this one thing I ask of you, viz. to believe it to be a true statement of my life; only the extremes and apparent inconsistencies are not so great as presented to you as they really were, and as I felt them to be."

We have thus given his autobiography nearly in full. We may remark however that we can scarcely adopt his own view of the time of his conversion. Undoubtedly at the period referred to, he attained to clearer views of the way of salvation, and a decided advance in spiritual life. But we can scarcely regard all his previous spiritual exercises as merely the workings of natural conscience. Even in reading his own account of them we have a very strong impression that he was at that time under the teaching of the Spirit of God, and that whatever of youthful infirmity or natural corruption may have mingled with them, they yet afford evidence that the grace of God was working effectually in producing the fruits of righteousness, which are by Jesus Christ to the praise and glory of God.

We may remark too, that while with the sensitiveness of conscience which marks the regenerate, he here reflects in strong terms upon his own conduct, yet it was in no respect such as to call for the condemnation of others. He was entirely free from profanity or other open vices so often found in boys of that age; and though manifesting the usual playfulness of boyhood, he was always happy, when the opportunity was afforded for retirement to his books, and to quiet thought.

To his own account we have only to append a sketch of his character by his younger brother, now preparing for the ministry, who was his most intimate companion, and had the best opportunity of knowing him.

“The most distinguishing trait of his character from childhood up, was his strength of will—his unyielding determination to complete whatever he undertook. His disposition was very social, and when in company, he was joyous and playful—the merriest of the merry—but when alone, his reflections were generally rather pensive, sometimes quite melancholy. His standard of morality and religion, even when quite young, was high, and hence he was ever criminating himself. His mental vigour was nothing beyond ordinary, yet he always manifested an intense desire for the acquisition of knowledge. This desire amounted almost to a passion, and seemed to absorb all other desires. Manual labour was always irksome to him, but intellectual toil was his delight. His emotional nature was strong, and in no way did it appear more manifestly, than in his sympathy for suffering humanity. To relieve suffering, to administer comfort, to promote happiness, in any way, to be a benefactor, was always his peculiar delight.

“It was at the age of sixteen that he resolved, if Providence ever opened the way, he would devote his life to the Foreign Mission service. Of this purpose, however, he informed none except myself, and to me he only intimated the fact. He would have been more frank, but for fear of a want of sympathy. His nature loved sympathy, and could not easily brook the lack of it on the part of his friends, with regard to his purposes. He preferred to keep his views and his purposes to himself, rather than meet the opposition which a knowledge of them by his friends might incur. This, I think, was the only reason why he was so incommunicative on this point. He certainly was very frank naturally, and as enthusiastic as frank.”

CHAPTER II.

PREPARING FOR COLLEGE.

FROM the letter of his brother, given at the close of the last chapter, it would appear that from the time at which he considers his conversion to have taken place, he had devoted himself to the Foreign Mission work. We can scarcely regard his resolution as then so fixed as it afterwards became, but from that time his heart was set upon the work of the gospel ministry. The Synod of the Presbyterian Church of Nova Scotia had then no collegiate institution, and the few who looked forward to serve at her altars struggled as best they might, to obtain the requisite preparatory education. But in the year 1848 the Synod commenced such an institution at West River under the charge of Rev. Mr. now Dr. Ross, principal of Dalhousie College. This he regarded as an answer to his prayers, and he now became extremely anxious to go forward with his studies. But his parents still discouraged it. His father did not deem him qualified, and the difficulties in the way seemed too great to be overcome. But his mind being fixed on this object, no discouragement could turn him aside from his purpose.

With this object in view, and with nothing to depend

on but his own efforts and the support of Him to whose service he was devoted, he left home as mentioned by himself, to prepare himself to enter the Synod's Institution for training a native ministry. Though the departure of a young man from his father's house is one of the most common incidents of life, it is one of the most solemn. From his deeply affectionate nature, his first parting from his father's family, though but for a short distance from home, was keenly felt. He had already accustomed himself to composition, and among his papers of this period we find one entitled, "Leaving a Christian home," in which he manifests the strength of his feelings by most affectionate expressions of regard for all the members of the household.

After teaching for a few months he removed to Economy to attend a school kept by a cousin, with the view of acquiring such a knowledge of the classics as would fit him for entering the Synod's Institution. While residing here he commenced keeping a diary, which, with various interruptions, he continued till the end of life. His object he thus explains under date Jan. 15, 1851:—

"This is a plan which I have devised to help me carry through my many resolutions to do good. I have long been thinking on it, but always failed in commencing it till now. My intention is to mark down my shortcomings of the day, so that I may have them as warnings for the future; and also to mark down anything that strikes my mind forcibly through the day which I think will afterward be of use to me."

Accordingly we find him subjecting himself to a most searching scrutiny, and earnestly struggling to advance in the divine life. As it was amid the struggles of these

years that his Christian character was formed we make no apology for giving copious extracts from his diary at this period of his life.

“Jan. 15. This day I have found the evil of not being strict to perform what you promise, and also of promising without consideration, and resolved to amend in this. This day occupied with the things of the world.

“17.—I find that if neglectful of prayer once it is difficult to find time again for it, or if I let a trifle stop me from it one time there are many trifles in the way the next time.

“18.—Coolness in prayer soon leads me to view sin with indifference, and also makes prayer a burden. Oh that I could perform it in a spirit of fervency!

“19.—The Sabbath. Oh how unthankful am I for all the privileges and blessings I enjoy! This morning I am led to say that the more my God giveth me, the less I look to him for support, counsel, and direction. How unwilling we are to give up with our own works and to look to him alone for salvation.

“Sabbath. This day I have resolved to join the Church on the third Sabbath from this, when the Rev. J. Watson will dispense the Sacrament in his congregation. Oh that the Lord may give his Spirit to direct me in self-examination, to enable me to see myself as he sees me!

“21. If God were as unmindful of me as I am of him, what would be my state? I have resolved this day not to pray again without first considering whether I have any real wants. Oh how have I sinned by praying for things which I disregarded whether I got them or not!

“22. This day has brought forcibly to my mind the great blessing I have enjoyed, viz., that of having Christian parents, a blessing which cannot be too highly esteemed. Oh that I may be enabled to make a wise improvement of the instructions they gave me!

“24. From this time I have determined to read a chapter every morning, and from it select a verse and commit it to memory to meditate on through the day. When evil thoughts arise in my mind I will have this verse to engage my attention.

"Held a conversation with Rev. J. Watson relative to my joining the Church, from whom I received some excellent advice and instruction. Three things in particular he wished me to bear in mind, viz., 1st. Strive to increase in knowledge and holiness, and for this purpose read the word of God daily, and have stated times for meditation and self-examination, and let not anything deter you from them. 2dly. Be a consistent Christian. It was his opinion that the inconsistent members of the Church did more injury to her than her enemies, the friends of Satan. And 3dly. Remember prayer, and pray with fervency. At all times when you pray have a particular request to make.

"25. Sabbath. Engaged in preparation for commemorating the death of Christ, and seeking for a spiritual refreshment. Oh it is sin that keeps our Heavenly Father from joining with us in sweet fellowship! Oh that I could serve him in fervency without swerving or offending!

28. I am astonished when I look back on the way in which I have been led ever since I had a being, and the kind preserving care which God has manifested towards me while I have been so unmindful of him.

"Feb'y 5. Oh for wisdom to improve my precious moments as they rapidly fly and are no more! What plan can I devise that will help me to improve them.

"9. This day I went forward to the Lord's Table for the first time. It was with fear and trembling. Yet I have cause to rejoice, that I was in some measure enabled to love him who died for sinners, to sorrow for my sins, to form resolutions of greater diligence in duty. Oh for strength from above to enable me to perform them! I have resolved to devote a while each day to meditation on the wondrous works of God—his wondrous love to man—his kindness to me, and the like."

SELF-DEDICATION TO THE LORD.

"1 Cor. viii. 5: 'They first gave their ownelves to the Lord.'

"Eternal Jehovah, encouraged by this example and by thy gracious promise, 'I will be your God and ye shall be my people,' I desire now to devote myself to thee wholly, to thee

alone, and to thee for ever. Thine I am by creation and by thy providential care, and I desire from this time forth to be thine by redeeming grace, and by my own cordial and unreserved dedication. Though by nature I am a child of wrath, and by my practice have too long obstinately sinned against heaven and in thy sight, yet now I desire to return to thee from whom I have revolted, and to renounce for ever the willing slavery of sin and to surrender myself to thy service. I give myself to thee, O Father, and beseech thee to put me among thy regenerated and adopted children. I give myself to thee, O Lord Jesus, and entreat thee to be my Saviour, instructor, governor, and intercessor. I give myself to thee, O Holy Spirit, and implore thee to be my sanctifier, quickener and comforter. I give myself to thee, thou one Jehovah, to be thine in soul and in body, in time and through eternity, and to employ all my time and all that I possess in obeying thy will and in promoting thy glory. I give myself to thee, resolved to take thy word as my daily guide, thy people as my companions, and thy ordinances as the means of my spiritual refreshment and progressive edification. (I give myself to the service of thy church—to be a labourer in thy vineyard—a preacher of thy gospel, and I desire of thee to accept of me as such—to raise me up to it, and to prepare me for it in the way that will be most to thy honour and glory, the welfare of my soul and the welfare of thy church.) And sensible of the deceitfulness of my heart, and of my own weakness, I desire to do all this in the strength of thy promised grace. Oh make thy grace sufficient for me, and accept through Christ of this dedication! Help me daily to keep in mind that I have thus devoted myself to thee a living sacrifice, and that I am bound to glorify thee with my body and spirit, which are thine. May the consideration of this be my guard in the hour of temptation, and my joy in affliction and in death. Now, Lord, I call heaven and earth to record that I am willingly thine. LORD, SAVE THOU ME.

“SAMUEL F. JOHNSTON.

“February 9th, 1851.”

The above, with the exception of the sentences en-

closed in parenthesis, is not his own composition, being a form of self-dedication given in Barr's Catechism, but still it shows the spirit in which he first united with the Church, while the addition shows how solemnly and fully he had even at this stage devoted himself to the work of the ministry, and his after life shows how sincere and how real his dedication to God was.

"Feb. 23. Sabbath. This day felt little of the enlivening influences of the Spirit. This is the result of coolness and indifference in prayer. Oh that my prayer this night may be heard, God be merciful to me, the chief of sinners!

"March 4. How little health is valued while in possession. How little do we think of the many favours we receive from the hand of our God. Oh that I could make this my daily study and meditation!

"16. Sabbath. What a great fire a little spark kindleth. This day I have witnessed the truth of this. From one ill sentence came a great strife. May this teach me not to speak without thought.

"23. May I ever seek resignation, submission and strength to bear up under thy will concerning me in all things. Give me to see the evil of murmuring at thy providence.

"25. Oh how hurtful to our spiritual growth to associate with ungodly companions!

"April 4. May I ever be enabled to look upon affliction as the chastening of a kind Father, and not to murmur at it.

"9. I have learned that indulgence in sin brings misery sooner or later. Enable me to remember this.

"13. Behold a fellow mortal committed to her long home. From this may I learn the uncertainty of earthly pleasures—to rely upon God as my father, friend and comforter, remembering that he is able to relieve, comfort and support me in whatever situation I may be placed, relying on his promise. Mat. xi. 28—30.

"27. Oh may I be enabled to make the cross of Christ attractive, and not bring disgrace on my profession, and be forward to

own and acknowledge God in all my ways, relying on his promise. Mat. x. 32.

“30. In prosperity how apt am I to forget my God. Adversity is the life of the soul. Oh may I not murmur at his chastening hand!

“May 11. Oh how corrupt are my heart and desires, how easily led by thoughtless companions into sin! Oh may I henceforth be preserved from such! Pardon the sins of this day.

“13. One year has rolled away since I left home to do for myself, in which time I have been mercifully preserved. I have great reason to be thankful—God has heard my weak cries, and forwarded me in my undertaking, when all appeared dark. May this give me confidence to depend on Him in all my trials, and at all times.

After leaving Economy he attended school for a few months at Otter Brook, a few miles from his father's house, and then, with the view of obtaining the means of prosecuting his studies, he taught school till the opening of the classes of the Synod's Seminary in the following year.

We may here say of him what we intend to say of him as a teacher. In this work he engaged under a deep sense of responsibility, and while assiduous in his endeavours to communicate knowledge, his piety particularly shone forth in his anxious desire to promote the spiritual welfare of his pupils, and in his efforts to be useful in the general community in which he for the time resided.

Writing to a teacher some time after, he says:

“How are you getting on with your school? I long to hear. Forget not your Bible. Instil its principles into the youthful mind. I now look back with sweet satisfaction to the Bible lessons of my schools.”

From his diary at this time, we continue our extracts

"May 30. After an excursion of three weeks I am again settled and going to school, (in Otter Brook,) for which I have great reason to be thankful. It is of the Lord's doing, and I trust an answer to my prayers.

"June 15. Had the honour of commemorating the Lord's death. I have reason to be thankful that I was enabled to resolve to abstain from certain sins, and to be more fervent in duty. This is my birthday. Twenty-one years of my life have now fled away.

"July 12. How corrupt is the heart of man, and how ready to fall into sin—how great is the misery which I have endured by giving way to *one* sin. May this ever lead me to fear sin as that which displeases, and that he cannot let go unpunished. May I remember this.

"20. Man in his right position when he lays aside all dependence on his own righteousness, and comes in prayer to Christ alone for salvation. Such will never fail. May I ever remember this.

"29. This day I have seen the evil of diverting myself by making sport of others, and formed a resolution to do so no more.

"September 26. O Lord, I resolve in thy strength (if it be thy will that I spend this winter at home) to avoid vain company—not to spend my time in merry conversation, and the evenings in vain pleasure—but to endeavour to spend my time profitably, and in a manner pleasing to thee. Oh enable me to perform!

"Oct. 1. O Lord, give me strength to give up every false and every wicked way, though it should be as dear to me as my right hand. And may it be my earnest endeavour to make reparation for the injuries which I have done to thee and my fellow beings. And as I have publicly disowned thee, Oh give me strength publicly to own, and defend thy cause and thy name without shame. I plead that thou wouldst bless unto me every dispensation of thy providence, and relieve me from the affliction under which I am now labouring,* that thou wouldst bless

* The affliction to which he refers at this period was ill health, probably owing to the confinement of school after the life of labour in the open air which he had hitherto followed.

it unto me, and lead me to be more active for the suppression of iniquity, and that I might have cause to praise and magnify the Lord.

"Oct. 6. O Lord, I plead that thou wouldst ever give me strength to rely on thee, to go forward in the discharge of every duty relying on the aid of promised grace, and though many and great difficulties should present themselves in the way, and all worldly affairs should be against me, enable me still to go forward, throwing myself and all my concerns upon thy care and keeping.

"Oct. 26. Sabbath. Now again am settled at home for a time, and on the morrow have to enter upon the arduous task of teaching the young. I plead, O God, that thou wouldst give thy Spirit to aid me in the discharge of this work, and may thy blessing attend it.

"Nov. 13. Although thy chastening hand has lain heavily on me, yet thou in wrath remembered me with undeserved mercy, and I have reason to bless the Lord, that his chastisement has been for my profit—that it has led me to love his law more, and to hate sin. And now my desire to live is that I may be useful to my fellow-beings, and be a means in thy hand to keep them from sin, and turn them to thee. Oh, accept of me as such, and may I be found useful, and give me strength to go forward, with steadfastness, perseverance, humility, determination, resignation and dependence on thy support at all times!

"Nov. 15. This day impressed with the little concern which the breaking of thy commandments has given me. Oh, how different will be this concern on the judgment-day!

"30. How little do I consider or understand, the great humility, holiness, meekness and wonderful condescension, of the Saviour. Think on this, oh, my soul, and may this be the theme of my frequent meditation!

"Dec. 7. How unmindful am I of my duty—how must this strike me on the day of judgment—when all my actions will be forcibly presented to my view. Oh, that the Lord would enable me to keep a strict watch over my actions, and give his Spirit to direct and assist me in self-examination!

"January 2, 1852. Another year has rolled over my head.

with all its cares and pleasures. I have reason to express thankfulness for divine protection and direction—that I have so far been kept from evil, that my prayers have been answered. Although I have been deeply afflicted, yet I have reason to say, ‘It is good for me that I have been afflicted.’

“February 9. This day I proceeded to attend Presbytery for the purpose of obtaining a certificate to attend the Seminary. My prayer is, that thou, O Lord, will thwart me in my undertaking, if I am not going forward from right motives, if I will not be a faithful servant to preach thy word in its purity, not for renown, but for thy glory, and for the good of souls—always relying on thy strength. I plead, Lord, accept of me, and make me such, for there is great need of faithful labourers in thy vineyard.

“February 22. My school is done, and now every opportunity of doing good which it afforded is passed, whether improved or unimproved. It is all noted down in the book of thy remembrance, for ever to remain unaltered. I pray, O Lord, that wherein I have sinned and come short, thou wouldst forgive, and that thou wouldst bless my labours among the youth. O Lord, I plead that thou wouldst bless them, and lead them to make a wise improvement of their time and opportunities. Train them up for thyself and keep them from evil. And now, O Lord, give me strength and direction to go forward.

“March 1st. This day I left home and all my kind friends to attend the Seminary. My prayer was for direction, and aid from above, to carry me forward in this arduous undertaking.”

These specimens from his diary at this period of life will be sufficient to show the rigid spiritual discipline to which he subjected himself, and his earnest strivings after conformity with the Saviour, and we need not wonder that he rapidly grew in grace, and early attained to that maturity of piety which marked the closing years of his life. “He that is begotten of God keepeth himself and that wicked one toucheth him not.”

CHAPTER III.

COLLEGIATE COURSE.

IN March he proceeded to West River to attend the Synod's Institution, of which the Rev. James (now Dr.) Ross was at that time sole professor. He entered upon this work under very great disadvantages. His early education had been imperfect, he had been late in commencing the classics, and had been but a short time engaged with them, and he had not those superior talents by which some men acquire knowledge as if by intuition. Other discouragements were thrown in his way. Some of his nearest relatives were at first hopeless of success, while little encouragement was held out in quarters where he might have expected it. He felt too what many a student has done, the distressing anxiety occasioned by want of worldly means to prosecute his studies, while sometimes sickness arrested his labours and darkened his spirit. Of the first year's studies he has left a review, a condensation of which we insert, especially as we think it may prove encouraging to other students struggling with similar difficulties.

“On the first of March I departed from home for the purpose of attending a place of instruction, severed many a friendly tie, left many friends, parents rendered

dear by many acts of kindness, and every thing that endears child to parents, brothers and sisters beloved, who had long been my companions and sympathizers in times of trouble and joy. These are sore partings—only truly comprehended by those who have experienced them. But in my cup of oppression there were still other and bitter ingredients. My health was feeble; there was a consciousness of a want of proper qualifications for the step which I was taking, (though I had laboured hard to fit myself, but under great disadvantages,) and also a deep sense of the greatness of the work on which I had entered. For strength, for direction, for a blessing I had sought the Lord, but in weakness and imperfectly; yet I think he heard me, and answered, though not in the expected way.

“I arrived at my journey’s end after two days’ travel, in which I experienced much cold, many troubles, and some dangers; yet I was safely preserved in them all, for which I have much reason for thankfulness, which I did endeavour to express in my prayers, though in a manner so cool as to be a cause of grief to me.

“Another source of grief was the foolish manner in which I spent the days of my journey. It is singular that one in such a depressed state of mind and body should be found in the number of the foolish, and I almost said jovial. To these causes I ascribe it: First, The company; Secondly, A mind rendered weak by sickness, and then oppressed by cares, was easily tempted to give itself to something of a different nature.

“I lodged with Mr. S., who very kindly entertained me. With him I stayed during the term. If it had not been for his benevolence, (to appearance, at

least,) I could not have availed myself of the benefit of attending this institution of learning. From Mrs. S. I also received many favours. She was very attentive to my wants, and appeared interested in my welfare, and appeared to me more like a mother than a stranger.

“The next day I repaired to the hall to attend the opening exercises, with many anxious thoughts. My anxieties were the greater, as I had been brought up in a retired corner of a new country, and I was now for the first time brought into public notice, without having had an opportunity of acquiring a knowledge of my new sphere.

“The classes were opened on the 3d of March, by a lecture from the Professor, which was followed by addresses from ministers present. There were some deep impressions made on my mind, though not so deep, so numerous, nor lasting as have been on some occasions. I returned to my lodgings, and prayed for a blessing on what had taken place.

“The work of the classes commenced on the following day. In the classics I found the lessons hard, as all my class-fellows had read more than I had done, and they had also read some in the works we were studying, while I had read none. Thus throughout the session labour was plentiful, and idleness but little harboured.

“In the course of a week or two I was pretty well settled in my new sphere. I had become pretty well acquainted with the manners of the institution and the nature of the studies prosecuted at it. I was much delighted with them, particularly with Logic. I found difficulties, chiefly the result of my previous training. I particularly felt the want of the habit of close atten-

tion, so as to follow a subject from beginning to end, and of correct observation of the minuter distinctions of meaning in words and sentences.

“By this time I had my hours of study arranged. I arose at about five o'clock in the morning, spent an hour in dressing, reading the Scriptures, and devotional exercises. From six till half past seven I studied Greek and Latin. Then, till quarter past eight, breakfast and family worship. Till a quarter to nine, resumed the previous exercise. Then left for the class, which opened at a quarter past nine. The Junior Latin class next read, which occupied till ten; then the Junior Greek class, which occupied the same length of time. From a quarter to eleven till a quarter to twelve, Logic. Then returned home; dinner and exercise till half past one. From this till four, writing out outline of Logic lecture. After this, part of the time was occupied with writing essays, and the rest with the preparation of our Latin and Greek. About ten, or generally a little later, I retired to rest.

“I was now engaged in writing my first essay. To get the matter clearly and comprehensively arranged, and expressed in proper terms, I found difficult. In all this I experienced the evil of a careless habit of writing, without sufficient attention to the signification of the terms employed, and the construction of sentences, and also of a careless habit of reading.

“I found the inhabitants very kind. They were so to all the students, and showed them more respect than they merited. They made me feel as if I breathed in a new and more pleasing atmosphere. When I was at home my father's house was the least in the tribe,

and I the least in it; but here, wherever I went, marked attention and respect were bestowed upon me, of which I felt wholly unworthy.

“On the 25th of March I gave in my first essay. Some days after received the Professor’s criticism—a very unwelcome guest. I thought it severe in the extreme. He concluded by saying, ‘If Mr. Johnston would attend to these things, he had no doubt but he would make creditable progress.’ Although at first it might appear slow, yet after a time he would be astonished at his own improvement.’ This criticism fell like peals of thunder on my ears. Although the last was a modification, yet the elevation was little in comparison to the depression. In his remarks he was calm, firm, and determined, yet showed nothing but anxiety for my improvement. I never felt anything have such an effect. This arose partly from the clear and forcible manner, in which he showed its faults, and partly from the fact, that I had laboured hard in composing it, and thought it a pretty nice essay; but after hearing the Professor’s criticism, I despised it, and fancied it to be one of the meanest efforts of composition. I returned home determined to make a desperate effort, drew up a series of rules and set to work.

“The weak state of my health was a great hindrance. In this I thought I saw the kind finger of God, and endeavoured to thank him for the same, for I was very much set on my studies. There was therefore need of something to direct my mind to another Deity.

“Thus time advanced, which rendered my labours lighter, and brought an improvement in health. The students were, with few exceptions, industrious, and

kept close to their studies. There was little mischief among them, such as is common among students. I account for this from the Professor's determination, strictness, and anxiety for our improvement, which led him to prescribe heavy tasks; and if these were not well prepared, the punishment, though not corporeal, was yet sufficient to make any person lay aside sloth and be diligent.

"On the 5th of May I gave in my second essay. The criticism was severe, after all my labours and anxiety, yet was somewhat more moderate than the previous one. Thus I was a little encouraged.

"The session terminated at the end of August. At the close the Professor gave me credit for making creditable progress in every branch of study. This I ascribed to my diligence and principle of reducing everything to practice. I observed that some of the students were naturally quicker to learn, and at first overreached my most strenuous efforts, but by these means I was gradually enabled to compete with them. In essay writing I received the distinction of having made an improvement, such as the Professor said he thought he had scarcely ever seen equalled in the time. By this you are not to understand that I am superior, except in comparison with my first production. In Logic I got off creditably. In the classics I was eulogized. The credit of all is in a great measure due to the Professor, the remainder to perseverance and self-denial. Altogether I think few ever benefited more by six months' training."

The above will show what appeared through his whole career as a student, the pains-taking diligence and per-

severing industry with which he prosecuted his studies. If not attracting attention by the brilliancy of his powers or by any extraordinary attainments, he was known to all connected with the institution as one, whose faithfulness to his work won him a respectable position among his classmates in all branches of knowledge taught at the institution. Among his fellow-students, he was esteemed for his amiable disposition, frankness of manner, and earnest piety.

But while thus diligent in his studies he did not neglect his spiritual interests. The whole of his studies were prosecuted in a Christian spirit, and he never lost sight of his great aim, the serving God in the ministry of the gospel. To this he considered all his present labours subservient, and he valued the instruction he was receiving, especially as preparing him for the work, and each course as bringing him nearer the object of his hopes. A few extracts from his diary will show how amid studies, which doubtless have in themselves a tendency to deaden spirituality, he kept the flame of piety constantly burning, by frequent religious meditation and close communion with his God and Saviour.

“March 3, 1852. Attended the seminary, received several fine addresses from reverend gentlemen. Oh may they ever remain deeply impressed upon my mind! O Lord, I pray that thou wouldst make me sensible of the magnificence of the work in which I am engaged, of the responsibilities connected with it, and of the need there is of thine aid and direction! Oh do thou be with me, and strengthen me for the work, and support me under every trial!

“7. Sabbath. Heard the Professor preach. May the truth which he declared be ever deeply impressed on my mind. May I never fear man, but disregard his frowns and flatteries. Keep

me from desiring Christ to be crucified rather than Barabbas; but may I be enabled to take up the cross daily, and follow Christ, delighting in his word.

"April 25. Consider the benevolence of the Creator as exhibited in the system of nature—the innumerable favours we hourly enjoy, and we so unworthy of them. O Gratitude, how dead! O Charity, how cold! O my wisdom, how foolish! Meditations, how seldom and limited!

"May 2. Oh how little Christian resolution, self-denial do I manifest! How often ashamed of Christ and his cause, and how little concern does it give me. Oh give me lively faith!

"3. Indifference in prayer begets slothfulness, foolishness, and neglectfulness. These beget sin, sin begets misery, pain, and remorse. O Lord, grant me a spirit of fervency in prayer!

"23. Oh may I ever beware of Satan's malice! Keep me from backsliding. I have formed a resolution this day to examine myself every fourth Sabbath. O Lord, give strength to perform!

"June 1. How prone am I to foolishness and to procrastination. How blind to my own faults. O Lord, I give my time and all that I possess to thy service! Oh give me grace to improve!

"6. O Lord keep me from growing cold and indifferent! Keep me from practising deceit. Impress upon me the importance of thy word—how suitable to my wants. Oh how frequently have I read such passages as the following: Psalm cxli. 9, 10; Heb. iv., particularly 12th, 15th, and 16th verses, and not been impressed with the sweet consolation and advice which they contain, might I not say, thy whole word! Sin must be punished, and all my afflictions are the just rewards of transgression. Oh how often does the folly of our youth procure for us many hours of trouble and affliction afterward, and certainly our iniquity shall find us out! May I not be ashamed of my Lord or his cause; may neither friends, worldly pleasures, nor trials turn me from the path of duty.

"13. May I ever be prepared both to spend and to be spent for the advancement of Christ's cause. May I be enabled to be-

stow all the power of my mind on it, and be dead to the world and this world dead to me.

“15. Another year of my life has rolled away. The afflictions of this period have been oppressive. But I rejoice that I can say, ‘Thy grace was sufficient for me.’ I pray that they may be blessed to me—to give me hatred of sin—to fit and prepare me for future usefulness. I confess the shortcomings of the year. I have prayed much, but there was a want of earnestness, neither have I made nearly sufficient inquiry concerning the answer. I confess a want of forwardness in thy cause—a want of faithfulness in reproving sin—of earnest seeking to behold thy glory or to promote it—procrastination. O Lord, strengthen me against these evils in future and make thy grace sufficient for me! I have also great reason to be thankful for the mercies and blessings of the year. Thou hast led me in a way that I know not, and toward the close thou hast been pleased to hear my cries and in a great measure remove the thorn in the flesh. Make me truly thankful for all thy great goodness toward an undeserving creature, and may I receive thy mercies in the fear and love of thee.

“July 15. Secret abominations of my heart dug out by self-examination. Wandering in time of prayer—a want of love when there is so much to love, (consider this,)—pride—a want of that lowliness and humility which the Scriptures inculcate—envy, that loathsome thing—a want of charity—a want of activity,—many good resolutions being made and unperformed, not being sufficiently forward in defending his cause, deterred by shame and fear of men—far from being sufficiently watchful over my soul’s concerns, (most wonderful!)—too little concerned about my soul’s salvation—vain thoughts, the mind frequently running on licentious desires. Oh! my heart is a cage, containing every unclean fowl. My resolution is that I will daily seek the Lord to give me strength to overcome some one of these.

“17. What are innocent amusements and pleasures, and what are not such? Oh how much am I given to the pleasure of the world—how thoughtless—in circumstances sufficient to call out the most dormant thoughts, yet unaffected!

“18. Partook of the Sacrament—did not experience so much

of the presence, and see so much of the glory of the Lord as I desired, yet I think I can say, 'did not my heart burn within me while he talked with me by the way.' "

At the close of the term in August he took the charge of a school in Rawdon, which he continued to teach during the vacation of the classes. Here he was thrown into society of a much more worldly character than any to which he had been hitherto accustomed. The community in which he had been brought up, and also the one in which he had been lately studying, were both distinguished by the attention of the people to the duties of religion, and by freedom from at least open vice. He was now thrown among a different class of people, and he soon began to feel the effect upon his spirituality of mind. Though he strove by close attention to religious duties to preserve the fine edge of his pious feelings, yet he lamented at the time and afterward the result of his new associations in deadening his own sense of divine things. He also endeavoured to do good to others, but he was then young and inexperienced, and being naturally retiring in his disposition, and this being, it may be said, his first going out into the world, he was not so *forward* in efforts of this kind as he was afterwards. But he could have been in no society without carrying a savour of godliness, and producing some good impressions on those around him. We subjoin some extracts from his journal:—

"Oct. 10. Another Sabbath has passed, its exercises, its opportunities for waiting upon God. I feel that these have been cool and lifeless. Oh for the hastening of that period when all shall see eye to eye in the knowledge of the Lord—when all shall

become interested in His cause, when the Lord shall reign in every heart, and all shall speak of his goodness !

“ 24. Self-examination,—in which I experienced the want of its frequency—of daily thought on how great things the Lord has done for me. But I was led to thank the Lord for the evidences he has given me of his renewing grace. 1st. Love. ‘By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples if ye have love one to another.’ Of this love I have evidence, in that I delight in his people, in their name, in their society, in all that relates to them. Its barrenness I have to lament, viz. : That of my action and life there appears so little spent in benefiting his people. 2d. Keeping his commandments. Evidence. A turning from light thoughtless company, evil imaginations, from all worldly pleasure (falsely so called);—grieved when I fell short and rejoiced when I was more faithful in it,—thus warring against the flesh and endeavouring to do the will of the Lord.

“ 31. Contemplation on leaving home. Why leave the parents whose fount of sympathy I knew never was dry, whose salutary advice and admonition were ever at hand, the family circle, and altar, and all the pleasant and endeared recollections and associations of a home,—the blessed Sabbath calm. Their equals I shall not find in this world. These are some of the inducements : To serve the end for which I was created,—to advance His glory and cause,—to do good to my fellow beings. Tremble and consider, oh my soul ! It is a great work. Sift thy motives, daily examine them, and beg God’s strength and direction. Examine his chart, watch self, see that it does not intermingle in your actions.

“ Nov. 7. How true the sentence, ‘No man can run in the fire and not be burned.’ By association with the thoughtless and by neglect of duty I have been left to do things which I at one time firmly believed that I would ever avoid while in my senses. Oh the weakness of man when left to himself !

“ 22. How far do I fail in fulfilling the design for which I was created, to glorify God in my heart, in my speech, in my behaviour.

“ 28. I feel more and more the effect of evil companions. Oh for the day when all shall serve the Lord !

“Dec. 23. My prayer to God is that he would cut me off and take me to himself if he will not be pleased to enable me to be useful in promoting his cause. Oh the baneful effects of thoughtless company! Oh when shall the Sabbath be revered by all! Oh when will parents become conscious of the nature of their charge! Oh happy the children who have parents who set precept and examples before them!

“25. It is impossible for the believer to associate with the thoughtless without becoming more cool towards his spiritual concerns and having less anxiety to glorify God, &c,—his motives are less or more corrupt,—his conceptions of sin made more imperfect. Oh that Christians were fully aware of this and deeply considered it, that they valued more the company of each other, that they strove to make it more desirable!

“26. The Bible contains a fruitful surface, but beneath is a rich mine of pearls, and the deeper we descend the more riches do we discover. Oh that mine eyes were opened to behold the beauties therein contained, to see its holiness, to understand its truths, and that its precepts might thus be the men of my counsel!

“Feb. 7, 1853. My alarming faults, calculated, to cheat me out of all improvements, especially Christian, viz., Continually setting some future period when I shall seek my God with more ardour and zeal, when I shall use every means to obtain closer communion with him, lay aside the world more, be more faithful and active in the discharge of duty! But oh, the period never arrives! When I have put it off once, when the next time arrives, there is always something in the way, it is not quite so convenient as expected, the next time will be better. This is Satan’s most successful way of destroying souls. O Lord enable me to avoid it! How full are the Scriptures of admonitions and warnings on this subject. My resolution is to endeavour to spend the present in discharge of duty, not in fruitless anticipations of the future.

“20. Five months have now rolled away since I came here, and this is the last Sabbath I expect to spend here. I have experienced much of the goodness of the Lord since I came here, much of his forbearance. I have much reason to be thankful,

my health has much improved. I acknowledge a want of gratitude. I have been much exposed to thoughtless company, to their irreverent manner of speaking of everything holy, to their light manner of treating everything, and have found that none can associate with such and not be in part drawn by their ways.

“27. After many days’ trouble, trial, and temptations, I am once more at home. Oh how thankful should I be that I have such a home—where the Sabbath is observed, God’s name revered, his ordinances respected and observed, things of importance treated as such, an interest taken in the Church and all her schemes! What a salutary effect such a home has on the family.”

In returning to enter upon the second term at the seminary in March, 1853, he thus writes, reviewing the previous six months.

“After a long silence but not an inactive, unimportant era in my life I resume my pen. The holidays have fled, the seminary is opened. Let me pause here a little and review the past six months. They have been interwoven with many interesting events. I have been exposed to the most ensnaring temptations, and have been wonderfully preserved. I have been placed in a situation where God and his ordinances and every thing sacred was treated with indifference if not contempt. I felt seriously the ruinous effect of this, saw in it the effect of habit, and learned the propriety of seizing it as an auxiliary in diffusing knowledge and morality. It had a ruinous tendency on my own reverence for sacred things. It increased my anxiety to ameliorate the moral condition of my fellow men. It gave me a sense of the importance of my privileges, their influence on my conduct and character, of the value of which heretofore I was unconscious.”

He prepared a similar review of this session as of the last, which shows that it involved the same hard labour and the same discouragements, under which he was sometimes almost tempted to relinquish his purpose. On the whole however he was more encouraged than before, and as he surmounted his early difficulties, he found a pleasure in the work. We subjoin the opening and closing sentences.

“I entered upon another term of study with many serious thoughts regarding the manner in which I had spent the precious six months. I was under some embarrassment. My mind was out of studying trim. This was occasioned by its being uncontrolled for some time. This obstacle was gradually overcome by employment. I commenced this term with a determination to examine every thing to the bottom, and to observe every peculiarity and distinction of words and things. In the languages particularly I attended to this. I contended with them unassisted by the students’ crutches. Proceeding in this manner I found very difficult and trying on the patience at first, but the longer I continued at it, the more this was removed, and the greater my success. I found by this course much more satisfaction in my work. I found that though the other students outstripped me at first, and did not labour nearly so hard, yet I gradually gained on them. Their trouble did not appear to diminish much, while my work gradually became easier, so that finally I walked along with them quite at ease. In this manner I proceeded, studying Greek, Latin, Mathematics, &c. At every step of my onward course I was continually meeting with something which convinced me more and more

of the little I knew and the vast amount of knowledge to be acquired.

And at the close he says, "I have this term much reason to be thankful. My health was preserved and improved—my mind expanded—and views enlarged respecting man, his duties, his Creator, and the relation between them. May my soul be filled with gratitude to thee, O Lord, for all thy manifold kindnesses. On the 31st August the whole was brought to a close by a public examination. This was conducted in presence of several members of Synod, and it came off with credit to the teacher and the taught."

The following extracts from his diary during this period will show that amid studies so liable to engross his time, and which so deeply interested his mind, his religious improvement was not neglected.

"March 6. The closer communion I have with my God, the clearer are my views of my own imperfections, and my need of a Saviour. Oh the baneful effect of being deprived of waiting on God's ordinances and being exposed to the ungodly, and all the effects of such company! Happy he who never experienced it. God be merciful to me, an offending, unworthy sinner!

"20. Nearly twenty-three years of my life are in the vast abyss of past time. Of their thoughts and actions, though many of them may be forgotten by me, and most of them by the world, not one is forgotten by God. Every one is marked in his records, and will probably some day be brought to my mind. Oh that I would consider this! In the course of this life I have been the ungrateful recipient of innumerable blessings. I have been led to cry unto the Lord, I think, to hate sin, to love holiness. I have endured sore affliction and chastisements, and have been enabled to endure and bless the Lord for them. How much reason have I to humble myself before the Lord, and to bless and

magnify his great and holy name. Oh fill my heart with love and gratitude to thee!

“April 3. Sin of backsliding. It causes grief, trouble, fear, &c. Psalm xxxi. It incurs the displeasure of God—grieves him. It brings disgrace on his name, cause and people—causes the enemy to blaspheme, is a sad offence to the weak, causing them to err. Consider, oh my soul, the nature of such a sin. O Lord, strengthen me to go on in the Christian course rejoicing—counting all things but loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus, my Lord!

“10. Subjects for meditation, God’s creative power—his omniscience—at one glance beholding all that immensity contains. Nothing is concealed from him. His condescension—the attention he has bestowed on us, &c.

“25. Oh what a noble employment to turn my thoughts inward, to reflect on my nature, its inclination, the mode in which temptations succeed! Here is the place to resist. Oh that at the commencement of every action and every utterance I would turn my thoughts inward to view my motives—to consider the consequence on myself and others of what I am about to say or do! O Lord, assist me in every effort I make thus to employ my thoughts!

“May 1. I find the cause in a great measure of my indifference as to my spiritual state, and to all the evidences of God’s perfections, which are abundantly exhibited on every side, to be a neglect of the injunction, pray without ceasing. If, before I engage in anything, I would offer up an earnest prayer for instruction whether or not it would be pleasing to him, for guidance in it, and for proper motives, also, if in all my ways I would seek to restrain my thoughts, that they might be profitably employed, how changed would be my spiritual state. My mourning would be turned into joy, and my soul would delight in the Lord.

“15. How seldom do I examine myself, to what I should, and thus how difficult it is to perform the duty, and how slight is the acquaintance I have with myself to what I should have. O Lord, give me a proper knowledge of myself, my imperfections, and wants, and may I thus be led to look to thee for strength!

"20. A thing to be wondered at, the difficulty of employing my thoughts closely, deeply for any length of time on such subjects as the nature of God, his perfections, my own imperfections, the state of my heart, my duty, and the change which must soon come. Each of these subjects is fraught with importance, nor can I conceive of anything to compare with them in interest. Still the mind will turn to other subjects, and with ease trace them through their windings. Who can deny then that the heart is corrupt. For were it not so, would it not find its sweetest gratification in such contemplations.

"28. How great is the sin of resisting the striving of God's Spirit.

"June 12. How little do I think on the relation existing between God and me, its closeness, and the beneficence connected with it. Consequently I am fearfully deficient in the discharge of duty, painfully unconscious of its importance, and of the awful ingratitude and sinfulness of neglecting it. Oh if the moments in which my thoughts wander on trifling things were spent in this manner! What subject is more important. O Lord, enable me to attend to this more hereafter!

"13. This day completes twenty-three years of my life. Can I better express my feelings and the truth than in the words of the Psalmist, Psalm xxxix. 4-7? In all probability one-third of that life, is gone, and how gone. Hereafter may much of my allotted period on this stage of probation be actively spent in those concerns which relate to time and eternity. I, weak and needy, O Lord, beg thy assistance in this work, and thy guidance down the stream of time, till I am launched into eternity.

"July 10. No writing this some time on account of my being absent during holidays. During this period I have visited my home and many relations and friends.* One thing forcibly struck my mind during this excursion, the utter want of religious conversation. When friends meet you would suppose that they would select this subject, as it is the most important, and consequently must most concern us. But it is quite the contrary. The subject is carefully avoided as if it were something not only undeserving of attention, but as if something criminal. Vain trifling

* In Noel, a place where I had not been for years.

things supply its place. I confess I am very deficient on this point. I am timorous about introducing religious conversation. Although I may wish it introduced, I am too diffident to do it myself. This is truly a serious fault. Visiting friends might be time spent most profitably and most edifyingly, if it were rightly done. It affords opportunities for giving and receiving counsel, for learning the experience of others and telling your own. But as it is practised at the present day, I doubt if it is right to spend time in it.

“Aug. 7. Oh the irreverence with which I frequently approach the throne of grace, and the want of that deep-felt anxiety about what I request, and the little importance which I attach to them, I had almost said indifference! These are the most important matters that respect man, and you would naturally suppose that they would be uttered in painful anxiety, with awe, and in solemn reverence. O Lord, enable me to do so! Oh that I might ever feel my unfitness for approaching thee, and thy great mercy in permitting it!

“15. Oh that I were more attentive to the state of my mind, to be ever observant of the thoughts which pass through it so as to repress every improper desire, every unlawful thought, in its first rising! *Psa. xxxix. 1.* Here is the place to keep watch. Hence comes all actions. Keep the fountain head clean, and the streams will be pure.

“27. How many are the enemies and barriers of the Christian, the flesh within and various foes without. What reason have such persons to be thankful for the 7th chapter of Romans.

“28. Six months have now rolled round since I came here. They have been mostly spent in hard study. Now at the close of them, well does it become me to make a candid, careful, prayerful examination, into my motives, which induced me thus to labour, to observe well that ambition, a desire to excel—a desire of knowledge—have not had too much influence. Lord, thou knowest what my motives were. Oh do thou examine me and prove me! Now Lord, at this critical period, I would pray that thou wouldst enable me to subordinate all my attainments to thy honour and glory, that I may devote them to thy service, whatever may be my situation; that I may be faithful and zealous ac-

ording to knowledge. Help me to do this, for vain is the aid of man, and feeble is my strength."

On this part of his journal the following was written afterwards: "There was at this period a deep impression on my mind that it was a most 'critical' period, a turning point of my life. I know not why my mind became so impressed at this time, but so it was. I used to retire and pray most earnestly (I think more so than I had ever done before) that God would direct my steps when I should leave the seminary at its close. I endeavoured to divest myself of all feeling, and to desire him to send me where the results which should follow would be most to his glory. Time will tell whether or not my prayers have been answered."

At the close of this term he took a school at Noel. At this place he taught afterward. Here he became intimate with Miss Elizabeth O'Brien, a distant relative, who was afterward the partner of his life in the toils and perils of the missionary life. Regarding his residence in Noel, the Rev. John Currie thus writes:

"Mr. Johnston taught several times in Noel—the whole period being about two years. He was much respected by all who knew him, and so far as I can learn was a successful teacher. As to his piety there is but one thing said by all, and that is, that you could not be in his company long without discovering that his piety was deep toned. His light shone before men. In making the inquiry whether he was particularly useful in any other way than in teaching, I learned that he took a very deep interest in a Missionary Society, which had for some time been established in Noel, and by his efforts in its behalf gave the cause a great stimulus.

He was instrumental also in starting a debating Club, which was of much benefit to the young men of the place. He also attended the Sewing Circle (where both sexes were wont to be found) and other gatherings of the young people, and by inducing them to spend a part of the time in singing sacred music (of which he himself was very fond) and a part in useful conversation, and by giving them addresses, he was the means of doing away with a great deal of unprofitable amusement, and of giving a religious tone to such gatherings. In this respect he did much good, and he did it in such a way that there was no appearance of the dictator or the gloomy religionist. The young people were deeply attached to him. His death has fallen like a thunderbolt upon them all. They feel it as much as if they had lost a brother. These were the principal ways in which he endeavoured to do good, but his efforts were not confined to these. He embraced every opportunity to advance the cause of his Master."

We subjoin extracts from his diary.

"Noel, Sept. 11. Since the close of the seminary I have been roving till now. I am again settled. During this time I have seen much to cause gratitude to God for my privileges and blessings during life (none more than for my parents.) Passing from this, I notice my present circumstances. I now look back on the past six months with wonder and gratitude. Blessings have flowed upon me. I can see the finger of God beneficently pointing the way and assisting in that way. Health has been improved, pecuniary means wonderfully provided, I have had success in study, I have gained more of a disposition of mind to examine myself, to ponder on the perfections of God, and to subordinate all my attainments to God's glory. Much has been the satisfaction and happiness I have received from these

sources. Oh, what reason for thankfulness, especially for the latter class of blessings! Though they have not been nearly such as I would desire, yet I have the greatest reason to be thankful that they have been such as they are. When I reflect on them and consider myself, I observe that I have God to thank for them, self often, if not always, operating against them. In addition to these and innumerable others I have reason to be grateful for my present situation. It is just what I wished and prayed for. May it prove a blessing to me and others, and redound to God's glory. Now I beseech thee, O Lord, if all these blessings have not been given in covenant-love, make me to know, that I may humble myself.

"Oct. 16. A time to be dreaded—when all worldly concerns go well, when we are surrounded by comforts, and the mind is full of employment. Then the tempter stealthily draws away the soul—leads it far from the upholder. Concern about its condition or acquaintance with its God is buried in ease and hurry. Time is wanting to examine motives, to consider our present state, our past conduct, or future prospects. Our actions are performed, and there is no time for reflecting on them.

"23. But this state will not always continue. This pilgrimage must have its troubles. But after such a state how unwelcome are they at first! and the soul almost cries out in bitter murmuring, and feels as if it were robbed. But Christians soon begin to observe them to be the kind and just chastening of a good Father. Then they begin to see their fearful state—how they had been wandering into strange and dangerous paths—and that their course was with accelerating rapidity. Now they rejoice in the chastening. Oh, what is my strength—my proneness to evil how alarming! So in this abode I must be the subject of continual correction, or I perish. Oh, I could cry, Lord, terminate this sore journey if thou hast no work for me!

"Nov. 6. This day engaged in self-examination. How much do I find to deplore—darkness—corruptions—an unconsciousness of the great grounds for gratitude, and of the duties arising out of my privileges and relations. These heart-rending facts I

can trace in a great measure to my over much love for the world, or to a continuous concern about worldly matters, letting my thoughts be ever actively engaged in these and in my studies, and not giving sufficient time for reflection. Thus the devil manages to cheat me.

“13. Procrastination, the bane of the soul. It is ever, ‘not now, but I will wait till a more favourable time, which will soon occur.’ Yes, the time is all set for this duty and for that. The set period rapidly arrives, but it has its unforeseen inconveniences. The thoughts are directed to another period and with the same results. Thus time flies away, and the deceiver is admirably working out his designs and cheating the soul. Hereafter let me seize on the present for the discharge of every duty—if it be not as advantageous as desirable, let me make the best of it, and never on that account delay till a future. Oh, may the Lord give me strength thus to act! Through him helping me, I will do so.”

We may remark here that while he so often laments his disposition to procrastinate, to others he appeared particularly free from this fault, and marked by his promptitude in action. His notice of the evil seems to have led to its cure.

“Dec. 9. How prone the mind is to rove uncontrolled. Left without strict restraint, it soon forms a habit of consuming its time in trifling and in vain imaginations. In this way Satan often successfully attacks man. The thoughts being once left to range uncontrolled, duty and religion are soon lost sight of, or at least lose much of their importance in our view. This must be the result. For these are subjects that require a large amount of close and deep consideration, which is most irksome in this state of mind. Alarmed at the extent to which my mind has of late fallen into this state, I have resolved now to make a determined effort to overcome it. Now let me observe how much I may have improved by the next time I turn to my journal.

“Jan. 1, 1854. The new year. 1853 is no more. It has gone into the abyss of the past. Its opportunities are no more. Its events and transactions are over. All that now remains is to reflect on these, and endeavour to deduce lessons from them; also to render thanks for the blessings of that period. During the past year temporal interests have been greatly blessed. My undertakings have prospered. Many have been my preservations from temptations and dangers. My spiritual matters have been blessed. I now enter on a new year in circumstances much improved; health of body and vigour of mind much increased, also my soul's concerns more dear to me. Great is the amount of gratitude due to the Giver of all good.

“How shall I spend the coming year? What is before me? There is a world of temptation. The course to life is difficult, steep, craggy. On each side are allurements, places of repose and pleasure are presented, the world inviting to these, and none to help or encourage in the way. I would run to the Rock of ages, to whom I would cling and look for help and deliverance. And now let me be more anxious in thy cause, to promote thy glory and the good of others. Let it be my endeavour to avoid foolish and gay company, for great is the evil I have received from such in the past year. Let me be more watchful over my conversation. Out of the abundance of the heart let the mouth speak. May I guard my thoughts more. Let me be more given to self-examination, for during the past I have found the time so employed to be my happiest, and most productive of good. Let me be more given to the study of the character of God and of my own; to the study of the Bible. Oh, may I find more and more delight in thy service; and now in the commencement of another year, I would commit myself unto thee, who hast led all our fathers, entreating that thou wouldst direct me in the right way and enable me to walk therein!

“Feb. 5. The easy road from God. It is to mingle freely with the world, the young, your companions. They may, many of them, be professors. But spend the most of your leisure hours in the way they commonly do, and soon the evil one has a great work accomplished. Proper watchfulness is at an end—prayer cold—God removed to a distance—spiritual

things little attended to. Of these facts I have had a sad experience. Six months have now glided away since I came here. It has been prolific in temporal blessings and successes. My health has improved to a state much better than it has been for years. In all these respects the goodness of God has been far beyond deservings. But while he has thus been dealing graciously with me in these respects, I have great reason to lament my coolness to him, my growing neglect. This evil I think I can trace to a want of fervent entreaties to be strengthened against the peculiar temptations of my new situation—a want of watchfulness against these and a want of thankfulness on the reception of his blessings, which justly caused him to leave me to my own inclinations. These I consider to be the primary causes which led to the temptations previously mentioned. This backsliding I have to lament, and the loss is more than can be told. May it prove a warning to me and a caution against these causes of conduct. Now, Lord, return to me as in former days!”

At the opening of the next term of the Synod's Seminary in March following, he proceeded to the West River, and attended during the following six months the classes at the institution, then under the charge of Professors Ross and M'Culloch. We do not feel it necessary to advert particularly to his studies during this term, but continue our extracts from his private journal.

“ West River, March 5. After the expiration of six months I am again brought back to this place. During this time I have prospered. No calamity has befallen me. My health has been preserved, while many have lost theirs. I have been tossed up and down through the world, yet no accident has happened to me. I have been preserved from all gross sins—have been strengthened in many temptations, have been among most kind friends. Lodged in the bosom of a most Christian family, I was situated according to my previous prayers. Is it necessary to mention

that this calls for strong expressions of gratitude and renewed consecration of myself and all that I have to the Giver of these blessings? While though the recipient of so many blessings, and under the continued enjoyment of his favours, yet as before mentioned, I have to deplore many evils and much negligence in the seeking and the service of God. Oh, the bitter results which have gradually arisen from this! Duty is discharged in a languid manner, and the chief motives are almost winked out of sight. Oh, may I learn a salutary lesson from bitter experience! Grant me strength, O Lord, to be ever watchful against the temptations of my present situation. May I be more watchful over motives—over my heart—more reflective—much more earnest and anxious in the service of my God. Oh, for aid, direction, and efficiency in prayer! Now, O Lord, return to me, and bless me in my present situation. May I here partake largely of the light of thy countenance.

“March 10. Of all the duties of Christians none is more important, none more neglected than that of a close and rigid inspection of our motives. Whatever the act, let us know well the motive which incited to it. Let this be ever the subject of careful and prayerful consideration. See that the centre to which they all tend is the glory of God. Carelessness on this point leads to alarming consequences. Driven from one act to another by mere impulse, or by the wiles of the wicked one, the great end of our existence is soon winked out of sight and forgotten. O God, preserve me from this fatal neglect!

“June 15. This day twenty-four years have rolled over me with all their changes. When I look back, they appear as a tale that hath been told. Yes, nothing strikes me more forcibly, as I review them, than the speedy and unprofitable manner in which they appear to have glided away. Thus as I review life in all its vanity, and behold its emptiness, I almost despise it. Were it not for the blessed word I would despond of life. But what consolations are to be found for persons under such feelings! When I look back on the past I see innumerable and weighty reasons for gratitude to Him who has led me in all the way. This should be a strong motive to induce me to devote myself more to his service. But here long experience has taught me that promises

for future amendment are of little value. It is much easier to promise future reforms than actually to commence them. Alas, the convenient reasons for fulfilling these resolves never come. But experience has taught me this, to say the present is the time I now commence to do this. No future period will suit, no time but the present.

“23. Oh how great reason we have to praise and adore thee, O God, that thou hast so constituted our nature, that we experience the most pure and unmingled joy or inward peace and delight in doing thy will, in benefiting our fellows! Also the greater our zeal in it and the purer our motives, so much greater this complacent satisfaction. I have reason to thank thee, O Father, that in Sabbath-school teaching I have enjoyed a portion of this delight, but nothing to what I would have experienced, had my motives been more pure.

“30. Selfishness or partiality of affections on a few chosen objects, who may have some peculiarly interesting and pleasing properties, is little in accordance with the pattern set us by our Lord. It detracts from their expansiveness. It takes away their delightfulness and nobleness, and destroys our usefulness. Let the limits of their range be only the limits of the human family. Then will they strengthen, become more noble in character, and the source of the most exquisite pleasure. Just so much the more will we become assimilated to our Master; and may expect his blessing and success in all our endeavours to be useful. May I ever remember this, ever seek help to do so, and remember the injury the opposite has been to my usefulness, my peace, my happiness—how much it detracted from the respect others had for me, and how much it deterred me from duty and caused me to fall under thy displeasure.

“Aug. 25. As I consider the varied and innumerable blessings which come to me through the gospel, and the value of these, and how much my happiness and every interest are dependent on these, how forcibly does it remind me of my responsibilities and my duty to extend these blessings to those who do not possess them. What would be more delightful than to be engaged in such a work. How can a conscious being possess these and not long to be communicating them to others who are with-

out them! May I be thus engaged! Oh, prepare me for the work!"

We have given these lengthened extracts from Mr. Johnston's diary, when attending college, as we believe that they are fitted to be useful to our young men at this important period of life. The energy and perseverance with which he struggled against various difficulties may encourage others in a similar course. But especially would we hope that these solemn communings with his own spirit and earnest drawings towards God, at a time of life when so many spend their days in vanity, may be profitable to others at that interesting era in their history. College life presents many fascinating temptations to youth, among which many have made shipwreck of their highest interests, to the anguish of many a parent, while others have been saved as by fire, and still many more of those who afterwards occupied honourable positions in society, have not passed through the ordeal without a stain. In these circumstances this instance of a young man most diligent in his studies, but at the same time maintaining the life of the soul by deep searchings of heart and a close walk with God, and thus keeping his garments unspotted, may lead others, while engaged in the eager pursuit of knowledge, or surrounded by the temptations of college life, to remember the one thing needful, and may excite some of those who have named the name of Christ, to greater watchfulness over their hearts, to avoid conformity to the world and to seek closer assimilation to the Saviour. "He that is begotten of God keepeth himself, and that wicked one toucheth him not."

CHAPTER IV.

THEOLOGICAL STUDIES.

AT the close of his third term at the Synod's institution, on the 1st September, 1854, he was admitted to the Theological Classes under the care of the late Dr. Keir and Dr. Smith. This had been the great object to which all his studies had been directed. We give here an extract of a letter written on the 19th May previous, particularly as it exhibits his views in reference to studying for the ministry.

TO AN AUNT.

“Such is the nature of this life that friends, however much they may wish it, cannot enjoy the pleasures of uninterrupted fellowship. Duty calls friends to separate, and in most of cases permits them but seldom to meet, and then only for a very limited period. It not unfrequently requires persons to tear themselves from all that is most beloved by them in this world, and to bid them all a final farewell. This must be to the sensitive mind most painful. But there is consolation even in this peculiar situation. The individual can look forward to a period when he shall meet all his true friends beyond the reach of woe, Rev. xxi. 2, 4, and that then they will never more be required to separate. Let it be your and my endeavour to so live that when the trials of this life are over, we may meet there, and also meet all our excellent relations and friends who were near and dear to us, where we shall no more be troubled with the

painful thought, that the hour of separation is fast approaching.

"I have not forgotten the hours we have spent together. I remember well—perhaps you may have forgotten—your last words to me, as I was leaving your house the first time I came here. They were, 'Remember, you are not going to learn a common trade.' They are simple, but full of meaning. They rang in my ears, and would suggest such thoughts as these, What am I going to learn? Am I qualified? So still do they remain fresh as ever on my mind, and ever will. One reason of this was that I had been thinking deeply on this before. It was not a few moments' consideration that induced me to adopt the course I did. It had been bearing on my mind for years before there was the least opening to accomplish my object. It ever increased, and gave me no quiet, though I felt my unfitness. The way was dark and obscure, as it has often been since. But I resolved to make the effort—the way was opened up. And ever since, as obstacles which appear insuperable present themselves in my way, just as I approach them, and they seem as if they would impede my course, they are all dispelled, and in a way unthought of by me. Thus I commenced, thus I have proceeded, thus I intend to continue the course which I am now pursuing—ever seeking direction from Him, who is all wise in counsel; and while the way appears open I will consider it my duty cheerfully to proceed; but if it is hedged up, then I will think it my duty cheerfully to relinquish this and follow some other course of life, trusting that the labour I have expended in my studies will not be lost, but will enable me to be more useful in whatever station my lot may be cast.

"I am enjoying excellent health, such as has not been my lot to enjoy for years before. This is a blessing, the value of which cannot be realized by those who have never experienced the want of it. I never succeeded so well as I am now doing in my studies. I find that learning is daily becoming less difficult. But do not infer from this that it is becoming to me an easy task."

The entries in his journal at this time are of a similar strain.

“Sept. 3. Contemplations relative to engaging in the study of divinity. When I have life and all its blessings from God, should it not be wholly devoted to his service, the promotion of his honour and glory? Then, how is this to be done? The Scriptures inform us that it is in doing good to others and ourselves. How pleasing the answer, how calculated to excite gratitude, that it is such a delightful duty he requires, viz., To benefit our fellows. It is not an unpleasant work, but one which, when entered upon in a right spirit, has soul-satisfying sweetness connected with it. With what zeal and love should we then enter upon it.

“10. I have now entered upon that course to which I have so long looked forward, and respecting which I have so often prayed. I have ever prayed that I should be prevented from entering upon it, if uncalled, or if not seeking to enter it from proper motives. From examination, humbly trusting that the latter are proper, and evidence appearing so plainly to indicate the former, I have been encouraged to take this step. And now, O Lord, I would supplicate thy guidance and assistance.

“Oct. 15. The term has nearly expired. During this period I have experienced much of the goodness of the Lord. I entered upon it in much weakness, but notwithstanding the increasing toil to which I have been subject, my health has much improved. I would take this for a token of thine approval of the course which I have taken. I have to lament that during this time I have been so unceasingly engaged in my studies, that I did not attend properly to my soul—to my motives, or in a word, to meditation. May I be more watchful in this point hereafter. The devil ensnares some even by urging them in the pursuit of knowledge. I have much reason for gratitude and encouragement from the success which has attended my labours. In conclusion I would supplicate, O God, thy blessing to rest upon efforts at improvement, for it is thy blessing only that will render them efficient or useful. May they tend to prepare me for usefulness in thy church and world. And now, when I am

about to leave and be placed in other circumstances, I plead, O Lord, for thy continued presence, counsel, and aid, for, unassisted, I am weak, erring, ever liable to fall and to give the enemy cause to blaspheme. O Lord, when in my new situation, strengthen thou me against my peculiar temptations, my besetting sins! Oh that I may be an instrument in thy hands of doing much good—of promoting thine honour and glory! May I be enabled to enter upon the discharge of my duties from pure motives. May I have a benevolence extending to every individual alike. May it not be mixed with any selfishness, being concentrated on certain persons, who may have more to excite regard than others. Especially may I be enabled to keep a close inspection over the state of my soul. Now, O Lord, I would commit myself to thee, deal bountifully with thy servant. Establish the work of my hands.”

At that time the Theological Classes only continued during six weeks, the students, during the remainder of the year, being generally engaged in teaching and prosecuting their studies under the direction of Presbyteries. Mr. Johnston was thus employed for the next ten months, and in 1855 again attended the Hall at West River. We have not seen his diary for this period, nor have we any incidents of that portion of his life worth relating.

At the close of the Theological Classes in that year, (1855), he proceeded to Princeton, N. J., to attend the Theological Seminary there. A few extracts from his correspondence while there may be interesting.

TO HIS FATHER AND MOTHER.

“Oct. 22, 1855. I feel it due to you—I also take pleasure in the duty—to inform you as correctly as possible, respecting the nature of the influences that operate on me here.

“I. My Professors. They, as you doubtless understand, from

the nature of the relation in which we stand to each other, will exert the most powerful influence over my mind for good or ill. The first inquiry then in reference to such persons is what is their piety. I have every reason to form a high estimate of them in this respect. To give us the simple truths of Scripture appears to be their highest ambition. To improve every opportunity to impress on our minds that salvation is all of grace, and its importance, is their unceasing care. Their preaching is the most practical I have ever had the pleasure of listening to. I think that I have never received so much profit from preaching in the same time. It always appears to me just such food as the fallen soul requires.

“II. My companions. Their influence for good or evil is next to that of the teachers. I am not to be their judge, but I believe that there are those among them who have enjoyed the tender watchfulness of pious mothers (the greatest of earthly blessings) which, under God, has formed in them the deep-laid principles of humility and piety. Thus they pass along through life, softly, unassumingly, and unnoticed, deeply, I had almost said, awfully, impressed with the magnitude of the work, to which they are looking forward; and prayerfully and laboriously endeavouring to qualify themselves for it. There are others respecting whom I would rather remain silent. I may farther add that I am little with them except in class. Do not suppose from this that I cannot gain associates here, quite the contrary. I could soon be surrounded with attached friends. This has always been my lot, to my injury. They seem to be surprised at my retired habits, and sympathize with me as a stranger, and wish me to make more free with them.

“III. If I say I am without earthly companions, I can, at the same time, say that my little room is a sweet, sacred little retreat to me. When my duties which call me from it are discharged, all my inclination is to get back to my hallowed retreat, and to my studies again. Here without any one I spend the most contented and happiest moments, I have ever spent, since I left the sacred little family circle that surrounded the parental hearth. I have learned to do without earthly friends. My thoughts are now very differently employed to what they have

been. But do not take false impressions from my statements. Do not suppose that my attachment for home is dying away. No, time cannot produce such an effect upon it. But it must be subordinate to more important attachments. Matt. x. 37; Luke ix. 59, 60.

"Oct. 24. There are considerations weighing more and more heavily on my mind. I may just mention that I received the *Register* to-day. What a pitiful, heart-rending tale does it tell to any one, who views the subject properly. The Board's* appeal, repeated again and again for assistance for Mr. Geddie, has received no response. Yes, and what renders it doubly lamentable is, that there are thousands who are famishing for spiritual food, and anxious to get it. Who can remain deaf to such cries as come from those who are standing in need of food, which, if they do not get very soon, they shall eternally perish? Ah! sons and daughters of Nova Scotia, are your hearts destitute of sympathy, are your souls totally emptied of all benevolence? Have you ever read the commission our Saviour gave to the Church? Do you think you are obeying his commands? Do you think that if he made such great sacrifices to obtain salvation for the human race, you ought not also to make great, very great sacrifices to make all acquainted with it? Do you think you can make too great sacrifices to do so?

"But more, the Board has made an appeal to Scotland. This is too painful a consideration to reflect upon. Has God opened up for you such an inviting field, so crowned with success the labours of our missionaries, and you will not go up fully to possess it? You will leave it for others? Ah there is something wrong! Your conduct is so different from that of your Master, it is impossible he can shower down his spiritual blessing on you liberally. My heart ached as I read the report of the Board of Foreign Missions. These things more and more affect my mind. They occupy a large place in my thoughts. I suppose that you will think this wrong, and I myself sometimes think so too. But I would not be otherwise. I think I can see clearly the hand of Providence, in this respect, in bringing me here. I have heard three missionaries just from the foreign field, two from

* Of Foreign Missions.

China and one from Siam. It is they who can tell of the wants of the poor heathen. I have received much information from them, also much from other sources. I would not have the privilege of hearing one from a heathen land in Nova Scotia. They have made impressions on my mind that will not soon be effaced."

The last seems to have been written with the view of preparing the minds of his parents for the announcement of his intended course. He continues.

"I sometimes think of your circumstances. I believe the only consideration which would justify your moving, would be the want of opportunity to educate your family. Truly this is a great disadvantage. But permit me, not as a dictator to you, but simply as a suggestor, as one who has learned from experience, to tell you that you can make up the loss to a great extent. You can educate them in the Scriptures. Endeavour by various means, not by coercion, but by such means as prudence would suggest, to make the younger children commit to memory a certain portion of Scripture daily, if it be ever so small. If this is properly attended to it will soon become a pleasant task. Of course it will be trouble to you, but what that is valuable can be obtained without labour? Look at the result. With what is the mind thus filled? How many evil thoughts are excluded. How many weapons are furnished to oppose the evil one furnished at hand. Matt. iv. 10. Is not this the lesson we are to learn from Psalm cxix. 11? Had I daily, as I now do, when I had little else to do, hid a certain portion of this treasure in my heart, I would not now give it for all the treasure in the world. Had I thus spent some of my leisure, I would not now regard my not having had an opportunity of schooling when young.

"25. Yesterday I received the *Register* and *Witness*, and today a letter. I may add, never was anything more acceptable. All well! How often have I been delighted to meet these pleasing words in your letters. How long shall it continue thus? We leave it with Him who does all things well."

After referring to some private matters he goes on to say :

"It is my desire that you know my circumstances exactly, and that I do nothing that may occasion you any trouble or anxiety. My greatest earthly concern, is never to do anything that will pain the hearts of either of you. I hope and believe that God in his great mercy will so guide and support me that I shall never do so.

"My health never was so good before. You who have always enjoyed it, and who have little idea of how much I have suffered from the want of it, can have little idea of the impression which this makes on my mind. I fear I cannot wisely improve it, that I have not sufficient gratitude, that I may not be receiving it in covenant love, that I may grow wedded to the world. I never laboured so constantly before. It seems to me as if the arm of the Omnipotent was holding me up.

"In reference to my money, I want it as soon as possible. As to coming here, I can only say, as this letter is full, that I am most happily disappointed in every respect except expense. This is dark. But the silver and gold are at the disposal of Him who does all things well. I have hitherto been provided for, and I trust I will still. It does not disturb my peace."

TO HIS FATHER.

"Jan. 3, 1856. I have just received your letter to-day, which has been delayed by some blunder ; and it is God's care over it that has forwarded it at all. I am *very* much grieved that my money matters should have given you so much uneasiness. I never was more contented in reference to my pecuniary matters than I have been all along. True, I have been for about two months in a distant land and far from friends with only fifty cents, but I believe I was far more contented than the prince with his thousands. While I had no money there were no demands made on me. I have always found, that just as I really required means, they have been provided for me. I always endeavour to use the means in my power to provide for my pecu-

niary wants, and then commit my case to God, knowing that the silver and the gold are his, and such a portion of them as it is good for me to have he will in some way provide for me. Therefore I wish you to give yourself no uneasiness about my money matters. I have been provided for, and *I will be*.

“But my mind is not so easy in reference to other things connected with my calling. My qualifications and preparations for the work to which I have devoted myself are the subjects which occasion me serious thoughts. If there is anything respecting me which gives you anxiety, let it be this. Let not my money matters or personal comfort occasion you trouble. I should be sorry to know that such trifling momentary things were a trouble to you. If we do but faithfully discharge our duty to God and our fellow-creatures, it matters little what befalls us here, or how our worldly matters go.

“The longer I have attended, the better I am pleased that I came on here. True, it has been very expensive, but I do not think that expense is the first thing to be considered. I am enjoying good health. Though a stranger among strangers, I always find friends whenever I stand in need of them. I am astonished at the confidence placed in me, being a stranger.”

We may add a few extracts from his journal at this time.

“Nov. 25, A day of much trouble; cannot feel that my sins were weighing upon the Saviour on the cross; cannot hate sin properly. In this state I can never love properly—can never have proper zeal and earnestness in his cause,

“28. Pride and unhallowed ambition render me miserable. In all that I do I am constantly annoyed with a feeling springing up in my mind that it is self that is accomplishing this, and may I do it so as that I may be admired.

“29. In heated debates there is nothing congenial to spirituality of mind. It grieves the Spirit, excites human ambition, and expels all devotional feeling. I believe that we are most insensible to the injury that is done to the soul. Oh, may I shun it just as I would the beginning of sin! Lord, preserve me

from every appearance of evil! It is thus I have been drawn into sin to day,

"Dec. 4. Obtained much peace of mind to-day in answer to prayer. But I note down a word or two in reference to the manner in which I obtained it, that it may be of use to me hereafter. I had formerly come to Christ with too much pride—feeling that I should do something myself—feeling ashamed on account of my numerous sins, and hence there was a reluctance in coming. But now I was enabled to come without this feeling, and to confess fully and freely in the language of the fifty-first Psalm. As Christ is more willing to receive us than we are to come, may I always be enabled thus to come, and then my heart will glow with love and gratitude to him.

"9. Had much comfort in attending to the public ordinances of God's worship. My soul was enabled to rise through them to the heavenly sanctuary, and there to catch a glimpse of its glories and future bliss. It was then that I felt that I could cheerfully part with all most near and dear to me, to go and communicate these blessings to others. My soul was inflamed with a desire to do so. I also felt more gratitude to God for his ordinances, which in his infinite mercy he has pleased to establish upon earth, than ever I did before.

"10. How sin blights both the physical and moral constitution! How wretched it makes the subject of it! Oh, how happy we shall be when delivered from it! Who can love the Saviour sufficiently for delivering us from sin and its eternal consequences.

"16. Four difficult lessons for the sinner to learn, though we would suppose that they would be most readily learned: First, Want of ability to save self. Second, To accept salvation without some price. Third, To come to Christ without making self some better: viz., removing some of the filth of sin. And, Fourth, Not to have some share in that work. Just in so far as we do thoroughly learn these four lessons, will be the amount of comfort we will experience in coming to God.

"22. One great reason why we so improperly discharge our devotional exercises, is that we do not seek to acquire enlarged and definite views or ideas of God's various perfections."

It was at this time that his long cherished desire to engage in missionary work among the heathen ripened into a decision to tender his services to the Board of Foreign Missions, of the Presbyterian Church of Nova Scotia, with a special view to the South Sea Islands. For some time that church had had the Rev. John Geddie employed as their sole missionary. He was stationed on the island of Aneiteum, the southernmost of the New Hebrides Group, labouring with his devoted wife, without the aid or the encouragement of a single brother missionary, and some hundreds of miles distant from any other Mission station, and thus in a state of complete isolation from the whole Christian world. His situation appealed strongly to the sympathy of the church, and though every effort had been made by the Board and the church to send some to his assistance, their efforts for some time had been entirely unsuccessful, and it was only after considerable delay and many urgent appeals, that at length, about this time, they were able to send out the Rev. G. N. Gordon, who afterward suffered martyrdom on Erromanga. Mr. Johnston's mind was deeply affected by these appeals. He had for years had his mind filled with a desire to labour in the foreign field, and this state of things brought him to the resolution to tender his services for that work. The resolution at last was not adopted without serious deliberation and earnest prayer. The following are the entries in his diary on the subject :

"Dec. 22. This day I received a letter from Rev. William McCulloch, in reference to occupying a station in the Foreign Mission field.

"24. I have been these two days considering what answer I

shall return—the peculiar nature of the work—the peculiar qualifications which it requires—whether I am qualified for such a most arduous, responsible work—whether the indications of Providence are inviting me to the field or not—whether I have an inward call or not, &c.

“It has been a trying season. I have been praying much—reflecting much—but there is much darkness. I have, indeed, many and varied temptations—strong and soul-destroying temptations. At times I wished myself in the silent grave. But I was enabled to pray, O Lord, if thou hast any work for me to do in advancing thy kingdom, I shall cheerfully continue to contend with the trials and temptations that beset me here, depending on thy support at all times; but if thou hast no work for me to do, take me *now* to thyself, where I may praise thee without sinning. I was at last enabled to come to a conclusion that it is my duty to offer my services for the Foreign Mission field. Accordingly I have written a letter to-day to Mr. M‘Culloch, giving him my views on the subject, and also proffering my services hereafter to this work. I record the words, that I may keep in mind what I have done and what it requires of me.

“I am now prepared to say cheerfully that I have, after a long and anxious deliberation, resolved to devote my physical and mental powers wholly to missionary labour in a foreign field, there to spend and be spent. Hence, through you, I cheerfully place myself under the oversight of your Foreign Mission Board, and hereafter shall feel myself bound to cheerfully follow out its instructions, and consider your Board as, under God, my rightful directors; and may I never be the occasion of bringing any disgrace on the cause of God, and may every feeling which I indulge—every thought which I cherish—every word which I speak, and every act which I do, tend to the glory of God and the benefit of souls. And may the good Lord direct your Board in all its deliberations in reference to me; and to God be all the glory for ever and ever, Amen.”

His resolution he thus announces to his parents :

“I may just mention (but I do not wish you to make it public)

that I have received a letter from the Rev. William M'Culloch respecting my devoting myself to the Foreign field. After much anxious thought, and without any earthly friend to consult for advice, I have resolved to devote myself to the work of Foreign Missions, and have placed myself under the oversight of the Foreign Mission Board, if they shall be pleased to accept me as a candidate for the Foreign field. I now hold myself bound to go wherever they direct, and wherever they may require. I have not done so without much misgiving. I know that I have but very imperfect ideas of what I am taking upon myself. In a few words I will state the more prominent considerations which have induced me to do so. *All* the human family are to be brought to a knowledge of the truth. God has ordained that this shall be accomplished by human instrumentality. Now it is certain that the very best qualified human agent, without God's guidance and assistance, will utterly fail to advance this work. But with God assisting, the weakest can do all things, and without his assistance the strongest can do nothing. Hence, knowing the great want of labourers in the Foreign field, I, though weak and unqualified for such a work, have given myself to Him to use me as an instrument in this great work, trusting that he will perfect strength in weakness. But, in the second place, in order to have a title to such favours, we must have *a call* to the work. I consider, from my own inward feelings, and a long train of providential events, that I have such a call. I dare not refuse. But I have not time to write more on this, as I am very much hurried.

"I suppose that the idea of my being entirely separated from you both for a time will occasion you painful feelings. This thought makes it much more painful to me. But you made me such : and you must not be grieved with the fruits of your own labours. But, farther, it is folly to grieve at this. A few short days at most, and this occasion of trouble will be for ever removed, and we all shall meet to part no more. Now, if we can cheer ourselves with such blessed hopes in this life, it ought to be our constant and earnest effort to communicate such blessings to the poor heathen, who have no such consolation or cheering prospects. Let such thoughts dry up every tear, and cause us to cease think-

ing about ourselves and our momentary feelings, but to turn all our thoughts to this great work—the work of *every* Christian.”

Writing to another friend about the same time, and giving a similar account of his resolution, he adds :

“I may just mention that this desire came with my infancy and has grown with my growth, though it has ever been concealed from my nearest friends until very lately. Though at times I have felt as if I would gladly escape from such a life, yet this thought has always been too painful for me to cherish. I never could endure to indulge such thoughts. There was always something in my mind which warned me against such thoughts. Though I believe that there is no human being who would or could take more pleasure in living in the midst of kind and beloved friends, and take more delight in having a home of his own in their midst, yet I could never delight myself with the fond anticipation that such was to be my lot.”

About a fortnight later he thus writes to his father :

“I have perused yours of the 26th ult. with no ordinary degree of pleasure, but only have time to write a few words in reply. I think I have been pretty faithful in writing to you, and I trust you will excuse this. When I read yours I almost felt as if I had done wrong in devoting myself to the Foreign Mission work without farther counselling you. I thought before of this, but having written to you previously respecting it, I thought that I had done all that duty to a parent required of me. Since I have devoted myself to it I do not feel the same anxiety. It has relieved my mind of a burden. I shall endeavour to do all in my power to qualify myself for the work, and leave the rest with God, knowing that if he has called me to it, he will give me every needed qualification.”

One curious circumstance regarding his final resolution is worthy of notice. When seriously considering the subject, he wrote to the Rev. James Watson, his late pastor, asking his advice in reference to it. At

the same time he was expecting a letter from Rev. Mr. M'Culloch on other matters about which he was in correspondence. Instead of this he received a letter from him encouraging him to engage in Foreign Mission work. Such a letter, at such a time, and from a source so unexpected, was quite unaccountable, and unquestionably had a powerful influence upon his mind.

"The reason," he remarks in a subsequent letter, "why Mr. M'Culloch wrote to me is not fully known to myself. I had been corresponding with Mr. Watson, and I think it must have originated from this. He never answered my letter. He only stated that he was glad to change the correspondence to something more pleasing and edifying."

But the secret was that he had misdirected his letters, that intended for Mr. M'Culloch having gone to Mr. Watson, and *vice versa*. Doubtless even this was the arrangement of Him, who disposes all events, and we do not know that he ever learned the true state of the case.

While in the state of mind described in the letter quoted, he prepared an appeal to the church, on the subject of missions to the heathen, entitled, "A cry for increased missionary zeal," which was published in the *Christian Instructor*, and which gave to the church at large the first indication of the spirit which animated him.

We give some further extracts from his journal while at Princeton.

"January 1, 1856. Another year is no more. All its cares, anxieties, toils, pains, pleasures, and joys are lost in the vast oblivion of the past. All its opportunities for serving my God,

benefiting my fellows, preparing for the active duties of life, are gone, gone for ever. All its acts, whether for good or ill, are fixed for ever. Many, very many, have been removed to the great tribunal, to render an account of their lives, but I am permitted to enter upon another year. Many, very many, have entered upon this year in poverty and wretchedness, in pain and anguish of soul, in vice and degradation. But through the infinite mercy of my God, I have been brought into it under favourable auspices. I have this day been taking a retrospective view of the past year. Some of my thoughts I note down to be a warning to me hereafter. I shall first notice the errors of the year.

“First, *Pride*.—It I shall consider under four different heads.

1. A desire for notoriety, anxious that self might be particularly distinguished in the various movements going on in society.
2. A sincere desire to honour God and to do good, poisoned with a feverish(?) anxiousness that self might be seen conspicuously in all the efforts produced to this end.
3. Prompting me when preparing for the discharge of duties, to endeavour to do it in such a manner, as will bring honour upon self.
4. Prompting me to strive to do great, startling things, such as would excite attention, and to neglect and criminally underrate little every-day things, by attending to which I might most eminently have glorified God.

“Secondly, *Company*.—The error here was spending far too large a portion of my time in company.

“Thirdly, *Pleasure*.—The error here consisted in indulging to a most sinful excess in those amusements and pastimes, which according to the *popular* opinion are perfectly innocent, but are in reality the poison of the soul.

II. The evils from the second and third errors are: 1. They unfit the mind for deep, accurate, protracted investigation of any subject. 2. They roll the mind off its longing after holiness and communion with God. 3. In the estimation of the mind labouring under these errors, time gradually becomes valueless, and opportunities for improvement of little account; or, in a word, that mind gradually forgets the great design of its existence. 4. They gradually diminish our love to God and our fel-

lows, and our interest in our duties, and our abilities for the active discharge thereof. 5. They fill the mind with longings for earthly associations, and thus, as it were, bind the individual to this earth. 6. They succeed in so blinding the mind, that they actually cause it to believe that it is oppressed with labour, while in reality it is doing mere nothing. 7. They largely unfit for devotional exercises—cause them to be performed in a cool, indifferent, and formal manner, without any real pleasure in them, or even render them irksome and burdensome.

“Fourthly.—*A false method of endeavouring to reclaim the erring, viz.,* going halfway to meet them in order to get them to come halfway to meet me, with the view, that when I advanced to them the half distance, they would be easily induced to come the remainder.

“The evil of this is, that instead of inducing them to relinquish their errors, I gradually advanced to the same, perhaps without ever in the least inducing them to relinquish their follies, but by my example rather hardening them in theirs. The only way to correct errors in others is to take the straight path yourself and proclaim it to be the only proper one, and that there is not to be the least deviation from it.

“Fifthly.—*A selfishness in my efforts to benefit others, viz.,* being more anxious to benefit those who were anxious to improve, and who had peculiar traits of character, which pleased my taste.

“Sixthly. *A want of decision and promptness.*

“Seventhly. *Procrastination.* The all devourer.

“Eighthly. *A want of deep, sincere, and enlightened love to God and to souls.*

“In the next place, I shall mention some of the important events of the past year.

“I. My leaving my native Province to avail myself of the advantages of study in another country.

“II. On account of the peculiar station which I design to occupy in life, it had for some time been an anxious thought to me, whom I should get as a companion. I formed an acquaintance with one, whom, God by a series of providential events appeared to say to me, was to be the companion of my cares, toils and duties, also one who is not only naturally qualified for

the peculiar duties to which I have devoted myself, but also peculiarly suited to my disposition and imperfections. May the good God grant that this may be a union, which will tend largely to advance His glory and our souls' good.

"III. My placing myself under the oversight of the Foreign Mission Board. Exhausted, I leave off this exercise before it is nearly finished.

"January 6. One of the greatest and most fatal delusions to which I feel myself subject is a constant tendency to consider that I will be more faithful and energetic in the discharge of my various duties hereafter—that I would act differently under different circumstances. But let me remember that "he that is unfaithful in little is unfaithful in much." What I am now I will be hereafter. If God does not grant me grace to be faithful now in that which is least, I have no reason to conclude that he will enable me to be faithful hereafter in that which is much.

"11. The secret cause of mortification. The individual has been studiously labouring to prepare something which will raise him in the estimation of his fellow-beings. He may not be fully conscious that such is his motive. His effort fails in accomplishing that which in reality was his fondly cherished object, consequently he must be filled with disappointment and chagrin. But, if he has been sincerely and earnestly labouring to prepare himself to do or to speak something exclusively designed to favour God's cause, though his efforts to appearance may fail, and only bring upon himself contempt, yet he will not feel the same mortification. He will be comforted by an inward consciousness, that he had done what was divinely required of him. He will leave God's cause in his own hands. He may be grieved and vexed, as the prophets of old were, when their inspired instructions were scoffed at. This will lead him to his God in earnest prayer for his fellows.

"13. On account of pecuniary embarrassment I am now placed under the necessity of leaving the Seminary. I have more than realized my most sanguine anticipation respecting the advantages to be derived from the course which I have pursued, but not in all instances in the way, manner, and results anticipated, and in some instances quite different."

CHAPTER V.

MISSION TO KANSAS.

THE state of his funds having rendered it necessary for him to leave the seminary, and being desirous to engage in some employment, in which he might be useful, he tendered his services as a colporteur to the Presbyterian Board of Publication. In taking this step he believed also that the work was one, which would help to prepare him for missionary labours among the heathen. For the same reason he chose as the sphere of his operations the new territories of Kansas and Nebraska, as he supposed that he would there come in contact with human nature in some of its worst forms, and that thus he would have a field of labours as like that of a heathen country as he could find in a Christian land. He thus intimates his resolution to his parents in a letter dated January 18, 1856.

“I am going to Kansas and Nebraska as a sort of missionary and colporteur before long. I could have obtained a field of labour here, but I preferred to go there for various reasons, one of which is that the work will be more preparatory for the duties to which I am looking forward. The Board has placed great confidence in me, and given me a situation of much responsibility, also one that affords me many opportunities of doing good. I know not what is before me; all

is veiled in mystery. But I go trusting in him who knows the end from the beginning, and who has all things under his control. He has ever been the breaker up of my way, and I trust that he will guide me still. Now there is one thing that I must say to you all, give yourselves no trouble respecting my safety. If I am in the way of my duty (which I trust I am) I shall be just as safe, as if I were in the family circle which surrounds the home hearth. Think not that I am full of uneasiness respecting my future success, or that I feel discontented or lonely. It is just the reverse. True I feel loth to leave this place. My affections have got entwined with almost everything connected with it, so that I leave it with much the same feeling as in parting with home. It is one peculiar characteristic of my nature that I always become attached to a place in which I reside, and those with whom I associate. I believe that if I were on an Island of the Pacific, I would very soon become attached to it and its inhabitants. I suppose that you will be anxious to know how long I shall remain there. I cannot tell you how long. The future is all a secret. It will depend upon what are the indications of the will of Providence. I shall be very loth to leave until I have succeeded in establishing a system of colportage in these territories.

“* * * May the Lord be with you all and bless you and preserve you from every appearance of evil. It is not probable that we shall ever be much more together in time, but may you all remember your various duties to each other, and if we do not meet again in this vale of tears, may we all without one exception meet where parting shall for ever be unknown, and unite in praising the Lord for ever and ever for his wonderful works to the sons of men.”

On the 24th he again writes from Philadelphia.

“The Board of Publication has given me \$50 to pay my expenses to Kansas, \$265 worth of books and some thousands of pages of tracts. They have sent me off and left it to my own judgment, whether I shall go to Kansas or Nebraska, and to what part of either of these I shall go. They have just com-

missioned me to go there, and they give me the above amount, and will also send me as many more books as I shall order, and leave all the rest to myself. When I asked them for advice, they just said that it was a new country, that they knew little about it, and would just trust to my own judgment and prudence, and that I would require better counsel and guidance than they could give. They also tell me that I may be the means of giving a certain character to these new territories."

The same day he left Philadelphia, and reached St. Louis on the morning of the 27th. If he expected to see wickedness at the West, he was not disappointed. The scenes at the hotel in that city on the Sabbath after his arrival were to him shocking, and prepared him for the state of society that he might expect to find in that region of country. "Just to witness," he says, "the scenes of wickedness in the public rooms of the hotel in which I am is horrifying. As I look upon the godless persons who are desecrating the holy Sabbath, I wonder if they have ever heard that there is a Sabbath. I have not heard a single individual mention that it is the Sabbath, and one seeing them would suppose that they had never heard that there was such a day. And why is it that we have more regard for God's institutions? It is because he has thrown around us more religious influences. From our earliest youth we have been taught to revere the Sabbath and all God's ordinances of worship."

The supply of books, however, did not reach St. Louis so soon as he expected, so that he was detained a few days there, during which he had an opportunity of a fuller acquaintance with the city, and thus writes of it on the 7th February:

“We who have been brought up from our earliest infancy in what I now call a most religious and God-fearing country, are truly ignorant of the nature of man and the state of society in many parts of the world. Would that the church were as active in promoting the cause of her Master, as the friends of Satan are in obtaining their own selfish ends. The activity of the men of the world should put Christians to the blush.”

“I have made acquaintance with several ministers, and have been treated very kindly and respectfully by them. I have as yet always found friends wherever I go. I am often told that my eyes and countenance are an index to my character, and are as good a recommendation as they wish.”

Wherever Mr. J. went, he had this facility of gaining the esteem of those with whom he came in contact. From the time of his leaving home he had carried on a large correspondence with friends and acquaintances. These letters express not only the kindliness of his nature and the strength of his affections, but are full of the natural outflow of Christian feeling, and an anxious desire to promote the spiritual interests of those to whom they were addressed. As a specimen of his efforts in the latter way, we may give an extract of a letter to a young sea captain, written from St. Louis.

“* * *. But, my dear friend, may I say a word to you, as I have taken up my pen to write you? Remember that we were not born into this world to sport and flutter about for a time like so many butterflies, and then to sink into an eternal oblivion. No; we were sent into this world for one special purpose, and our Bible tells what this is. No matter what profession or mode of life we may live, the object is the same. An account of the

manner in which we have spent our lives will be demanded of us, and the life which we may have lived will not in the least justify our neglecting this duty. In your profession you have abundant opportunities to do good, or to do wrong and exert an evil influence. Remember, whether you think it or not, you are constantly exerting an influence on those with whom you associate, for good or evil. Remember the shortness of time and the length of eternity. Once more, forget not that there are only two conditions in which we can possibly spend eternity, and in one or other of these you must spend it. Receive these words as they are intended—they are written in sincere friendship.”

The young man to whom this was written is now in eternity.

While waiting for the arrival of his books, he undertook a short tour into Illinois, to obtain subscribers for a Presbyterian newspaper and to sell some books. It was in consequence the beginning of March, before he was ready to leave St. Louis. He then proceeded up the river Missouri to the destined scene of his labours, resolving, according to the advice he had received, to make Leavenworth city the starting point of his operations.

On his passage up the river, he witnessed some of those scenes which have given Kansas so prominent a position in the “irrepressible conflict” now going on between slavery and freedom. But we must give his own account of them.

“An incident occurred this morning, (date not given, but about the 8th of March), which occasioned much excitement. It was ascertained that a number of ‘Sharp’s Rifles’ were on board the Arabia. The passengers immediately organized themselves into a legislative body, and appointed a committee of five to search the boat. This they did, and discovered one hundred

rifles and three cannons. They then proceeded to make laws suited to the emergency, and appointed officers to carry them into execution. The property was to be destroyed or deposited at a military fort, and the man who had the rifles in charge, to be disembarked at *first* landing. The captain refuses. They revise their laws so as to meet this new emergency, and so the man (Hoyt) is allowed to remain on board, but subjected to continuous threats of tar and feathers—the rope—a bath in the river, &c. What will be the result of this I do not now know. I commenced to remonstrate a little, very moderately and kindly, against such unlawful proceedings; but one of the leaders very soon ordered me to stop, or I would get a plunge in the river. I say little more, but my blood boils with indignation at such proceedings.

“REFLECTIONS.—Did my friends know where Fulton is, how uneasy they would be respecting my safety. How kind the Providence, that we do not know what is not present with us. 2dly. Here I observed the richness of the blessings of those who live amidst a people cherishing a heartfelt respect for the laws. 3dly. The fearfully evil consequences of violating the laws of a country in any case, no matter how much there may appear to be to justify it. 4thly. That man should never act under excitement. 5thly. The man who is governed by religious influences is the *only* man who can be trusted under *all* circumstances. 6thly. The great Western country is to a fearful extent under the control of mere excitement and mob law, the ruling sentiment being self, and whatever opposes this they repel with most bitter and malignant violence. In order to thwart what they dislike and accomplish what they wish, they do not hesitate to resort to most unlawful means, whenever lawful means will not suit as well. 7thly. They will not listen to reason—cannot brook opposition. It is we who say it; hence it must be so, and no person should or will be allowed to dispute it. Such is the condition of the slave States and the Far West. This condition of the country arises from the manner in which the west has been settled, and the prerogative which the institution of slavery gives over a certain portion of its population.”

“10, Sabbath. This morning arrived at Lexington. Here the

mob seized the rifles and took them on shore. When the steamer arrived, there was a crowd of desperadoes on shore ready to do any acts of personal violence to the owner, as well as his property, which their wicked hearts might suggest, and they should be permitted to do. But through the influence of some of the more respectable of the party they were prevented from injuring him.*

"The whole scene was one of cursing, swearing, and awful threats of vengeance on their supposed foes. The Arabia was so full of these characters, that I could scarcely crowd my way through them. When they got the rifles on shore, there was as great rejoicing as when the ark arrived in the camp of the Hebrews. Their shouts of joy were *full* of oaths and profanity. No Nova Scotian could ever suppose that it was the Sabbath. On board the Arabia all day, the only evidence of its existence or respect shown to it, was a cessation of card playing, to which they had faithfully devoted themselves previously.

"At 10 o'clock, A. M., the pro-slavery party had a most fiendish row among themselves. A prominent individual, on account of his moderation and want of wild fanaticism, was by them suspected of insincerity in their cause. The great congress of Legislators organized, and proceeded to take his conduct into consideration. The result was a real *hellish* fight between him and another prominent legislator, which nearly ended fatally. The next act of congress was a vote of want of confidence in Mr. B. and exclusion from their party. The next act was to put him off the boat, but the captain interfered, and congress adjourned.

"At 12 o'clock, congress was again called to order by the venerable president. It appeared that in the meantime a reconciliation had been effected between the enemies. Act first was repealed, and a vote of confidence passed, and B. restored to his former position. Congress adjourned again.

"Then came drinking, &c. Great joy was excited by the reconciliation of such prominent men, which also appeared to

* He learned afterward that this man was killed by the pro-slavery party. He had approached unarmed a body of them with which he wished to hold communication, when he was shot by them.

cause a cloud of oblivion to pass over all their pro-slavery feelings, and the rifle man was called to drink with the head man of congress, and those of his party who were known were also treated. Monstrous pledges of friendship and fair dealing were made by pro-slavery men to Free State men. Thus ended this horrible scene.

“As to the character of the pro-slavery men, they are generally almost without exception, so far as I saw, drinkers, swearers, governed by the impulse of the moment, have little deep-felt regard for the law, go for mob law, and have little *real* intelligence. Farther, I have almost invariably noticed that all rash mob acts were committed under the influence of liquor. 2dly. That when men are not under its influence, in the proper exercise of prudence, they can be reasoned with. *Get clear of liquor, and you get clear of a world of sin.*

“Wickedness abounds and the earth is full of it, and what can be done? are thoughts that now fill my mind. When mingling with such scenes what reason to feel our need of Divine teaching, to constantly pray, ‘Set a watch, O Lord, before my mouth; keep the door of my lips,’ to remember Joseph, to think upon the Saviour’s salvation, the worth of the soul, to *reflect much*, for I find that the want of this is one great source of error.

“I have taken more lengthy notes on this rifle mob, because it is just a sample of what is constantly to be met with in this West. It will give a good idea of the manner in which this country is governed, and also of its inhabitants.

“11. Arrived early in the morning at Kansas city, a new but rapidly progressive town. Here I received letters from dear little Nova Scotia. The pleasure of receiving news from home in a far distant land amidst strangers I will not attempt to describe. At 5 o’clock, P. M., reached Leavenworth city, a town growing as it were by magic. At 6 o’clock arrived at Fort Leavenworth, and at 7 o’clock reached Weston. We land. Long have I looked for this desired haven. Cabs, omnibusses, &c., are at hand, and their drivers come bustling around anxiously soliciting employment. The little Nova Scotian is unnoticed among the crowd. I scramble into an omnibus, and am driven

to a hotel in the town. It is full of travellers and loafers, plenty of whom we always find in a slave town. The news of the capture of the rifles has produced quite a sensation. All seem engaged in cursing Free State men, and speak of shooting them just as they would partridges. I pass up and down among them, listening to what is said, but say nothing. Prospects look dark and gloomy. Still I can say that I do not fear them. I feel that there is a power above which can control all their acts, and on that power I rely for protection."

To his parents he thus writes the same evening :

"I arrived here this evening after a prosperous voyage of seven days from St. Louis. As to the scenes on the passage, and the political agitation here, I dare not write anything, as this letter may be opened ere it gets many miles from this. But farther, I did not come here to take part in these matters. I came for a far nobler purpose, and one which demands all my time and talents. It was said that it was not safe to come out here, but I have never felt and do not now feel any fear. I can cheerfully and smilingly extend the hand of friendship to every individual I meet. I feel just as safe here as I did under your roof. When I came here a feeling of friendship, which as I never before had toward strangers, unconsciously came over me. When I landed at Leavenworth, there were great numbers around, and many came on board, as it was the first steamer that came up the river this spring. I just went up to them and accosted them, as if they had been old friends. Almost the first man to whom I extended my hand, received it as if I had been an old acquaintance, saying, 'This is a gentleman who always carries his certificate with him.' All appeared to receive me as if I had been an old acquaintance. In this place though I have been ir but a few hours, I have found friends, and I am now in a room, with a single companion. I expect to go to work to-morrow. I write to you this evening in haste, as I do not expect to have much time hereafter.

"We called at Leavenworth as we came along to-day, and I received a letter from you containing one from Mary. I think I

never received a letter from you which afforded me so much pleasure as this one. That which more particularly pleased me was your remarks respecting missionary matters. I hope and trust this whole matter is of the Lord, and that he is preparing the way. I trust that this is no mere delusion. It is a subject which has long had my prayers, and when I learn anything which seems to be preparing the way or indicating that God is calling me to the work, it affords me a heartfelt delight which I cannot express.

"I feel that I am becoming more and more prepared for it also. All who know me know that my heart is bound up in my home and country. But I feel now as if I could cheerfully leave all. Though I am now far from home and friends, yet I have not nearly the impatient anxiety to hear from them that I had when near by them. I feel quite at home here, and feel a peculiar love and friendship for those who are the subjects of my work. And I now believe that if I were in the islands of the South Seas I should feel at home, and the heathen would be to me as my dearest friends."

To his sister Mary he writes under the same date.

"I formerly used to look forward to the time when I should visit home and mingle with you all, with delightful anticipations respecting the pleasure we should all enjoy. But such pleasures have now nearly vanished from my mind. I do not reflect much on the hours which we shall spend in time. But I do look almost exclusively to the meeting where separation shall be no more. Let us now be all prepared for eternity, for at such an hour as we think not the Son of man cometh. What one of us could bear the thought of eternal separation from the family circle, or that the circle should be eternally broken?"

On the following day he makes the following entry.

"12. I to-day engage in my work. My time is now so much occupied with my business that I shall have to leave off my notes of my travels."

We regret that he has left no record of his labours in this interesting field. But we know that as long as he was able he laboured hard in his work—and that he was the means of scattering the seeds of Divine truth extensively over that country. We know also that he endured privations, such as are rarely endured in civilized countries.

The time of his labours there was the time of actual civil war between the pro-slavery and Free State parties in the Territory. Considerable bodies of armed men had entered it from the Southern States, with the determination of establishing slavery there, while the settlers, who had arrived from the Free States, were supplied with money and arms by their friends in the North. Not only were both parties armed, but several collisions took place, in which several lives were lost. The town of Lawrence, a stronghold of the Free State party, was twice besieged, and on the last occasion, the inhabitants having given up their arms, under a promise of safety to persons and protection to property, the invaders immediately entered the town, blew up and burned the hotel, burned the house of the leader of the Free State party, destroyed two printing presses and plundered several stores and houses. It was amid such scenes as these that Mr. Johnston carried on his work. We may suppose that this state of the country was not favourable to the circulation of religious literature. Writing to the Board, he says,

“There is a great want in this place of such books as are published by the Board. Almost the whole reading demand is for *novels*, often of the vilest description, and other kinds of light literature. When I enter the house, frequently the first

inquiry is, 'Have you any novels?' Though such is their taste yet I have generally prevailed upon them to purchase a book or two, and make trial of a different sort of reading. I have also generally succeeded in obtaining a promise from all such that they would read the books, which I left in their possession. May the Lord grant a rich blessing upon the seed then sown."

He was also exposed to dangers of no ordinary kind. Often, as he afterwards declared, he was in situations where the utterance of a single anti-slavery sentiment, would have been sufficient to ensure his being tarred and feathered if not killed. As a memorial of the scenes of which Kansas was then the theatre, he brought home with him some of the bullets prepared by the women for the celebrated Sharp's Rifles to be used by the men in their contests with the pro-slavery party. The following entry in his journal, on his return to Kansas City, will give some idea of the scenes through which he passed.

"May 21. Arrived at Kansas City again. Many are the miles which I have travelled over this country, many the strange faces I have seen, the conversations held, admonitions given—numerous the dangers through which I have been preserved. The toils, trials, difficulties endured have been innumerable. Were it now said to me, You shall go through these again, I would sink before the task. No, I could not undertake them. My friends at home shall never, no never, know the one half of these dangers, trials, &c., sleeping in the open air at night, among Indians, plunging through rivers, &c., sleeping in miserable cabins, in dampness, and women and men all together, among the pro-slavery rabble armed, as the saying is, to the teeth, destroying, plundering, &c. But I shall not attempt to give details of them."

In this work he was probably not as careful of his

health as he should have been. A great part of his travelling was on foot, and settlers being in some places widely scattered he was frequently out all night. The weather being warm he thought nothing of lying down to sleep in the open air. But this was by no means prudent, and with his other exposures, such as to wet in crossing streams, we need not wonder that he was soon laid down by a severe attack of fever and ague, so that he was under the necessity of abandoning the work. He afterwards described himself as so entirely prostrated that he was only able to retain hold of the one idea, that it was his duty to go *North*; and accordingly having while able, according to the Board's directions, taken measures to secure the continuance of the work by others, he bade farewell to Kansas. His departure he notices in the following terms.

"May 23. At 2 P. M. embarked on board the 'Star of the West' from Kansas City for St. Louis. Kansas is now fading from my view for ever, a land peculiarly interesting to me, on account of the time I have spent in it and the work in which I was engaged while in it. But I cannot describe my feelings on account of my mental and physical debility. Having for several days been somewhat excited—exposed to intense heat, unable to obtain my accustomed sleep—and in a word exposed night and day, I became subject to severe headache, and a *complete* prostration of both mental and physical system, i. e., an attack of fever and ague.

"I will only add, many are the pages of Divine instruction which I have scattered over this new country. May God grant his blessing to accompany them. May they bear fruit when I am far distant. Such has been and will be my prayer."

From his official reports it appears that he was employed 116 days, that he visited 348 families, with 75

of whom he prayed, that he sold 491 volumes, gave away 66, and 16,500 pages of tracts.

The following from the few notes that he was able to record during his sickness, will show the miserable condition to which he was reduced.

“May 24. Weather intensely hot and myself equally unwell. Though my thoughts are most active, still it is too much labour for me to write them down. It appears as if it would kill me to do so. Formerly it was a pleasure to me to do so. Such is the condition of my health now.

“My situation is truly miserable, in continual excitement on account of the character of the passengers, and the subjects of conversation—which are the burning of Lawrence, the intention of the south to defend the institution of slavery, and to suppress all opposition to it, &c. My head almost bursting with the fever, these exciting controversies were like hot irons piercing my head.

“25. The Holy Sabbath. But there is no appearance of the observance of the day here. I am acquiring a deeper and deeper hatred to the institution of slavery. I believe that there is little true piety to be found where it exists. Slavery is evil in its principle, its practice, and all its influences.

“26. I feel some improvement in health. The day is quite mild. We are making good progress. At 10 o'clock passing St. Charles. At 12 we arrived at St. Louis. Seems like getting home. During my stay here I could do but little, and it is a pain to me to write.

“28. Rose at half-past five A. M. So weak that I fainted once while dressing myself. There is no one to administer to my wants. I sometimes feel that if I had a friend to sympathize with me, it would be a comfort—even if it were but to lay the affectionate hand of sympathy on my burning brow. But such friends are far off. But God sees and compassionates me, and why should I complain. At 7 o'clock, A. M., left St. Louis for home. Whether I reach home or not is little concern to me now. Farewell to this city in which I have spent so many wear-

some hours. May God keep me under the shade of his wings, and from all harm, and bring me safely to my father's house.

"June 14. In Cobequid Bay, on board the Schooner Fowler. I have been very unwell ever since I left St. Louis. Mental effort has been a severe pain to me. *Four o'clock, P. M.* Noel in sight. Its appearance causes strange emotions to pass through my bosom. Ah, how many hours have I wasted there. May it not be so again. At sundown met smiling countenances familiar to me. It feels like old times. But they scarcely recognize me, and all look strangely at me and say, "Oh, how black you are," "How miserable you look." So I conclude, hoping my heart is the same as when I left, only *some* better."

He reached his father's house a few days after, and though by this time his health was somewhat recruited, yet he was so much altered in appearance, that when he presented himself at the door, his mother did not recognize him.

The following is his entry in his private journal on the occasion.

"20. After wandering through distant lands amidst innumerable dangers of various kinds, in the kind providence of my all merciful Father, I am once more permitted to visit my home and the scenes of my childhood. Oh enable my soul to render heartfelt thanks, and to feel deep and sincere gratitude for all the protection and goodness I have experienced during my travels! And now would I again consecrate myself to the service of my God and benefactor.

"I now expect to remain at home for some time. Oh may it be a season of edification to my soul! Enable me O Lord to make a wise improvement of these last few hours, which I shall probably ever spend at my home."

For a few months the heats and chills of the fever lingered about him, but by rest among friends, and the

invigorating air of Nova Scotia, he entirely recovered his health, so that in the following summer, he was in as good health as he had ever been.

In the autumn he attended the third session of his Theological course at West River.

In the month of September, the Board of Foreign Missions took him under their charge as a student preparing for the Foreign Mission work. He thus records the event in his journal.

"Sept. 23. The Board of Foreign Missions accepted me as a probationer for the Foreign Mission field. Lord, enable me to consecrate all my powers to thy service with faith, humility, prudence and firm reliance on thee. May my soul be wholly absorbed in thy cause. Such is my cry to thee, O Lord!"

On the same occasion he writes to a cousin.

"The Board of Foreign Missions met on the 23d ult. J. W. Matheson was accepted, and is to be sent out as soon as due preparation can be made. James Murray and myself were also accepted, and taken under the supervision of the Board until our curriculum of study is completed. I can truly say that it is a pleasure to me that the way for my going to the South Seas appears so open and certain. I suppose that you will scarcely believe me when I tell you that I long to be on my way to that distant land—that I long to bid adieu to all my youthful associations and to welcome the Southern shores. Many are the reasons which tend to occasion these feelings. But I have not time to mention them now. I can only add at present that my position is a most responsible one. Oh how much heartfelt humility, love, strong faith and wisdom, do I require for such a work! It is a trying position, and you little know the struggles and conflicts of various kinds which are going on in my bosom.

"Since my position is such, oh may I not confidently expect the sympathies and prayers of all my friends, and particularly of my near relatives! What do you suppose I should be for

such a work, pray that God will make me, or pray that God will in every way qualify me for it."

Writing to another friend about the same time he thus refers to the event.

"Do not suppose that I do not consider this step which I have taken to be all important, serious and most solemn. I have not done so hastily without long prior consideration. I have long contemplated this. I do not ask a life of ease; I care not for this. I only ask that I may bring no disgrace on God's cause, and that my whole life may tend to the advancement of his glory. I feel my position to be most responsible. I therefore solicit an interest in the sympathies and prayers of all my true and dear friends."

CHAPTER VI.

PREPARING FOR MISSIONARY WORK.

HE was now acknowledged and approved by the Church as a candidate for the Foreign Mission, and all his energies were directed to preparing himself for that work. He accordingly attended the Free Church college in Halifax during the succeeding winter, under the tuition of Professors King and McKnight, who, he says, "were very attentive to him and showed him all the respect and kindness he could wish." While in Halifax he also employed his time in attending to such mechanical acts as were likely to prove useful to him in the mission field. In particular he acquired the art of printing in the office of the *Presbyterian Witness*, and printed a small pamphlet on Missions as a specimen of his skill. He also availed himself of such opportunities as were within his reach of acquiring medical knowledge.

His diary, which at this time is voluminous, indicates his mental progress by the increased vigour and clearness of his conceptions, but also marks his growing piety and deeper devotedness to his work.

"Nov. 10. To-day commenced studies in the Free Church College. In a special manner would I supplicate thy presence

O God, with me here to assist, guide and counsel me in all my ways, and to enable me to make a most faithful improvement of all my opportunities.

"17. I am now in part supported by the contributions of thy people. (The Board of Missions allowed me \$120 for this year.) May I justly feel my new obligation to devote myself wholly, earnestly and incessantly to the work of preparation to which I have devoted myself. Grant, O Lord! that I may feel deeply, fully the responsibilities of my present situation. Preserve me from all procrastination and slothfulness."

"23. Sabbath. Had more than usual delight in the ordinances of religion. Experienced that the tabernacle of the Lord of Hosts is amiable. Had earnest desires to make known the blessings of the gospel to the perishing heathen. Long to be on my way to them. O Lord, give me the qualifications requisite for this work! May my soul be borne down with a sense of the awful condition of heathendom. May all my motives for engaging in this work be purified by the influences of the Holy Spirit.

"30. Oh, how the neglect of duty and irregularity in devotional exercises tend to retard my spiritual growth—to lead my soul's motions and aspirations away from thee—to render me miserable—to disqualify me for every duty—to fill my heart with levity—to render it callous, and to interrupt communion with thee! O Lord, qualify me for the great work to which I am looking forward! What am I that I should engage in such a work? Oh! have mercy upon me according to my weakness.

"Dec. 7. This day commemorated the death of my Saviour. Much in prayer and meditation. Longed for purity in motives—to be freed from base selfishness, and to have a single view to the glory of God. Oh! free me from sin and self.

"12. Oh, how deceitful is the human heart! How it succeeds in leading me into error quite unknowingly—makes pretexts and blinds the mind. Thus how my motives are directly opposite to what they ought to be, and what I designed them to be, and what I supposed they were. O Lord, enable me to look into the soul with earnestness and painful anxiousness to know all that exists there! May this anxiousness be constant, sincere, pure, holy. Oh, my dear Saviour, how often and con-

stantly have I grieved and pained thee by withholding from thee mine affections—delight in thee and communion with thee. This thou desirest and longest after. Oh, ungrateful wretch, to withhold! Oh, compassionate Saviour, pardon my sin in this respect, for it is very great! Help me to live near to thee. Help me to cast away every idol—yea, though it be a right eye or hand. Oh, do these things for me, and not forsake me!

“13. In agony of spirit—cannot come near to the Saviour. His face is concealed. I feel a want of love to God—to his cause and to souls. I feel that the love I have is full of self, or mingled with various ingredients, which, when weighed in the balance, will be found wanting. I feel as if I could not go forward to the work to which I am looking forward. I feel unfit, unworthy, and miserable. Labouring to come to the Saviour—to reflect on his love, on his sufferings—to know myself, my deceitful heart. Oh, how difficult the exercise—how my thoughts wander! O Lord, though I have not yet found relief, yet I thank thee that thou hast sorely smitten me, and made me to feel this my grievous error! I have been much in prayer to-day, and at times in it had comfort; but oh! how soon it passes away, and by the stroke of thy hand I do pine.

“15. Much sadness of soul—cannot love or come near to the Saviour as I could wish. Oh for the time when I shall love him as he has loved me! I am weary of this life, and I think that my sincere desire is, that if God has no work for me—that if I shall not be instrumental in the conversion of souls, or a soul, he would take me to himself. Such is my prayer. If it is thy will that I labour in thy vineyard, oh prepare me for the work.

“20. Obtaining more peace in my mind. But I sometimes fear it may be merely insensibility to my many errors. O Lord, I beseech thee that thou would'st not permit me to fall into such a peace! Give me no peace but that which results from being reconciled to thee—from thy smiles, for rather would I writhe under thy chastening rod than enjoy a false peace.

“23. Learning to print—much engaged in it. Long have I desired to become acquainted with this mechanical art. All the anticipated pleasure I have more than realized. This acquisi-

tion I consecrate to the service of God, and may it hereafter enable me to advance thy cause.

“Taking more and more delight in prayer. Oh how much need I have of thy strength and guidance at all times!

“27. The last Sabbath in the year. There is much that is solemn suggested by these words. I have this evening been endeavouring to look back on the past year for the purpose of detecting its errors. I have this day anew consecrated myself to thy service—to be more devoted, self-denying and earnest in preparation for the great work to which I am looking forward. Oh assist me to carry out this resolution, for without thy assistance I must utterly fail to do so! This day I have been still more deeply impressed with the necessity of close and constant reliance on the Saviour.

“Jan. 1, 1857. Another year is added to my life—is gone for ever. The past is unalterably fixed. Over its many ruins we cannot pass in order to repair the waste places. Sad and mournful thought! May this fact be constantly and deeply impressed on my mind. And now, O Lord, enable me to consecrate my all to thy service, to be earnest, diligent, faithful, self-denying, watchful, more given to prayer and self-examination. I live in a world of sin, temptations, and evil. It is full of wickedness. I am weary of it. Ye wheels of time, roll on in haste. All I desire is that thou, O Time, wilt hasten on, and that I may be enabled to faithfully improve *every* moment as it passes!

“19. Oh, how can the Spirit of God dwell in the vile, corrupt human heart! What unspeakable necessity have I to adopt the prayer of the Psalmist, ‘Oh cleanse thou me from secret faults!’ O Lord, I am vile—have mercy upon me! O Lord, renew me, make me thine, make me pure, holy, to love holiness. Oh, forsake me not! Leave me and I perish! Enable me henceforth to live nearer to thee, O my God!

“23. How prone am I to forget the hand that sustains, feeds, and leads me! How prone to live as though I were independent of all other power but self! O Lord, I beseech thee, make me at all times to feel my dependence upon thee for all I have and am, and that all ability for the faithful discharge of duty comes from thee!

“25. I thank thee, O Lord, that through the preaching of the word by Rev. P. G. M'Gregor, I was thus led to reflect and examine myself! The text was Psalm lxii. 7. ‘In God is my salvation and my glory, the rock of my strength, and my refuge, is in God.’ I adopt this as my motto hereafter. O Lord, enable me to be diligent and faithful in endeavouring to discover all the various influences, which tend to mar the welfare of my soul, and to remove these, also to be faithful in the use of means to promote my soul's prosperity!

“28. Read certain portions of Scripture with more than usual comfort and profit. My soul was softened, warmed with love to God and souls, longing to be engaged in his service—a more than usual freedom from self. I feel that my prayers have been answered, and feel my faith strengthened, and much encouraged to pray.

“30. Have been for some time much occupied in reading accounts of the civil, social, mental and moral condition of the heathen. Oh, how vile, how miserable they are! As I read respecting their character and condition, my heart sickens and yearns with sympathy for them. How humble should man be, as he thus beholds the development of his true nature. Let moralists and progressionists assert what they may. I regard them not. Here are indisputable facts proving man's depravity. Here, too, we have our views extended of the need of salvation, the goodness, mercy, and love of God in procuring it, and our grounds for love and gratitude to the Author of it.

“Feb. 13. My mind has been long deeply impressed with a variety of thoughts and views respecting the present condition of the church. She does appear to me to have conformed to the world to a lamentable extent. As to her Presbyters, are they not over-anxious to live up to the customs and fashions of the society in which they are placed? Do they not spend entirely too large an amount of time, thoughts, conversation, and property to this end? Do they not by their example lull their people to sleep in the practice of their errors? Do they not encourage worldliness, and an undue concern about the things which perish with the using? Are they not too much given to light *trifling* conversation? Are they not too much given to

levity in their meetings for consulting about the interests of Zion? Do they go into the lanes and highways searching out the poor, the lame, and the halt, and compelling them to come in? Is there at the present day Paul-like zeal, earnestness and self sacrifice for the saving of souls? Do they labour night and day with tears? Are they instant in season and out of season, in order that souls may be saved? Where do we find that zeal, earnestness, humility, self-denial, unwearied perseverance and toil, fervent prayer, constant watching for souls of apostolic primitive times? Is there not as much need for these things now as then? Is not he whom we serve the same now that he was then, and also his cause the same?

“Let these considerations sink deep into my mind—have their just influence there. May I be enabled to meditate on them in a proper spirit, in humility, in prayerfulness, and with the Spirit assisting. Oh, my heart is sad! Lord, save me from all appearance of evil.

“20. How little spirituality, heavenly-mindedness and holiness do we find in the church at the present day. How seldom do Christians speak to each other of the preciousness of the Saviour. How little delight do they take in religious meetings. This tends most powerfully to make Christians worldly. Oh, how my soul is *ruined* in this way, through this overwhelming influence! When I should be speaking of Jesus and his love, I am absorbed in trifling conversation. I am led thus almost to loathe society, and desire to retire far into solitude, where I might enjoy uninterrupted communion with God.

“March 1. Communion Sabbath. A solemn day—the last Sabbath I expect to be here—hence its peculiar interest. It was a great pleasure that it was a communion season. As I go out into this cruel world, may my Saviour go with me from his table. I may mention the state of my mind in this exercise. I have to lament a want of that nearness to the Saviour—a want of large disclosures of his glory—a want of deep spirituality of mind. But I would also record the good things he has done for me this day in granting me more enlarged views of my true character and the corruptions of the soul, its pride, its selfishness, its indifference to things eternal. I was enabled to see

more and more a hateful lurking disposition within, to have self made prominent in all I do, that is, that I do not labour *wholly* for the glory of God, but have a desire to have self honoured, distinguished, noticed, admired, gratified. But, oh, especially, the unbelief of my heart was set before my mind. I would thank thee, O Lord, for this, and beseech thee to reveal to me my whole character. Oh, keep me from living in the practice of a lie—under unknown motives!

“This day I was enabled again to solemnly consecrate myself to God’s service—that I should live nearer to thee, farther from the world, its maxims, fashions, customs—that with deep humility I would be more devoted to thy service. O Lord! enable me to carry into effect this consecration. I have no power of myself. May I go out into the world, with a soul yearning for the salvation of souls. Oh may I ever love to commune with thee and go up through the wilderness of this world leaning upon Jesus as the Beloved of my soul—one hand resting upon him, and the other actively employed in his service! O Lord! have mercy upon me.

“I have to record thanks for what of thy presence I did enjoy at thy table—that I was enabled to feel the Saviour more precious and lovely than heretofore. Thy word was delightful to my soul, and I would say with the Psalmist, ‘It is more to be desired than gold, yea, than much fine gold; sweeter also than honey and the honey comb.’ That thy ordinances were lovely to my soul—that I experienced feelings of gratitude for my many privileges—that the Saviour stands in the room of sinners. May this refreshing season tend to strengthen me for the trials and duties of life. O Lord! save me from spiritual pride.”

We shall here insert portions of a letter written to his parents while attending the classes in Halifax. The first part of it refers to a very painful event—the death of two near relatives in one day. The latter part of it however is chiefly interesting from the manner in which he reveals his inmost feelings. In com-

pany, Mr. Johnston was one of the most lively and frank of young men, and few seeing him merely in such circumstances would have supposed that he had such deep and solemn views of life and its duties.

“I received yours of the 10th instant to-day. Truly it conveys sad, melancholy intelligence. This makes a wide breach in the family, and is surely a loud call to those who are left to prepare to meet their God. May this dispensation of God’s providence be sanctified to all who remain. This stroke, so heavy, severe and mysterious is not without a design. Let us endeavour to learn this design, and thus to derive that lesson from this affliction which God is, in infinite kindness and goodness, designing to teach those who are left. Think not that because I am absent from the scene of affliction I will not feel the stroke or be interested in it. True I am absent—as it is probable I shall be on all such occasions in future—but my thoughts are not absent, and my sympathies are with you. Your sorrows are my sorrows.

“Truly it must be trying to you to part with those who have been with you in all your innocent childish sports, and with whom since the days of childhood you have lived in the bonds of perfect *unity* and tenderest affection. But as you beheld the cold earth covering them from your view, did you not turn your thoughts to the mansions of glory to which they had gone, and where you in a short time at most will meet them with songs and everlasting joy? With such thoughts, and such a glorious prospect before you, were you not comforted and enabled to rejoice in the spoiling of your goods? But farther, when you were thus comforted with these delightful anticipations, did you not think of those who have no such consolation—no such hope—no such prospects in the future—where friends separate to meet in everlasting burning? Should not our hearts, on such occasions particularly, yearn with compassion for those who are in such a condition, should not such thoughts move us to *earnestness* in our endeavours to extend to them the blessings which we enjoy? Oh! what base selfishness to enjoy these unspeak-

able blessings and not labour earnestly to extend them to those who have them not!

“In the death of every friend I hear a voice, *still*, silent, earnest, appalling, crying, ‘Go preach the gospel to every creature.’ Let us attend to it as it now comes with unusual earnestness—let us beware that we do not mistake its import.

“I feel that the time is fast approaching when I must either shrink back or assume responsibilities, great, numerous and trying. The nearer they approach the more weighty do they appear. Yet, at times I could, were it not that such work is enjoined on human instrumentality, willingly lay myself in the silent tomb. For who is sufficient for these things? I sometimes fear that you will not give credit to such strong expressions of a sense of responsibilities because you may hear no such expressions from my lips. This is my nature, and I cannot help it. I love to keep my thoughts, troubles, &c., to myself, hidden within my own bosom, and only to pour them out in retirement to one who knows how to sympathize.

“Thus it is that I am reserved. I feel that in appearance I am cold, unsocial and unsympathizing. But it is not so. My feelings and thoughts are concealed in my breast, and I cannot make them known. They always feel to me too strong—too sacred to come to view. Hence it is that I take sweet delight in a lonely retired cell apart from every human eye. It is then that I can give utterance to my feelings and feel my responsibilities. Hence it is that none know the working of my mind. Though they may be with me, yet that which is occupying my thoughts and lying heaviest on my mind they know not.

“You may truly say that this does not very well correspond with my character, as it often appears. Yes, I know that it has always been, that when I am among the merry, I am the merriest—among the playful the most playful. But it is not in such places that I incline to be, and I always retired from them, loathing them in my very soul, and never felt ease till I was again in solitude, where I took sweet pleasure in looking back on the vanity of all such fleeting pleasures. You may think it strange that I have thus at so much length described my feelings. I

feel that it is my duty to do so. To my parents I wish to give every satisfaction in my power.”

At the close of the term in the college at Halifax, he returned to his father’s house, at Middle Stewiacke, where he spent most of the time till the opening of the Theological Hall at West River, on the 1st September. Of these months we have only to give some extracts from his diary.

“Once more at home. How good and merciful has God been to me, to grant me such a home. But oh, how little do I think of the manifold kindnesses which I am hourly receiving from him! My unmindfulness and want of gratitude for his goodness continually manifested towards me are so great, that when I contemplate them, I am astonished that I do not provoke God to withdraw his favours from me. Oh, my God, save me from this wicked indifference, and awaken me to gratitude to thee for favours shown!

“March 15. Oh, how mysterious and unsearchable are God’s ways! Who can understand his decrees? How it is possible that God has foreordained all things that come to pass, and yet man is free, responsible. This is a truth far beyond the power of human intellect to comprehend. O God, grant that it may have its proper influence upon my soul! When I reflect that I was chosen from all eternity, not on account of any foreseen good in me, not on account of any merit on my part, but of the free and sovereign good pleasure and mercy of God, may my soul be filled with humility, with love to thee and yearning for the salvation of souls. To-day, reflecting on Rom. ix.

“April 11. ‘Oh what joy I shall experience when I shall be freed from all the corruptions of the flesh, and without one unholy feeling or emotion, study God’s works and commune with and rest in him as my soul’s only good, enjoying the unclouded light of his countenance!

“May 9. Having received a notice from the clerk of Presbytery respecting their intention to prescribe me exercises with a

view to my licensure, I am thus led to reflect upon the nature of the work and responsibilities to which I am to be called. How much is there in the character of this work which deserves serious consideration! Paul has given a most graphic statement of what constitutes a faithful ministry in 2 Cor., vi. May these statements sink deeply into my memory and rest there, bringing forth fruit in my life. But who is equal to these things?

“10. In prayer and self-examination. He who would approve himself as a minister of God must live in the exercise of faith, prayer, love, humility, self-denial, and earnestness. These must be the elements in which he lives, which envelop him, in which he enjoys life, and which he feels to be as necessary to his spiritual life—to the faithful discharge of duty, as the atmosphere is to his natural life. But how much do I come short in these respects! How much corruption, vanity, unbelief, coldness, insensibility to the nature and responsibilities of my position, and carelessness and indifference in my prayers!

“21. How corrupt is the human heart—how awfully dangerous for it to trifle with temptations—how important the injunction, ‘Abstain from every appearance of evil.’

“June 15. This day completes my twenty-seventh year. Another checkered year of my life has rolled into the past—its pleasures, joys, sorrows, temptations, trials, and pains are no more—gone for ever. I have reason for thankfulness that God has spared me through another year—that I have a sensible assurance that he is weaning my mind more and more from this world—that I am more disposed to do his will—more self-denying—seeking more earnestly to do his will—feel better prepared for missionary labour—a greater willingness to leave all and go—yes a longing to go—deeper love to him, and more longing for communion with him. I would not boast of excellence in these respects—nay, I would lament in dust and ashes my deficiencies in these things. But still I feel it to be my duty to praise the Lord that he has subjected me to such discipline—led me in such a way as, by the blessing of his Spirit, to produce these blessed results in my soul. Now would I anew cast myself and my all upon thy care, and consecrate them to thy service.

“19. The Synod meets in the coming week. At this meeting

there is to be some decision arrived at in respect to myself. I cannot but look forward to this with deep anxiety. My daily prayer is offered up respecting this. I pray God to direct them to send me immediately on my way to the scene of my future labours. But my prayer is that they would come to that decision respecting myself, which will tend most largely to advance the glory of God upon earth, in the salvation of souls, and in the growth of grace in my own soul, whatever that decision may be, however contrary to my desires and expectations. I now long, ardently long, to leave my own land, to get on my way to the land of the heathen. O Lord, direct me in all things in respect to it! Wield me as an instrument in thy hand of advancing thy cause. Enable me to be wholly and earnestly devoted to this work in the deepest humility. Oh, save me from pride and every improper feeling! Be my counsellor and strength.

“29. I have again returned from the meeting of Synod, at which it was decided that I should continue the work of preparation a year longer, and then proceed to the scenes of my future labours. O Lord, fit me for this work—give me humility and whole-hearted devotion to thy service!

“July 2. To-day was engaged in considering the ability of the church ‘to disciple all nations,’ and the character of the enterprise. Stupendously great as the work is, yet such is the ability of the church, that she cannot excuse herself for the slow progress which she is making in obeying her great commission. Oh, what is required is a powerful revival, producing an unre-served consecration to God, and the earnest devotion of primitive times! My own soul requires this. O Lord, give me the Spirit of my Saviour, his yearning for the glory of my Master, and for the salvation of souls!

“7. Oh, the deceitfulness of my heart! I find that in respects in which I thought I was living for God, such has been the deceitfulness of my heart that I now, by certain providential dealings, have been made to see that in these very respects I have been living for self—to gratify my own feelings. O Lord, enable me to know myself *fully*!

“11. How far short professing Christians come of their

ability in their efforts for the heathen ! This subject I was considering to-day. But how far short I come myself of being wholly consecrated to this work—how little impressed with its extent, its character, and the amount of labour and number of labourers which it will require ! Oh, that these facts were constantly before my mind, and that I would act according to them !

“ 25. I have for nearly two weeks past been driving about amongst friends, relatives, &c. This was contrary to my desire and design. I have resolved to spend no more time hereafter in mere *visitations*. Oh, may I meet all my friends and relatives in heaven ! With these I can now associate little, or no more in time. Duty demands all my time, and I must attend to its calls.

“ 31. Oh, what a blessed book is the Bible ! Never enjoyed so much pleasure in studying it before as I have done to-day. Oh, to have *all* its truths in my *heart* ! I have resolved to study it more diligently, to make it my constant companion.

“ Aug. 2. How much hath Christ done in order to procure the blessings of salvation—what self-denial—what labour—what suffering—how intensely must he have loved the souls of men ! Now this salvation which cost him so much, which he so values, and in which he so delights, he hath committed to the gospel ministry that they may publish it abroad—may induce souls to lay hold upon it. Thus the results of Christ’s great work are dependent upon the ministry. Oh, who can express the responsibilities connected with the ministry ! May this view of it ever bear more and more heavily upon my mind.

“ 15. The humbling which thou hast been giving to my pride, and the chastisement to which thou hast subjected me, I take as a correction of a kind father, and as evidences that thou art fitting me for the work to which I am looking forward, and will go with me and be with me in it. May I learn from this correction the lessons thou would’st teach me, but may it be my constant aim to have a singleness of purpose in all I do. Allow me not to seek my own glory or my praise, or to serve in the way that will be agreeable to my feelings. But may I, regardless either of the smiles, the frowns of this world, or my own

feelings, go forward in the strength of God the Lord, my only and single object being the promotion of thy glory, in the salvation of souls.

“23. Engaged in reading ‘Marshall’s Gospel Mystery of Sanctification.’ This is a treatise deeply imbued with experimental godliness—giving satisfactory evidence of its having come from a mind taught by God and disciplined by him. Oh, may I profit by its holy teachings! May I give more and more heed to the growth of godliness in my soul.

“26. I have now been at home for some time, and more than probably this will be the last period I shall spend among the scenes of my childhood. But I am now about to leave—and now, O Lord! as my residence at home is about ended, fire my heart with love and gratitude to thee for what thou hast done for me while here—deepen all good impressions made,—fix in my mind all instructions received, and may I largely profit by these in all my journeyings and duties hereafter. Oh, forgive all short-comings and errors in Christ! As I look to the past I am encouraged to go on—to believe that thou hast called me to the work to which I am looking forward,—that thou hast been preparing me for it, and will continue to do so. I would, O Lord! thus leave myself and all that relates to this work with thee. O Lord! revive thy work.”

In autumn of that year, (1857), he again attended the West River Seminary, expecting to receive license immediately after its close. The following entries in his journal at this time will show the feelings of deep solemnity with which he contemplated his entrance upon the work of the ministry.

“Sept. 4. Attended the opening of the Seminary. This in all probability will be my last attendance upon an Institution of learning in my native land. May God enable me to spend this session so that he may consistently add his blessing to my studies. Give me earnestness, diligence, self-denial and de-

votedness to thy service and love to thy commands, and to thy name shall be all the glory.

“13. Engaged in self-examination—Find in my heart much unfaithfulness, dishonesty. I do not feel fully that I am God’s—bought with a price and required to spend and be spent for God. I thus waste thoughtlessly much time. I fail to faithfully improve all my opportunities for improvement and usefulness. I do not think or feel that I am a steward entrusted with talents to occupy for God. Oh, may these facts be impressed more and more deeply upon my mind!

“20. As the period approaches when I anticipate being commissioned to preach the everlasting gospel, I become more deeply impressed with a sense of my unfitness for such a work, and its awfully responsible character. When I reflect upon the nature of the work—its arduous duties and awful responsibilities, and the period through which its results extend, and then look into my own bosom—examine the corruption that is found to exist there—feel my weakness and innumerable infirmities, I feel almost at times, ready to cry out, ‘Lord! send by whom thou wilt,’ and take thy feeble and unworthy servant to thyself, that I, there freed from my many imperfections and corruptions, may praise, adore and enjoy thee. But when I reflect that it has pleased thee to commit the ministry of the gospel to man, and to save souls by the foolishness of preaching—and that there is great want of labourers—souls perishing;—also when I look back upon the way in which I have been led up to the present time—I feel constrained to say, ‘Here am I, send me,’ and to add, Lord! assign me that work in which thou wouldst have me engaged—lead me to it—fit and strengthen me for it. But if thou hast no work for me here take me to thyself. O, Lord! with my whole soul I cry, do not permit me to engage in any work to which thou hast not called me. To-day much engaged in prayer and reflection, in respect to these things.

“23. I am becoming more impressed that my views, and belief of the truth are too speculative—there seems to be no reality in them. This fact is becoming more and more palpable to my mind. My prayer is, O, Lord! give me a conscious belief

in the truth—to feel it to be truth—then to rest upon it as such and to act accordingly.”

“Oct. 12. This day I completed my Theological studies. This then is a season well calculated to awaken many solemn reflections—to call to mind the unmerited kindness and mercy which I have received at the hand of God during this period—in that I have been supported and brought through all the toils and trials (some of them severe) inward conflicts and temptations connected with this course of study. Oh, how much cause have I too to prostrate myself in the dust, on account of my many short-comings, errors and sins during this period! I can only cry, God, be merciful to me a sinner, and enable me hereafter to live for thee unreservedly.”

Immediately after the close of this session he attended a meeting of Presbytery, expecting to receive license to preach before proceeding to Philadelphia, where he intended to spend the following winter in attending medical classes. But circumstances having prevented the attendance of members of Presbytery, he was obliged to proceed thither, without having what he so much desired, regular authority from the Church to preach Christ and him crucified. This was a severe disappointment, by which however he endeavoured to profit as a dispensation of God's providence.

The following winter was spent in Philadelphia, in attendance upon the classes of Pennsylvania Medical College. The impression he produced on others while there, may be learned from a notice of him, which appeared in the *Philadelphia Christian Instructor*, in which the editor says, “While preparing for his great work among the heathen, he spent one winter in this city, attending a course of medical lectures, and seldom have we been permitted to form the acquaintance of a more

amiable, devoted, and zealous spirit. May his mantle fall upon many."

Of his studies here, he thus writes to his parents. "It is now some time since I have written to you, my time and attention being so much occupied with my various studies. My health is good, and I continue to prosecute my studies with much pleasure, and, I trust, with not a small degree of success. I consider the opportunities for study and instruction, which I enjoy this winter as among the most valuable privileges which I have hitherto enjoyed. May I be enabled to improve them wisely, and also to exercise due gratitude to the giver."

We may give the remainder of this letter, as it contains some views similar to what have been expressed in his diary, and which afterward engaged particular attention.

"Since I came on here my mind has been little occupied with thoughts relating to my country and its dear and tender associations. These are gliding from my mind. The withering hand of time and the stern calls of duty are rapidly sinking them in the deep shades of eternal oblivion. Do not suppose that I am becoming morose and losing my natural affections. No, my affections and sympathies are unchanged; but they lie concealed in the depths of my bosom. This life is not the place to develop and enjoy these emotions and feelings of our natural constitution. There is not time. Their indulgence is not compatible with the calls of duty, and every thing around us seems to point to another world, as the proper time and situation for developing this characteristic of our nature. And when we call to mind how well adapted our future home will be to develop and gratify these elements of our being, surely we will not be so ungrateful as to complain, because duty and the character of our present home will not allow us this indulgence *here*. No, let us

give up all our feelings for time and look to eternity as the home in which they will all be gratified far beyond what we can conceive or think. It is to this period that I look with pleasure and fond anticipation; and until I reach that home, I *wish* no rest—no time for indulging natural feelings. Active employment in God's service is my great and I trust sincere desire. Apart from this, life to me would be a most unpleasant and burdensome weight. Who would desire to live in this world, full of sin and suffering, unless he were employed in the service of his all wise and merciful Creator? Surely nothing but this should induce us to live amidst such most unpleasant and soul-rending scenes. Nothing else should wed us to this world—a world wholly at enmity with every sentiment of the Christian's soul—a world whose constant aim is to afflict and oppress and injure the believer's soul in every possible manner. As our Saviour has expressed it, 'Ye are not of the world, therefore the world hateth you.'

"But can this be said of professing Christians of the present day? I fear not. It seems to me as if the world and the church had come to some understanding between each other—that they have made a truce, by which they have agreed to live in mutual and friendly intercourse. Hence at the present day, it appears to me that we cannot say with strict propriety that the world hates the church. In fact it is difficult to draw the line of demarcation between the church and the world. To my mind this is the most gloomy picture of the present age. I believe we have all departed far, very far, from the standard of Christian duty. So far have we departed from just views of duty and the faithful discharge of it, that I believe if the zealous non-conforming Paul was to appear in our day, he would be called an insane fanatic."

His journal indicates that his medical studies were prosecuted in the same religious spirit as marked all his previous course, but space will only permit one or two extracts.

"30. After much wandering through varied scenes, I have

arrived safely at this city for the purpose of prosecuting the study of medicine for a time. I matriculated to-day in the Pennsylvania Medical College. I was much pleased with the character and tone of the Institution.

“31. This day I have set apart to meditation and prayer with a special view to prepare for the prosecution of my studies in this place: 1. Reviewing my life—the multiplied grounds for gratitude to God, to love, serve and trust in him. 2. Acknowledging the kindness of God in bringing me safely to this place. 3. Confession of sin, prayer for forgiveness. 4. Special prayer for God’s presence and aid during my residence in this place—that he would direct me how I shall employ my time—give me earnestness, diligence and success in study—cause these studies to tend largely to fit me for the work to which he may call me—and that he would enable me to have a single view to his glory in all I do. Oh, may the prayers of this day be heard—shortcomings and imperfections forgiven! Oh, surround me with Thy favour as with a shield! Give me to know what is right, and to Thy name be the glory.

“Nov. 5. In the prosecution of the study of medicine, how much do I see to call to mind a Great First Cause—to remind me of my duty to adore him for the wonderful manner in which he has created me—to trust upon him every moment for protection for my existence. How true are the words of the Psalmist, “I am fearfully and wonderfully made.” Who can doubt the existence of God? Who could not adore and admire his wisdom and power in creation? How humanity is degraded and reduced to its suffering condition by ignorance and vice! Oh, what scenes of suffering to which I am witness! Oh, give me a heart to sympathize with suffering humanity! Direct the exercises of my mind in witnessing these scenes.

“Jan. 1. O, Lord! Thou hast most mercifully brought me through another year. As I enter upon a new year, I would only resolve in Christ to live more by faith—to have no confidence in the flesh—to do all things in Christ’s strength, and to give up self. This last is the most difficult thing in the Christian’s experience.

“19. It is an easy matter to assert that salvation is all of

grace, but it is a difficult thing to fully realize it. I fear many boast of their Calvinistic views, who know little of this doctrine experimentally. I find that my soul naturally abhors it. There is such a reluctance to give up wholly with *self* in the matter of my justification and sanctification and to seek these from God as a free gift.

"Feb. 19. Leave this city in which I have enjoyed such valuable privileges—and had so much communion with God in prayer, the study of his word and meditation. I would now go out as Jacob of old did and commit myself to that faithful Creator, who has led me and fed me up to the present moment, trusting that he will still provide for me—guide and protect me from all harm and every danger seen and unseen."

Having returned home he prepared to pass through trials for license before the Presbytery according to the rules of the Presbyterian Church. Having, however, a short season of leisure, he directed his mind specially to an examination of his views of the ministerial office, his motives in desiring to enter into it, the nature of a call to it, and especially his own call and qualifications for the work. We doubt not that his records on this subject will be regarded as interesting and fitted to be profitable, especially to those looking forward to the office of the gospel ministry:

"March 4. Through the goodness and overflowing mercy of God I am once more in my native land. Oh, how good has the Lord been to me in all my wanderings! How kindly he has watched over all my mistakes.

"15. I now have a short period allowed me free from all public and scholastic duties. This appears to my mind to be a breathing time—a time for reflection—to look into my own heart—to bring it faithfully to the touchstone of Divine truth—to look to my position, its duties and responsibilities—to consider what constitutes fitness for the ministerial office—a call to it, and its results, as seen in time and eternity.

“18. When we view the ministerial office in all its relations and bearings, how much do we see in it calling for self-denial and unqualified consecration to it. O, Lord, thus fit me for this office! Deliver me from selfishness. May thy will be my will, my all-absorbing aim and aspiration the promotion of thy glory, the good of Zion, and the salvation of souls. May I not be left to consult my own feeling or interests, but only thy will. Deliver me from pride, all self-sufficiency, and carnal-mindedness.

“21. I have to lament a constant disposition to make the grand aim of all my studies, the instruction of others. When I study my Bible, I am ever viewing it as adapted to the various conditions of others. In my meditations, the instruction and good of others is my theme. Thus I have little time to attend to my own soul's wants. May I ever be on my guard against this ruinous error. I would resolve in Christ to attend more hereafter to the condition of my own soul; that I myself be not a castaway.

“April 21. From my earliest recollections I have had a desire to preach the gospel, to be employed for the good of my fellow-beings. I can recollect that in early childhood, when I heard a sermon, especially if an earnest one, I was full of a desire to preach also. At times I have even been affected to tears in this way. This continued as I grew older. I had a constant desire to be useful. I now discover that I was then a stranger to that very Saviour I desired to preach. I now know also that in these desires there was much that was selfish. But still I trust that it was at least partially from God, that it was the forerunner of God's design in reference to me. There is much in my past life to lead me to this conclusion, and I feel that I would be guilty of ingratitude to God were I to overlook these, his dealings with me. But shall I make these the grounds of my entrance into the ministry? Shall I regard them as sufficient evidence that I have a call to it? Oh, no! I must give this a prayerful Scriptural investigation. Let me now ere I enter that office record my views and feelings in regard to it, my evidence of a call, and my hope of success in it.

“26. Why do I, a poor, weak, ignorant, and erring mortal, one in whom there is no sufficiency, venture, presume to enter

into the office of the ministry? Should I not fly from this work with the language 'Who is sufficient for these things?' The first grand consideration which leads me to enter this office is this, God has provided a plan by which sinners may be saved. A knowledge of this plan is absolutely necessary to their salvation. Sinners are to be instructed, exhorted, entreated, and besought in order to reconcile them to God. This work, responsible as it may be, he has been pleased in the counsels of his good pleasure to assign to human instrumentality. See Matt. xxviii. 18, 20; Acts vi. 1—6; 1 Pet. v. 2, and a multitude of other passages. But though this work is left to human instrumentality, yet all are not to be ambassadors from God to a world lying in sin. God has retained his right to select whom he pleases for this responsible work. Ah, this thought should fill every mind which would aspire to this office with deep humility, causing him to pause, to tremble, to inquire, to pray, to examine, and to cast himself upon the guidance of God! A master workman exercises his right to choose his instruments, so does God. See John xx. 21; Acts xx. 28, xiii. 2—4; Jer. xxiii. 4, 21; Isa. vi. 8. Who then would dare thrust himself into this work unless God chooses him?

"28. But now to answer this solemn question. Why do I aspire to this office? May thine eyes be now bearing upon me in tender mercies. The long desire which I have had to enter this office I do not now notice. Hence I would first recognize God's will to me in this matter in providence. Having given myself to God, and devoted my all to a course of preparation for this work with this language, 'O, Lord, hedge up every way by which I would enter this office, if it be not thy will that I engage in this work,' though to human appearance my way seemed to be obstructed by barriers insurmountable, yet as I approached these, they vanished as the fleeting shadow; but not in the way anticipated. I had none to encourage, but many to discourage. Still the desire continued to burn within and increase. Thus I was propelled forward, God opened up the way. I was led earnestly to seek direction from God in reference to this work, that he would lead me in that in which I would do most for his glory. Thus I was brought forward until I nearly

reached this work. True, during this time there was in my heart a mass of corruption of which I was lamentably ignorant, but still I believe that God in great mercy was bringing me forward to the work, because it was his wondrous and merciful purpose to make me a preacher of the mystery of godliness. Thus, then, I am encouraged to go forward and dare not go back. His providential dealings with me and his guidings have all been working to this end, as a voice saying to me, '*go.*'

"29. I would next notice God's voice to me in the manner in which I have (contrary to my desire and anticipation) been kept back from entering this work. When, six or eight months ago, I would have entered this office, God's hand kept me back. By this he has been restraining my too sanguine temperament, leading me to trust less to an arm of flesh, making me to feel my own unfitness, nothingness, arousing me from indolence, and making me to know more largely of the corruption and deceitfulness of my own heart, the impurity of my motives, and my need of the constant and powerful indwelling of the Holy Spirit's influence to fit and strengthen me for this work. During this period he has led me to reflect deeply, earnestly upon the character of this office, the qualification necessary for it, and the questions, What constitutes a call to this work? and, Am I called to it? I trust this is the merciful work of God, and thus while he has been giving me to see my nothingness and vanity, so that while in view of these I could flee from such a position into the deepest recesses of solitude, yet his power in me is compelling me to go forward. I dare not go back. He has led me to far more earnest and frequent prayer, prayer in yearnings and tears, for wisdom, guidance, fitness, strength—an assurance of a call in reference to this office. I have been led to abhor myself in dust and ashes, to look to God for everything, and to render all glory to him."

CHAPTER VII.

LICENSURE AND LABOURS IN NOVA SCOTIA.

WE now come to what was undoubtedly the most painful trial of Mr. Johnston's life; and as, in stating the facts we may seem to reflect on other parties, we would have preferred not noticing the matter at all. But as it was the cause of his being detained a year from the Foreign Mission field—as it was to him an event of most serious moment—causing the deepest distress for a time, and giving occasion for a fine exhibition of Christian meekness, and as it formed an important part of his spiritual training, we cannot omit reference to it. When he now came forward to the Presbytery to receive license he was rejected, at least for a time. He had expected to have been licensed the previous autumn. He had attended Presbytery for the purpose, but circumstances twice prevented the attendance of members. Under the disappointment, he gave utterance to some hasty expressions which gave offence. At all events, when he returned in spring, he found that the faces of some of his ecclesiastical superiors were not toward him as aforetime; and when he came forward to deliver the discourses assigned him as his trials for license, some of them were rejected, and that with such strong expres-

sions of his want of qualifications for the work of the ministry by a portion of the Presbytery, as rendered it doubtful whether they would ever consent to license him at all. When we consider the years of arduous toil which he had spent in preparation for that work—how it had formed the object of his aspirations and prayers almost from childhood—and the sensitiveness of his spirit, we may judge how this sudden quenching of his hopes should have almost crushed him to the earth.

There were circumstances which rendered the disappointment greater. He had passed through a more extensive and varied course of study, than most of the students of the church to which he belonged. At each of the three institutions which he attended, he had not only enjoyed the esteem of both Professors and students, but was regarded by both as giving promise of usefulness as a minister. He might not have been considered as a man of extraordinary powers, but he was viewed as possessing respectable talents, as well as devoted piety and great zeal. The discourses which he delivered before the Professors were always approved as fair specimens of mental power. He had during his Theological course delivered several exercises before the Presbytery, and always with approval. The summer before, the Presbytery had agreed without opposition to take him on trial for license, and it had been intended that he should be licensed at the conclusion of the term in October. Till this time every encouragement had been held out to him to go forward, and he had not the slightest reason to anticipate any obstacle to entering upon the course to which he had been looking forward.

How keen must have been his disappointment to find his way at once to all appearance entirely blocked up.

In justice to the Presbytery, however, it must be observed, that in his discourses he had laid himself open to criticism. During his labours in Kansas and elsewhere, he had been in the habit of delivering addresses, which were rather in the form of exhortations, than regular discourses upon passages of Scripture. He had besides adopted the idea, that there was generally in the church, both among professors and non-professors, much more knowledge than Christian life, and that people needed not so much to be instructed as to be roused. Hence when subjects of discourse were assigned him, instead of giving his attention to a sound exposition of the passages appointed, and endeavouring to exhibit the truths which they contain, he made his discourses rather in the form of earnest appeals, only slightly based on his text, forgetful that all sound exhortation must be founded on scriptural truth—that it is “by manifestation of the truth, that we are to commend ourselves to every man’s conscience in the sight of God.”

Another matter however at this time excited some attention. In the extracts from his diary and letters which we have given, it will be seen that in several instances he expresses himself in rather strong terms, regarding the church, as having imbibed the spirit of the world, and far from manifesting that spirit of self-denial, to which she is bound by the laws and example of her great Head, as well as by the objects of her institution and the claims of a perishing world. We cannot see how any thoughtful Christian can deny, that

there is a large measure of truth in such views, or wonder that persons should be urgent in pressing them upon the attention of others. This is only characteristic of all zealous souls, particularly in youth. But undoubtedly such persons are in danger of falling into a spirit of intolerance and want of charity toward others, or of cherishing self-righteous ideas of themselves, and perhaps in some instances of sinking into a morbid and misanthropic gloominess of spirit. But persons of the right sort soon learn to make allowances for the shortcomings of human nature; and while continuing as zealous as ever, judge charitably of the deficient zeal of others, and the more diligently they labour, the more are they "clothed with humility." The impressions of Mr. Johnston arose not from self-elation, but were the natural and honest expressions of a heart burning with regard for his Father's glory; but seeing the danger to which persons of this temperament are exposed, it would have been a most friendly act to have pointed it out in a kindly manner, and to show him the necessity not only of zeal but of having his zeal tempered by forbearance toward others, and thus of being like Him, who while "the zeal of his Father's house had eaten him up," was yet so considerate of the little faith of his disciples. No young man was ever more willing to receive direction from those whom he respected, and even if he had committed errors, it would have been no difficult matter to have convinced him of them. Instead of this he was denounced in what he regarded as a very harsh manner as indulging in self-righteous assumption and cherishing a gloomy fanaticism. "A reproof entereth more into the heart of a wise man than a hundred

stripes into the back of a fool," and Mr. Johnston was one of those sensitive spirits, in which such treatment occasioned a poignancy of anguish, of which ordinary minds know nothing. He felt it the more keenly, since it was occasioned in a great measure by the honest expressions of views arising out of heartfelt zeal, and that thus he could not see his error or the justice of the reproofs.

But a principal object we have had in view in noticing the matter, is to show the meekness he manifested under this the severest trial of his life. In such a situation most young men would have indulged in bitter re-creminations against those from whom they had received such treatment. Yet though he refers frequently to these subjects in his diary and correspondence with his most intimate friends, yet we have not seen one word exhibiting bitterness against them personally, or casting any reflections upon their motives. While mourning as a dove, and complaining of the want of sympathy in others, he utters no reproaches. In such a situation a proud young man would have sought a connexion with one of the other religious bodies, which he well knew would have received him with open arms, and in which his prospects of worldly comfort were at least as favourable as in the Presbyterian church of Nova Scotia. But instead of this the event only led him more closely to God. Viewing it as a dispensation of God's providence needed for some reason and intended for wise designs, he felt it as a call to new searchings of heart in reference to his motives and designs in entering the ministry. In such exercises he was led to feel that there was something of self in his seeking to fix the time and mode

of his engaging in the work ; he was led to cast himself unreservedly upon his heavenly Father, imploring his guidance and strength, and committing his way entirely to his providence. But on these points we must allow him to speak for himself. Thus he writes in his diary :

“ May 14. Attended Presbytery for the purpose of obtaining license. Only gave in a part of my trial-exercises. A part of what I gave in were not sustained. Thus I am kept back from the work of the ministry. O God, thy ways are mysterious ! Is it a spirit of delusion which has moved me to devote myself to this work ? O Lord, direct me as to where I shall be, and as to how I shall be employed ! While upon earth, may I be actively engaged in thy service. If thou hast a work for me to do, make me to know what it is—direct me to it—fit me for it, and uphold me in it. Give me a heart to render all the glory to thee with joy. If thou hast no work for me on earth, oh, take me to thyself, from the evil of this world !

“ 15. Why am I kept back from being actively engaged in thy service ? I feel that it is God’s merciful design. I have been desiring to enter this work according to my own time and way. He has mercifully restrained me, to teach me that ‘ His thoughts are not as my thoughts, nor his ways as my ways.’ I would now give myself to thee, pleading that I might be delivered from all pride, selfishness, self-sufficiency—that thou would’st do with me what seemeth to thee good, only make me a blessing, and deny me not thy grace, and give me a heart to render all the glory unto thee.

“ July 10. Leave for Presbytery. I would go forth as Jacob of old did. I would now leave home for ever. O Lord, bless my parents, and brothers, and sisters for all the kindness and love they have shown to me ! It has been much and undeserved. Oh, grant them the reward ! Oh, bless unto my soul parental instructions and example ! May it not be as water spilt upon the ground, but may it bring forth fruit. O Lord, be with me during life—be a wall around me, my Guide, Comforter, Strength, Salvation ! May thy Spirit working mightily in me deliver me

from all filthiness of the flesh and spirit, carry me through every duty, trial, and difficulty, and enable me faithfully to serve and enjoy thee there, and prepare me for the mansions in glory. Grant me faith strong, glowing, and never failing.

“Aug. 2. I see it is some time since I have recorded anything in my diary. This period is one which, by the grace of God, I have spent more profitably than any former portion of my life. It has been one of the most happy. During this time I have learned more, and have been taught more (by the grace of God) that qualifies me for his service and enjoyment, than I have learned in years of hard study in times that are gone by. I value this work upon my soul more than all my former book learning (however much I may and do value that). I know that during my short pilgrimage, and during eternity, I will bless God for this short season of retirement and neglect which he has given me at home for six months. And now I am here alone. No one sympathizes with me. Mine is to realize what it is to be neglected, depressed, and to have the cool, chilling indifference of friends. But it is in thee, O Lord, that I can rejoice in this position, and adore and bless the wisdom and kindness which thou hast manifested towards me in thus dealing with me. Thou art thus drawing away my affections and confidence from other objects, and placing them on thee. And now I see that I have been robbing thee—giving to others what was thine. Thou hast been standing at the door knocking, covered with the cold dew of the night, and yet I have been so much busied and taken up with mine own, that I have not arisen to let thee in. I have no language to express my ingratitude, my cruelty, and base want of love to thee. What has been the result? Why, I have been compelled to arise and go through the streets and lanes, seeking him whom my soul loveth. I have called, but he gave me no answer. The watchmen have smitten and wounded me. My soul has been sore distressed. But now I have found my beloved, and he is altogether lovely. Oh, stir him not up nor awake him, ye pleasures of time, ye lusts, ye idols! May he ever repose in my bosom. I am my beloved’s—his desires are toward me—he is mine. I will ever serve him and rejoice in his great salvation. And what is my beloved

more than another beloved? I cannot tell, but I have seen him by the eye of faith, and I am sick of love.

“Aug. 29, 1858. A solemn dedication to the ministry. O God, since thou hast been pleased to provide a great salvation for man, whose efficacy is infinite—since there is bread enough and to spare in thy house—since myriads are perishing from hunger—since thou in the great pleasure of thy will, hast been pleased to commit the work of supplying these perishing myriads with this bread to human agency, and not to accomplish the work thyself directly—since thou hast no pleasure in the death of the sinner, and multitudes are perishing all around—since those whom thou dost employ in the work of the ministry are worms of the dust who have no sufficiency of themselves, but all is of thee, and there is no respect of persons with thee,—and since I have been moved, constrained, and forced, as it were, to prepare and come forward to this work—a poor worm though I be—*therefore I entirely consecrate myself to the work of the ministry* while in this vale of tears, to spend all my energies of mind and body in beseeching sinners in Christ’s stead to be reconciled to God. I give myself to the work of foreign evangelization, in this work to live and die. May my soul be *entirely absorbed* in it! My Father, my dear Saviour, Holy Spirit, my Sanctifier, hear—accept—carry me through this work—own and abundantly bless my labours, and receive me to the mansions of glory with multitudes of souls for my hire, and *all, ALL, ALL* the glory for ever shall be thine.”

The following are extracts from his confidential correspondence on the same occasion.

TO MISS O'BRIEN.

“*Stewiacke*, June 5, 1858.

“Why do I write so soon again. It is for your sake. I know your mind. You are deeply grieved on account of my trouble. Is it not so? But I am now most happy to inform you that I am now happy—that the load of grief and sorrow which I cannot describe, is now removed from my mind. You have been sympathizing in solitude where no eye but God’s beheld you—

there you have raised your voice to God in deep and earnest cries. God has heard our supplications. Do you ask how have you obtained comfort? I will endeavour to tell you. I have looked to Christ.—Oh, what a glorious Redeemer! Oh, how can I be unhappy while I have such a Saviour! Why should I any longer doubt his precious promises and invitations? Farther, I now feel that God in Christ loves me—a worm of the dust. Oh, what a sweet, consoling, cheering thought! If he loves me how can I grieve. What need I fear. He has all power. He can do with me and for me what he pleases. It has pleased him to place me in my present position. Shall I complain? Oh, no! My best friend has done it. It is right, and I must be contented. Thus I feel happy. I would just remain here contentedly until he sees proper to remove me to some other place. Let me then take sweet comfort and delight, while here in holding communion with him. Still more I now see that there was selfishness in my desire to enter upon my work—that I thought I must engage in it just at such a time and in such a way. God has now taught me that his ways are not as my ways. For these reasons and others I now see it to be one of the most merciful dealings of Providence towards me—my being kept back from the ministry, when I would have thrust myself into this work from motives so selfish. Oh, how kind has God been to keep me back! He has been dealing with me so as to humble me, to lead me to see my own nothingness, to look unto him for all strength and guidance—to commit all unto him and wait his bidding. Thus I am encouraged to believe more confidently that he is calling me to this work. True, his chastisements are sore. But oh, how kind is that Father who faithfully restrains and chastises his child! Why then should I complain? Should I not rather rejoice and abound in songs of thanksgiving to God, who has done so kind things to me?

“While I would thus feel happy as regards myself—while I feel freed from an inexpressible burden, yet think not I am free from trouble. No. I only mean that a weight has been removed from my mind as to my present position. But, my dearest bosom friend, may I tell you my troubles? I now see

nothing before me but trials, toils, and afflictions. But should these fill me with sadness? No. It is their character which does it. I now find that former friends—if I come out with my views, will leave me—will despise me, and regard me as a poor simple fanatic. Those who once would give me kindly advice are now my enemies. I must either conceal my views or else be regarded as a proud, self-righteous, vainglorious, hypocrite—Now there is much in this to give trouble and sadness.”

TO THE SAME.

“June 26.—I have just returned from Synod. I was two weeks gone. What weeks! They seem to me like so many months. You do not yet know what it is to be tossed about in a cruel world. If it were not for the perishing heathen, I feel that I would gladly quit this vale of tears and sin. The thought that God may some day employ me in telling the love of the Saviour to the benighted heathen supports me. Oh, if it were not for that thought, I would sink under my present trials! But if God will only be pleased thus to employ me, I can rejoice in all these trials.”

TO THE SAME.

“Sept. 25.—In calmly reviewing the past, I feel that I have said things which must have hurt your feelings. Dear friend, view these statements charitably. It was in the hour of deep darkness that I thus spoke. Ministers and friends, who had formerly encouraged me, turned against me—why I know not. I received the chilling look of indifference—more, the severest reproof, and was represented as wanting talents and all the qualifications requisite to make a useful man. I gave a simple and honest (as I thought) statement of my views of the state of the church at the present day. I was called a self-righteous hypocrite, a gloomy Christian—one who regarded myself as holier than others. Thus my way to that work to which I had ever been aspiring, was to appearance hedged up.

“But more you cannot imagine until in similar circumstances,

how the soul when thus forsaken and despised, longs and yearns for sympathy. Yes, it looks for more sympathy than it could reasonably expect or deserve. Here again I did not receive from you the sympathy my heart was greedily craving. Hence it was that I so frequently said that I was alone. I now know that there was much that was selfish in this. But you in your position cannot conceive the power of the influences operating upon me, leading me to such a state of mind.

“For these reasons, I trust you will excuse all my hasty and improper expressions, and only learn to sympathize with poor erring humanity. Remember that even David, when forsaken and despised, said in his haste that all men are liars. I also did not fully consider that you were not situated, as I was, and that hence I could not expect that interest and sympathy which my circumstances seemed to demand.

“But would you take pleasure in listening to a few more statements respecting the past, what my feelings have been? It was when my way seemed to be hedged up, when friends forsook me, when none seemed to sympathize, when none seemed to give suitable advice or encouragement, when many discouraged, when my views were despised, when I must be wrong, or if right all others must be wrong. It was then that my soul was in bitterness and anguish and darkness, and with tears gushing forth and with heartfelt yearnings, I besought the Lord and gave him no rest, that he would show me the work he would have me engaged in, whatever that might be, even though it should be that of a doorkeeper in his house (*that* I would gladly be) that he would employ me in his service, that he would send me to the poor heathen, that he would give me right feelings towards all men, the church, and the world—that he would not allow me his poor child to be deceived by my depraved deceitful heart—that he would save me from pride and self-sufficiency—that he would point out unto me the path of duty and lead me therein, and qualify me for that to which he would call me.

“And now what shall I say respecting the present? Though he has chosen me for his service, yet he has not given me a work to do. I am here, by the overrulings of Providence, unemployed. Should not this humble me? Does it not say to

me, there is still something within you which unfits you for my service? You are not worthy and not qualified for so sacred a work. Yes, I have reason to be humbled in the dust, and to search my heart with care, prayer and diligence. Oh, may the Lord deliver me from my faults and unworthiness, fit me for his service, and point out to me my duty, and to his name shall be all the praise.

“ Ah this is an age of worldliness, selfishness, and pride. Dress, the gratification of sensual, depraved, and pampered tastes, appetites, and desires, absorb the thoughts, time, and means of the masses. How little self-denial. What we desire we must have, if it is in our power, regardless of the interests of Christ’s kingdom. Oh, how all-prevailing is the desire to please men, to live according to the customs and fashions of society! How we fear being regarded as *singular*! How unwilling to be as Paul, who was regarded as the offscouring of all things. How little heavenly-mindedness. The prayer-meeting is deserted, while the house of mirth is crowded. Idle talk and jesting abound, but pious, godly conversation is almost unknown. Light reading and light conversation prevail, but prayerful, careful, daily reading of the Scriptures is seldom met with. Few are endeavouring to win sinners to the Saviour. The world and the Church are quite at peace with each other. The Christian receives little reproach or persecution. Ah, because he so conforms to the world!”

The event to which we have referred is an instructive one in various respects. It affords a lesson to young men, warning them against his errors, and encouraging them to perseverance, should they find obstacles in their path. To Presbyteries and churches it is also instructive. They often err in yielding to the desire of young men to enter the ministry, who are not fitted for it, but this case surely affords them a warning on the other hand to be cautious how they discourage young men of earnestness and zeal, whose hearts are set upon the

ministerial work, even though their discourses may not be fashioned according to the regular forms.

Upon Mr. J. the event, painful as it was, was attended with beneficial results. It stimulated him to closer study and to efforts to correct the faults of style that had been pointed out, so that his subsequent discourses were unanimously regarded as manifesting great improvement, while upon his heart, as his diary shows, it wrought the peaceable fruits of righteousness. If he erred in his views regarding the Church, his error was corrected, and his zeal was henceforth tempered with forbearance and graced by humility, while the general tone of his spirit was marked by a ripening toward that perfection, into which he was so soon to enter.

In June he attended the meeting of Synod at which till now he had fondly hoped that he was to receive his commission to go to the heathen, with feelings of deepest anxiety. The members of the Board of Foreign Missions and other members of Synod, who knew something of his character and qualifications, strongly sympathized with him and encouraged him to persevere. Hence he prepared again to meet the Presbytery, and accordingly was licensed on the 1st September. His feelings and exercises on this occasion he thus describes :

“Stewiacke, Sept. 3. I have to record an event to which I long looked forward with the deepest anxiety. On the first day of this month I was licensed to preach the everlasting gospel, to proclaim it wherever God may see fit to call me. Ah, what a work for a poor, weak mortal like me! My only hope is in the sufficiency of Him who has brought me forward to this work. Many are the trials through which he has brought me. How

often have I been in deep darkness and my way, to all appearance, hedged up. Time after time God has removed these.

“The very entrance upon my work has been the severest trial and struggle of all. The Presbytery has estimated my attainments and abilities as very inferior, and given the Church but little grounds to anticipate much from me. To all appearance they had determined within their own minds to reject me, as unqualified for such a responsible office. But thou, O Lord, dost not see as man seeth. In thy wondrous condescension thou didst choose me, so erring, so helpless, and despised a worm, to so responsible and arduous a work. And now as thou hast been pleased to call me to this work, qualify me for and carry me through, all its duties, trials, toils, and temptations, that I may at the termination of my race, be enabled to say, I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of glory, which the Lord, the righteous judge, shall give to me at that day.

“5. This day I commenced my labours as a minister of Christ. Ah, what am I for such a work! I am of unclean lips and dwell among a people of unclean lips. This day I did experience thy power and thy presence, but to what a small extent. How have I been mourning an absent Lord. And why is it thus with me? Ah, I can trace it to my unbelief, selfishness, and pride of heart! How have I desired to experience great joy in these duties. This I desired more than thy glory, and the salvation of perishing souls. How desirous of my own glory. How deceitful and traitorous is my heart. My only hope is thy pardoning mercy and renewing and supporting grace.”

Under date Sept. 25, there follows a dedication of himself to God's service similar to that on page 42, but at much greater length, which our space obliges us to omit.

As the season was now advanced, and as an acquaintance with the ministerial work at home is considered an advantage in the mission field, it was deemed advisable

that he should spend a few months in Home Missionary labour. Accordingly, the autumn of 1858 and the winter of 1859 were spent in preaching in the vacant congregations and mission stations of the Church. In consequence of what had taken place he entered upon the work with a heavy heart. But he soon showed himself "a workman that needeth not to be ashamed." He had not been many weeks engaged in the work, until he made a deep impression both by his public preaching and private ministrations. He was extremely diligent, as might have been expected, not only preaching on Sabbath, but visiting and holding services of various kinds during the week, particularly endeavouring to establish prayer-meetings, which were generally wanting in those places which he visited, in consequence of the want of settled pastors. Good effects were apparent in almost every place he visited. Not only did his appearance, manner, and amiable disposition win for him personal esteem, but in more than one place which he visited he was the means of producing a decided awakening in the community on the subject of religion. Prayer-meetings were largely attended, where none had been in existence before, and those who had been careless on the subject before, flocked to hear him and manifested their interest in the great concern. Even Romanists were drawn to his meetings. Yet it was at times remarked, that the impression he produced was not owing so much to any remarkable talent displayed in his discourses, as to the intense earnestness of his appeals, and his soul-absorbing devotedness to his work. We think also that in part it was owing to something pleasing in his manner and address.

The following from his correspondence while thus engaged will furnish farther particulars regarding his labours :

TO THE BOARD OF HOME MISSIONS :

“ *Stewiacke*, Nov. 3d, 1858.

“REV. SIRS:—The first two Sabbaths of October I preached at Newport in the forenoon and at Windsor in the afternoon. The two following Sabbaths were spent in Newport. The weather was fine, and the attendance good and very attentive.

“I visited, conversed and prayed, with the sick and afflicted, within the bounds of this congregation.

“This was one of the most pleasant and profitable duties. I did but little in the way of family visitation. During the week, however, I preached three different evenings, in private houses, for persons who were then and had been for some time confined to a sick room. It afforded me much satisfaction to be assured by them, that they had been much comforted and edified by these exercises. What can be more pleasing, than to be employed in administering to the afflicted consolation and comfort—even if it were only a drop. Thus I was encouraged, and will as God may give me opportunity and strength, continue to discharge this duty. In addition to these, two other sermons were preached at out stations, one of which was Kempt. Permit me to say a few words respecting this long neglected station. We have a few staunch adherents here. They seem to be firmly wedded to the Presbyterian form of Church Government and to Calvinistic views of divine truth.

“They have a neat respectable church. This was built, in part, by donations from other churches. As I met in the sanctuary with this little band, and beheld them so devoutly and joyfully engaging in the services of Zion, I thought that if those who had contributed towards the erection of this church could have been present, they would have been delighted and considered it a blessed privilege that they had been afforded the opportunity of contributing to the erection of his house, in which they so sweetly sing the songs of Zion. Oh ! that we were all more will-

ing and ready to lend a helping hand to every good cause brought to our notice. How much good might we accomplish—how much joy might we impart to souls—and our own souls would derive much true peace and joy from the happy results which would flow from our labours of love. It is interesting to notice how they have remained firmly attached to our church, though amidst other denominations and long wholly neglected and uncared for. They had a prayer-meeting during these days when no one cared for their soul. To this prayer-meeting, I trace the rise of what my eyes had seen. Would that we had more meetings for prayer and fewer meetings for mirth !

“The last week of my appointment to Halifax Presbytery, I spent in Rawdon. Here I found much to lament. There are a few aged individuals warmly attached to our church. But the young are either apparently indifferent, or they are leaving our church and going to others. If there is not more interest taken in this station than heretofore, we will soon have no church there.

“Satan and a wicked world are active, and why should we not be active—devising and labouring to execute—having God’s glory constantly before our minds ? By sloth and want of efficient action, we have lost much. Let us set about regaining the lost, and extending our boundaries more and more, imitating the disciples who went everywhere preaching the gospel.”

“The Sabbath I was in Rawdon was very unfavourable, and accordingly there were not many in attendance. In the evening I preached in Upper Rawdon in the Methodist Chapel. Considering the state of the weather there were a goodly number present. Thus ended my labours in Halifax Presbytery.”

After this mission he spent some weeks in Cape Breton, from which he writes as follows :

TO HIS BROTHER.

“*Baddeck, C. B., Feb. 3, 1859.*

“I have been quite well, and very busy since I came here. I am to be one more Sabbath in Baddeck, six in all. During

my stay here I have given a weekly lecture on Thursday evenings. This has given me much additional labour. I gave one on the 'Signs of the Times.' In consequence 'of some remarks on dress, the young ladies threatened to rise against me and drive me from the place. I gave a lecture on Popery. Some were much alarmed lest I should raise the Romish rabble. But I believe that truth is truth, and no power should terrify us from proclaiming it. Last night I was on rum-selling.

"I have been endeavouring to sow good seed here. At times I feel discouraged. But still I hope and pray that good may result from my weak efforts. I am often cheered by the Scriptural statement, that God hath appointed the foolishness of preaching as a means to save souls.

"I have met with many truly kind friends who appear to be deeply interested in me. I regard these as given by Him whom I desire to serve. There are trials and responsibilities connected with the ministry far beyond what language can express. When the light of eternity opens upon us we will see things in a different light from what we now see them. Earth, its vanities and pleasures, will sink into utter nothingness.

"Since I saw you another year has expired, and a new one come in. We are now one year nearer the end of our probation on earth—one year nearer the judgment-seat—and one year nearer heaven or hell. These are very solemn thoughts. They should lead each of us to inquire, solemnly and honestly, how am I improving my time and privileges? Am I prepared for those solemn scenes and realities which are before me?

"I sometimes feel that I would like to cry out against intemperance in my own little and loved settlement. The indifference and deadness in that community are most painful. You are reaping and will reap the sad and painful fruits. No prayer-meeting! Ah, you are dead, and only have a name to live!

"What are the people in Middle Stewiacke doing this winter? I fear you are all going to sleep. It is an age of deadness and formality. I long to be away from these dreary scenes. They have little charms for me. It is a world living merrily and sumptuously while it is hurrying on to perdition.

He also spent some time in a similar manner at Mabou in that island. His subsequent labours on the main land, will appear in his letters to his friends.

TO A COUSIN.

"Antigonish, 25th February, 1859.

"I arrived here this week from Cape Breton, where I had been during the winter. I have left some warm friends behind me, who I trust will not forget me and my work in my prayers. Though I have met with discouragements, yet I have evidences that my labours have not been in vain in the Lord. The increased attendance upon our prayer-meetings was most encouraging. At the one I set in operation at Mabou, the last evening I attended, quite a congregation was present. The evening was very cold. My hope for the revival of religion in our midst is in united prayer. Look over Christendom at the present day and see how much is being effected for God and his cause in answer to the prayers offered up at prayer-meetings. Oh, that we were more willing to meet together to pray for ourselves and others! How weak our faith is! What we want at the present day is an outpouring of God's Spirit upon ourselves and upon the church. We are all as a dried, parched and barren land. We have great need of an abundant watering. What encouragement have we to pray for the Holy Spirit! Christ says, 'If ye being evil know how to give good gifts to your children, how much more will your Father give the Holy Spirit to them that ask him.' Could we wish any more encouragement to ask."

Writing from Cape George under date 18th of March, after stating that Sabbath and week day services conducted by him in that congregation were attended by numerous and deeply attentive audiences, and that an interest in religion seemed to be rapidly on the increase—so much so indeed that "the people themselves thought it a little revival," he says: "All, young and old, are

anxiously entreating me to remain with them. I never saw so much anxiety. I sometimes wonder what is the cause of this. At times I fear it is the devil tempting me."

TO A FELLOW STUDENT.

"April 29. After leaving the island, I spent four Sabbaths in Antigonish. There is much wickedness in this place, card-playing, drinking, so I immediately commenced crying out against these vices to the best of my poor abilities. We also got up a prayer-meeting. On these the Spirit of God seemed to be poured out. Quite an interest was awakened. Young men who shunned and scorned all such religious meetings, became interested, and showed signs of an anxious concern about their souls. I sometimes looked upon the work with wonder. Oh, may it prove to be of God, and then it will result in his glory and to the good of poor perishing souls! The last prayer-meeting while I was there the church was crowded. So large a meeting is seldom seen on any occasion in Antigonish. May the prayers then offered up be answered.

"After leaving, I was appointed to labour on the South Shore, at Sheet Harbour and vicinity. Here I found much to lament, carelessness, Sabbath desecration, &c. Poor people, they are left as sheep without a shepherd. During my stay on these shores, I endeavoured to awaken them to a sense of their danger, and to lead them to the Saviour as a refuge from all danger.

"I am now at home. I do not know where I shall be sent next. I have thus endeavoured to give you a hasty sketch of my labours since we parted. I have had my trials and my temptations, my seasons of sorrow and darkness, and my times of joy and communion with my God. Time is thus rapidly rolling on, and I shall soon be numbered with the dead—slumbering in the tomb. Oh that I may have grace to spend my short life to the glory of God and the good of souls!

"Now a word to my friend. Be active in your Master's service. Remember that a wicked world, corrupt nature and Satan are all watching to get the advantage of you. How needful that we watch and pray. Read your Bible. We cannot be

good Christians, unless we make the Bible our constant companion. Pray more and you will be stronger, read your Bible more and you will live better. I always trace my backsliding to neglect of prayer and carelessness in studying my Bible. Remember that the Christian's life is a constant conflict. If we would have the crown, we must fight for it."

We may mention here that at this time in his anxiety to do good to individuals, he sometimes wrote letters anonymously to persons in whom he felt an interest, but with whom he had but a slight or perhaps no acquaintance, urging upon them attention to their great concern. We merely mention the fact, without expressing any approval of the practice. Though it has the sanction of the example of such a man as Harlan Page, and may have in some instances been blessed, yet we regard it as of doubtful propriety.

While thus diligently labouring in the home field his heart was among the heathen. In spring the Board of Foreign Missions resolved that with the concurrence of Synod, he should be sent forth in the following autumn. This decision he intimates in the following letter to his betrothed, dated June 1, 1839.

"It is with pleasure deeper than I can describe, that I take up my pen to inform you that the Board have decided that we shall leave "very soon after the meeting of Synod." I do not know how soon, but I cannot see how it will be possible that we can leave before the last of August. I have now received a string of appointments for farewell visitation, commencing at River John, first Sabbath.

"No news that I ever received so filled my heart with gladness as this intelligence. I trust it will be the same with you. I would regard it as an answer to our prayers. Let our hearts swell with gratitude to the prayer-hearing Jehovah—glow with

sympathy for perishing souls and confide in him as our strength. Let the present be a season of special thanksgiving to God for what he has done for us during our past lives. Let it also be a season of new consecration to his service—seeking fitness for the work before us, and earnestly asking him to guide us through this dark valley—to preserve us amid all the dangers that beset our path—to prepare a field of labour for us.

“My dear friend, you often mourn over unfitness for this work. May I ask you, how do you feel now—with a view of an immediate departure before you? Can I say a word of comfort or encouragement to you? My words must be few. Hear the voice of your Saviour, asking you to go and tell to the poor perishing heathen, your brothers and sisters, the story of his love. Now do not answer him as Moses did. Let your reply be, O Lord! thou hast chosen a poor unfit worm. But I know that thou art wise, and knowest whom to choose. Do thou therefore show thy wisdom in choosing me, by making me fit for this work. 2. O Lord! thou sendest none a warfare on their own charges; do thou therefore send me to this work in thy own strength. 3. Give me that faith by which I may do all things in Christ’s strength. 4. Oh save me from all pride, and self-sufficiency! Make me humble, child-like, confiding, meek, patient, tender, kind, gentle and wise. 5. Fill me with perfect submission to thy will. Save me from my own proud stubborn will. Fill me with burning zeal for thy glory, and glowing sympathy for perishing souls.

“Remember that much of this reluctance to go forward proceeds from pride. We feel our unfitness, and because we are not fit and cannot fit ourselves, we mourn and complain. Why, Paul said he had no fitness. But what did he do? Why, he simply went to his Master for strength and sufficiency. I would like to write more, but I have no time. Read your Bible, and pray over it. Here is our strength and comfort.

“I shall now have constant toil and driving. Never did I feel my unfitness for this work more than I now do. But I would constantly pray that he would work through such a poor weak instrument. I trust you will wrestle with God in your prayers for me. Plead that he may bless my farewell labours—

that by these he may stir up an interest in missions. Let our voices frequently meet together, praying for each other, and for the great work before us. Excuse this hasty scrawl."

As we have seen that he had been impressed with the idea that the church was not manifesting the self-denial on behalf of a world lying in wickedness which she ought, his mind was now employed in devising some practical measure, for bringing the church to a greater measure of liberality. The result was a proposal that the large congregation of Stewiacke, now divided into two, should undertake his support in the South Seas. We subjoin two letters, in which he discusses the subject.

TO A COUSIN.

"Feb. 25, 1859. But I have another solemn subject on my mind. I have given it much thought, and I shall not cease to seek counsel from God respecting it. I suppose when you hear my proposition, you will regard it as enthusiasm—indicating a want of sanity. It is this. I am now purposing in my mind to propose to that congregation in which I was brought up (which is now two) to go out as their missionary, supported by their contributions. I am willing to take from my salary £25, (\$100) leaving me £100, (\$400.) This sum might be realized, if each member of the two churches would give half a dollar yearly. Surely that is not a large sum for each. I am willing to deny myself to the amount of £25. Some may think I am foolish in making such a proposal, and that I cannot live on £100. But I am not making this proposal hurriedly. I have by experience found, that I can live on much less than all seem to think necessary. If I rightly understand Scripture, we should live a life of self-denial here. I also find that if we live in a self-denying manner, our expenses are wonderfully lessened. I have also found that when we cast ourselves upon God, he will care for and provide for us. I am not afraid therefore to go forward in a good cause, resting upon his protection and support. If he feeds the fowls, he will also feed me.

“Again, if you as a people should engage in this glorious work, do you suppose that God would not fulfil his promise to you? Matt. iii. 8-13. Only have faith, and you can easily do this work. You will also find that what you may fear as a yoke will be easy, and his burden light. Yes, and you will find the gospel at home sweeter to your own souls. You will realize the truth of the Scripture declaration, “It is more blessed to give than to receive.” God will bless the preached gospel at home, sinners will be converted, Christians will be revived. Remember the gospel is powerless without God’s blessing. If we selfishly keep it to ourselves he will not bless it. But if we endeavour to bless others, he will make it a blessing to us. I would therefore propose this as your part in the Foreign Mission, and that you should contribute to other schemes as formerly.

“I know that some will be terrified even at this statement. I know too that some will ridicule me as an enthusiast. But I hope that my only desire is to know God’s will. I will therefore make this a subject of constant prayer—that I and your people may be directed in this matter. He has the hearts of all people in his hand. He can give the heart to do this work. He has already given them the ability.

“I feel that if I had the people before me, and could thus have an opportunity of laying this whole subject before them in its Scriptural light, by the blessing of God they would engage in it.

“I have written hurriedly, that you may have time to think and pray over this before I see you—I hope I shall not be left to do anything that is not for God’s glory and man’s good.”

TO THE REV. ALEX. CAMERON.

“*Sheet Harbor*, April 8, 1859.

“I write you a few lines to make known to you what is now weighing heavily upon my mind. It is this: I wish to make the following proposition to that congregation (now congregations) of which I was formerly a member, and over a part of which you preside, viz: to support me as a missionary to the South Seas. I would rather take £100 given in this way, than

£125 from the whole church; because then I could look more confidently for a blessing upon your people and upon our missionary efforts. 'If we devise liberal things, by liberal things shall we stand.'

"Something less than a quarter dollar quarterly from each member of the two churches amounts to £100 annually, and not quite fourpence (seven cents) from each adherent would realize the same sum. Therefore, although at first thought this proposition seems wild and imprudent, yet, upon more serious reflection, it appears to be within our reach, and nothing more than duty. I ask, how small an amount of self-denial on the part of each member and adherent would it require to raise this sum?

"Now let us reason thus: millions of heathen are spiritually famishing. We should feel that the Lord Jesus has told us to supply them with the bread of life. We being thus appointed of God as an agency to diffuse the gospel through the world, the eternal salvation of the heathen then depends upon our sending the gospel to them. Should we not, therefore, be as willing to devote our lives to sending it as Christ was to devote his life to providing it? This seems to my mind to be a Scriptural view of this subject. If, then, we will only refrain from some expenditures for which taste pleads, and if we will only deny ourselves some comforts, we may thus be instrumental in filling perishing immortal souls with eternal praise and joy, we ourselves would be more happy, and the cause of God would prosper more in our midst. If I did not believe this I would not make such a proposition.

"I now write to present this subject before your mind for your serious consideration. Do not suppose that I would for a moment contemplate making this proposition to your people, without first obtaining your assent and approbation. What I desire, is your assent to my laying this matter before them—that I may hold a meeting in each district, solicit aid from each member and adherent, set in operation a system of raising and collecting which will call out the whole people, and have them to do the whole work.

"Let me make the effort. If I fail I trust I shall do no harm,

and the disgrace will be upon none but myself. I can bear to fail in a good cause. But I believe that if my motives are pure, with God's blessing I shall succeed. I feel that we are not serving God according to our ability. We are not denying ourselves sufficiently, that we may do good to others. May the good Lord guide us in all our undertakings, and to his name be all the glory."

The proposal was not adopted, but there are some in the church who have never lost sight of the idea of a congregation supporting a missionary, and we believe it will not be long till we find two or three congregations combining to support a missionary to the heathen, and even congregations undertaking the work single handed. When that day comes, the credit of originating the idea must belong to Samuel Fulton Johnston.

He attended the meeting of synod in June with much anxiety, as he had reason to fear, that opposition might yet be raised to his being sent out as a Foreign Missionary. The synod approved of the determination of the Board, and for some weeks after he was engaged in the visitation of the congregations of the body, it being then the practice, that outgoing missionaries should visit all the churches in the connexion, scattered throughout Nova Scotia and Prince Edward Island, and even New Brunswick. Everywhere he received a cordial welcome and substantial tokens of sympathy. In the midst of the hurry of travelling and constant public meetings, he still found time for correspondence, and particularly for the expression of his tender affection for his relatives from whom he was about to be severed. We subjoin two extracts.

TO HIS MOTHER.

“*Merigomish*, July 2, 1859.

“I suppose we will soon have to part, to meet no more in this vale of tears. I fear you are grieving over this separation. This would be wrong. God gave you children that they might be employed in his service. It should therefore be your delight to see them employed in the way that will do most for his glory and the good of perishing souls. It is of small importance whether we be together in this world or not. The great object is to be usefully employed. But again: I trust it is your wish to see your sons happy; you would not care where they are, provided they are truly happy. Now I could not be happy at home. I feel that a work has been assigned me, and I could not be happy unless employed in that work. I never in my past life enjoyed so much true happiness as I have since I have been more particularly set apart to this work. Every tie that binds me to my native land seems to be sundered. I trust that I love my friends as sincerely and deeply as ever I did, but what good am I doing them by living with them? My prayer for them is that they may walk in the strait path, and that we may all meet in heaven. But while I would wish to meet my friends in heaven, washed and made white in the blood of the Lamb, I would also wish that a multitude of the poor, perishing, benighted heathen may also meet us there. But how can I anticipate these joyous meetings unless the means be used? I would therefore gladly hasten to these far off and dark lands, to use the means that God has been pleased to appoint to accomplish this end. My only grief, therefore, in parting, is the pain which my leaving may give my parents, relatives, and other dear friends.

“In this life let duty be our great object. Our feelings are to be controlled, and through strength derived from on high, we are to overcome these, and go forward joyfully to the work given us, whatever that may be. You have other children still around you. To train these up for God is a great work. See that you do not grow neglectful or careless in it.”

Writing to a brother on business, and in a hurry, he

yet finds time for the following expressions of affection and piety:

“My brother, we shall be together little more in this world. Our callings lead us to spheres of labour far apart. I trust that God in his providence has pointed out to you the sphere in which he would have you serve him. It is truly a pleasant one, free from many of the trials, temptations, and harrowing cares of many callings to which I might refer. It is a position in which, if you are faithful, you may do much good—may do much to extend God’s cause in our world. What more noble object could we live for? What would it profit to gain great riches, to gratify our own feelings, or to live according to our own inclinations? How soon will all these be as though they had never been! But let us live for God’s glory, and our labours will bring forth lasting fruit, which will fill our souls with joy and peace—far more to be prized than the gold of Ophir, or the self-gratification this world and flesh could yield.

“Be kind to your parents, and you will never repent it, but possess a bosom full of peace. Make their declining years soft and sweet; their youth and vigour they have spent for us. It would be pleasant and sweet to me, were it my calling, to labour to render their last days happy and pleasant. Be kind to your brothers and sisters, and you will have a rich reward. Remember that their future happiness and usefulness largely depend on you. But while yours is a responsible position, it is truly a pleasant and enviable one. In ourselves we have no sufficiency, but our sufficiency is of God. Go forward then in his strength, and you will have eternity to rejoice in over the fruits of your labours. And as we are soon to part, let us so live that we may meet where parting is unknown.”

On the 8th of August he was married to Miss Elizabeth O’Brien of Noel, a distant relative of his own, and one who proved a help meet for him, in life and in death.

On the 17th of the same month he was ordained at

Stewiacke as a Missionary to the Heathen. The event excited deep interest throughout that neighbourhood, and in the midst of hay harvest, the large church at the upper settlement was densely crowded, some having come a distance of forty miles to witness the services. The Rev. Dr. Smith, under whose pastorate he had been brought up, preached from Psalm ii. 6, and offered up the ordination prayer, the Rev. E. Ross gave the charge to the young missionary, and the Rev. John J. Baxter, addressed the audience. Large and interesting farewell meetings were held in Pictou, New Glasgow, Noel, Halifax and other places and on the 8th Nov. he set sail for Boston. During his travelling through the church his diary was generally neglected, but we find a few items during this period, and should any of our readers complain that we have occupied too much space with them we are sorry to have to inform them, that we shall have scarcely any more of these private breathings of his soul to give them.

“June 3. This day commemorated the death of my Lord. I notice the following: It was under the Rev. J. Watson’s ministry I first joined the church; and now, the first time I have had of attending to this duty since I was licensed, and the first time I have assisted at the solemn service of communion, is with him. I see God’s finger in this. Oh! what I have enjoyed to-day—delight in meditating upon Christ’s death—on my vileness and need of Christ—desires to be like God—the Saviour more precious than ever before. Had more deep and earnest longings to serve him.

“Aug. 3. Once more at my home. I have for two months been engaged in farewell visitation of the congregations. Through what trying and responsible scenes and duties I have passed! I had little opportunity for noting down my feelings and incidents in my journal during this time. These must all

sink into oblivion. But they are all recorded in the book of eternal remembrance. Now once more clouds and barriers are rising up before me. O Lord, I look to thee that thou wilt dispel these! I feel that life has lost all its charms if I am kept from the heathen.

"4. Oh, that I could get a realizing view of divine things and duty! I am now about to change my relation in life. How mercifully have I been preserved until the present! and now that I am about to enter upon the marriage relation, O God grant me grace to serve thee more faithfully in that relation than ever I have done heretofore! Remember that it is a relation of thine own merciful and good arrangement. Therefore, in thy tender love smile upon us as we enter into it. May we feel thy presence near, and act under the influence of thy Spirit. May our souls unitedly burn with zeal for thy glory, and glow with sympathy for the perishing. May we go forward hand in hand, heart in heart in thy service. Save us from our sins and infirmities. May we be strong in Christ, together serving thee in life, and at death going to thee, where we may ever be together.

"6. This day leaving home to attend to the duty referred to in the preceding page. This morning had much enlargement in prayer—longing for the coming of Christ's kingdom, and earnestly seeking God's blessing upon the relationship into which I am about to enter. I feel that God will hear. Was melted to tears.

"7. Sabbath. Day long to be remembered. Had deep and earnest longings for the conversion of sinners. At times I could do nothing but weep and sob. My whole soul was distressed—had large views of my position and responsibilities. Prayed much, and had much enlargement in the pulpit.

"8. This day entered into the marriage relation. Ere doing so, with her I took a walk through those groves where in childhood she was wont to wander in solitude. Coming to her bower, we alone, hand in hand, kneeled down and poured out our souls in prayer to God. It was the first time we had prayed together. It was a great struggle to kneel down alone. Had a great inward conflict with self and Satan, but at last overcame. And oh, how I rejoice in that victory! If I had then failed, I know

not what would have been the result ; felt that it was most important that we should pray at that time.

“Sept. 29. Held a farewell meeting at New Glasgow. How little of the presence and power of the Spirit I realized ! yet I was not wholly deserted, and was enabled to speak with some measure of earnestness and fluency. Audience attentive.

“Oct. 27. Held a farewell meeting in Noel. Felt more solemn than usual. Could feel that every thing around me was passing away, and that a great change would soon come over us all. Spoke earnestly and solemnly.

“28. Took farewell of our friends in Noel. In the morning retired to an old bower, and there, hand in hand, kneeled down and sought strength for the duties and trials of the day, both for ourselves and others—sought fitness for the work, direction, protection. We then returned to the house, and in a few hours bade farewell to the dearest objects on earth. Our feelings on that occasion we can never forget.

“Nov. 1. Held our farewell meeting in Upper Stewiacke. I had long looked forward to this meeting with deep and anxious concern. Many prayers I had offered up for a special outpouring of the Spirit on that part of the church.

“4. Left home. A few hours before I was to take a last farewell of those dearest to me on earth I felt oppressed. I felt a weight unsupportable, and felt that I could not do it. I retired alone and visited the scenes of early days, where my brother and I had sported in childhood, and where I had laboured many days and years. A melancholy gloom lay over the whole, and I bent the knee and poured out my soul to God, and had much freedom and earnestness. God comforted me. Went home, and comfortably bade farewell to all. I received great support on that occasion. It was a solemn moment, which I shall never forget.”

CHAPTER VIII.

FROM NOVA SCOTIA TO MELBOURNE.

MR. AND MRS. JOHNSTON sailed from Halifax on the 8th November, and reached Boston on the 11th, after a pleasant passage. He was detained in the United States about three weeks. His correspondence will show how he was employed during this time.

TO HIS PARENTS.

"New York, Nov. 16, 1859.

"I think the last hours I spent at home were the happiest I ever spent. True it was painful to me to reflect that I would see you in the flesh no more. It was painful to bid farewell to the scenes I love so well. But the thought that all was in the hands of the all-wise Disposer comforted me, and filled my heart with gladness. What good could I do for you or my native land by remaining at home? Though loving you all, I could therefore cheerfully leave you all—leaving you in the keeping of the Father of mercies. Now, though far away, yet my prayers can avail as much at the throne of grace, as if I were with you.

"After several days' hard labour with the mission goods, tired and worn out, we sailed from Halifax. My feelings on leaving I shall never forget. I felt that every tie was sundered—that I was alone without friend or counsellor—that the interests of the mission rested on me. But I was enabled to look to the God of missions and 'the friend that sticketh closer than a brother.'

The thought of his always being present with us filled me with comfort, and I resolved to go forward in his strength.

"The passage upon the whole was quite pleasant. Bessie was not very sick, and when in her berth was quite comfortable. I trust your prayers have been heard, for we both feel that it must have been in answer to prayer that she has been preserved from sickness, which heretofore she always experienced. I think you need not be anxious about her any longer. Only give her your prayers. We arrived in Boston on Friday and lodged with Mr. Blaikie. I preached for him on Sabbath to an attentive audience.

"I was busily engaged with the mission interests until Monday night. I made all arrangements for our passage to Melbourne. These interests attended to, on Monday evening we left for New York. I now endeavoured to throw off the burden of care and anxiety respecting the mission goods, &c., which had been weighing upon my mind from the time I left home. The next morning we arrived safely at New York.

"We daily attend Fulton Street Prayer Meeting. It is truly refreshing to our souls to be present where such earnest prayers are offered up. It is full every day. But you must not suppose that the revival here is making any visible impression upon the city. No, mammon is the great god worshipped by the masses. To-morrow night I expect to leave this place for Schenectady.

"And now, dear parents, do not grieve for us. We are happy. We do not feel separation as much as we expected. To be employed is our happiness. We only ask your prayers for us. We need these. It is our happiness to pray together. If it were not for prayer we would sink. But we feel that our prayers have been heard, and trust they will be heard. We can see the good hand of God with us all the way until now. He has been very kind to us. Many are the mercies and kindnesses we have been daily receiving from him, and we would not doubt that he will continue to bless and do us good. We hope you do not mourn for us. If you have any grief, let it be for a heathen world. Pray without ceasing."

TO HIS PARENTS.

"Schenectady, Nov. 25, 1859.

"I will devote a few minutes to writing to you to-day. After leaving New York we came to Schenectady, where we have been one week. We are waiting till the vessel will be ready to sail. We received a note from Boston yesterday, telling us that she would sail on the first day of December. So we will leave this on Monday. I am weary waiting so long. My desire is to be on my way to the scene of future labours. During my stay here I have had time to rest, and also good opportunities of improvement. But these have glided away, and I fear little good has resulted from them. However, I have written a great many letters to different parts of the church.

"And now, dear parents and brothers and sisters, I would not go home again. True, home and every association connected with it are dear to me, and when I reflect upon them, my very heart yearns over them. But these things are fading—fast passing away, and will soon be in the tomb of oblivion. Why then should I cling to them? Again I see before me a great and glorious work—a work in which angels would gladly engage—a work whose results will live in the eternal ages. What should keep me back from such a work? Should love to friends or to home? Surely not. I would leave all these in the care of a covenant-keeping God, and hasten forward to the work before me. No. I would not be much troubled about separation. The work, its responsibilities and results, let these fill my mind. If you at home are only employed in the service of God, it is little concern to me whether we meet on earth again or not. *This* is every thing. Remember, if we would thus live we must be frequent and earnest in prayer, and our Bibles must be our daily companions. Oh, I fear the study of the Bible is too much neglected by all in the present age! I often, often think how much Scripture my little brothers might be getting, if there were only a little care and pains taken with them. It would hereafter be to them a greater treasure than thousands of silver and gold.

"And now we go from you. Dangers, trials, temptations,

discouragements are within and on every side. But none of these things move us. We would go forward, looking to the promise, that he will be with us always. We have much reason to believe, that he has been with us so far."

TO THE REV. JAMES BAYNE, SECRETARY BOARD OF FOREIGN MISSIONS.

Schenectady, Nov. 27, 1859.

"In writing to you, I feel as if I were writing to the whole Church, and to my many kind and dear friends whom I have left behind me in Nova Scotia. I suppose I cannot do better than to give you some of the feelings and thoughts which passed through my mind when leaving the scenes of my nativity. As the steamer glided slowly and gently from her moorings, and the waters widened between us and the shores of our native land, our dear friends on the wharf fading from our view, my heart sank within me, and my affections clung to the land of my birth. I felt that counsellor, sympathizer, and friends were all cut off from me now. The work in all its *greatness*, with all its difficulties and responsibility, rose up before me. A sense of unfitness, weakness, and nothingness weighed heavily upon me. I felt *alone*, and that upon me rested all the responsibility of this great and heavenly enterprise. My past labours loomed up before my mind. Then, my imperfections, my infirmities, errors, and follies, rose up vividly before me. The associations of childhood and the attachments of home, murmured in the deep recesses of my bosom for an utterance. My thought glided into the future, and as I stood and looked to the past, and cast a glance to the future, earth and all its possessions appeared to be a fleeting shadow. All my past life seemed to be a vapour. In the past, there was nothing on which the eye could rest that was *lasting*, except what had been done for the glory of God. Upon that only could the eye rest with pleasure. All else was vanity, and shall vanish away. Time to come rolled in upon my mind. In it I beheld the tomb of everything earthly. Then, mirth, sensuality, the pride of life, the lusts of the flesh find their eternal oblivion.

"Then the libertine, the devotee of fashion, the lover of plea-

sure, and the worshipper of mammon, have to part with everything they love, everything upon which their hearts are set, and after which their flesh lusts. Then, the mighty, the rich, the wise, the merry, the weak, the poor, and the mourner, become alike. Then, mighty empires and magnificent and opulent cities pass away and moulder to dust.

"As I was thus musing, my native land was receding from my view. But affections still clung there. I could not part with the land that gave me birth, where lay the scenes of my childhood, and all the dear and fondly-cherished associations of my past life, without a pang. As she disappeared, my soul breathed out a prayer that God would bless her, and evermore cause peace and prosperity to dwell within her borders.

"The mantle of darkness now cast itself over the deep, and concealed from our view the land we love to call our own. We paced the deck in solemn thought, unknown, uncared for, musing upon the events of the day, and the scenes through which we had lately passed. All seemed like a dream. We could not realize that we were separated for a time, from all near and dear to us.

"My thoughts then turned to myself, and I more than ever realized my unfitness, nothingness, and the responsible character of the work in which I am engaged. I felt the work to be great, and myself *weak* and *alone*. But God is pleased to advance his cause on earth through low, foolish, and despised things. We have on heaven's authority, that the Church is to extend her boundaries through such an agency. Hence, in accordance with his way of working, we trust he has called us, weak, base, and despised as we are, to this great and all important work. We would, therefore, go forward trusting in his aid, guidance and blessing. We go, too, sent by you, to do the work Christ has entrusted to you as his people. We, therefore, go, trusting that you who remain at home will hold up our hands by your earnest, united prayers. If you forget to pray for us, we shall accomplish but little for God's glory and the good of poor, dying souls. If you cease to pray for us, you indicate that you have little gratitude for your blessings and privileges, little sympathy for a sin-sickened, perishing world, and little

zeal for the promotion of your Redeemer's glory. Oh, brethren, *cease not* to pray for us! Remember the perishing. With such thoughts as these, we kneeled down together, committed ourselves, the cause, our friends, and the Church to God's love, and then retired to rest.

"A wide, stormy and boisterous ocean lies before us. Over it we have to pass. But we go trusting that He who holds the winds in his fists and the deep in the hollow of his hand, will protect and bring us safely to the dark isles of the sea. Then may he dwell with us, and through us promote his glory, and to his name be the glory. Let this be our *united* prayer.

"And now, dear father and beloved Christian friends, farewell, a long farewell. May you live in peace, and in the active service of God until you are called from time to the awful and solemn realities of the unseen world. Then may we all meet in the better and happier world where separation is for ever unknown, and all is purity, joy, love, and happiness. Farewell, farewell."

On the 1st December he sailed from Boston for Melbourne in the ship *Herbert*. The leisure of so long a voyage afforded him opportunity for thought and time for the use of his pen. We can however only give some portions of his account of the voyage and meditations during it, written in the form of a journal to his friends, "some of the time the ship rolling so that he could not stand still."

"Dec. 1, 1839. We embarked on board the ship *Herbert*, in the port of Boston. Religious exercises were conducted on board by the Rev. A. Blaikie, amidst much confusion. In a few minutes after the command, "all on shore who do not go in the ship," resounded fore and aft. Friends parted. The tug-boat began to ply her wheels, and soon the shore began to recede from our view. The wind being favourable, when the boat left us we made no halt, but glided on our way.

"It was with peculiar feelings that we viewed the receding

shores of the North American Continent—the land of liberty, the home of the pilgrim, the asylum of the oppressed. We are to see *thee* no more! Farewell, *then*, native land. May the great God ever continue to bless thee. While the natural sun continues to shine upon thy rocks, streams, vales, and templed hills, may ‘the Sun of righteousness arise with healing in his wings,’ and shine upon thy sons and daughters, diffusing into their souls those graces which constitute that ‘fulness which dwells in Christ bodily.’ May the King that reigns on Salem’s towers *ever* reign in thy cities, towns, villages, and rural scenes—may he be revered and adored in thy Legislative Halls, in thy courts of justice; and wherever thy people meet, may his gracious presence be sought and his power felt. May his gracious Spirit and blessed WORD mould the character of thy civil institutions, social customs, and religious ordinances. Oh may the good Spirit animate thy masses with his quickening, life-giving influences! May the great Parent of the universe prosper thee in all thy secular interests, rebuke the devourer, stay the pestilence, check the blast, and make thee a delightful land, while sun and moon continue to shine upon thy vales, hills, and streams.

“Farewell, dear friends, we *now* more than ever realize that we shall see your faces no more in the flesh. Oh! that we could extend our arms across the mighty deep, and give our friends in Cape Breton, Prince Edward’s Island, and Nova Scotia a warm shake of the hand as an expression of our feelings of gratitude and affection. But this we cannot do. Farewell, then, for time. We shall not, we cannot forget your kindness—you in whose dwellings our weary, pilgrimed bodies have found sweet rest and shelter; you at whose tables we have been refreshed; you from whom we have received kind words of sympathy, encouragement, and counsel; you who have done so much to forward us in our work. May He who rewards a cup of cold water given in his name, richly reward and bless you, and make you more and more value the consolations of that gospel, which you are labouring to disseminate through the world. Farewell, reverend fathers, who stand at the holy altars and minister in sacred things, and upon whom the prosperity and happiness of our native land, under God depend. May you all be mightily stirred up to take

hold upon your Master's name and to give him no peace, day nor night, until he has established Jerusalem and made her a praise in all the earth. Dear friends, as your lines have fallen to you in pleasant places, and you have a goodly heritage, may a sense of gratitude to Him whose hand has provided those rich blessings for you, arouse you to unwearied efforts to bestow these same privileges upon the poor, perishing, benighted nations of earth. In this noble work you will be happy and blessed—God will smile upon you—angels rejoice, and in songs celebrate your labours of love, in the celestial mansions. But above all, you will thus be found following the steps of your Divine Redeemer, whose greatest joy and delight was to search out and confer blessings upon the wretched, sinful, suffering sons and daughters of earth. Dear friends, do not cease to pray for us. Remember, God chooses weak and base things to carry forward his purposes on earth. Hence, though we be weakness and nothingness, yet if you continue to uphold us by your *earnest* prayers, he will by us accomplish results that will fill your hearts with gladness and bring glory to God in the highest heavens.

“Land is now fading in the distance, and we must now say a long last farewell to country and friends. May the Father of mercies and the God of all grace make you perfect, stablish, strengthen, and preserve you blameless unto the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ. *Fare ye well.*

“Thursday, 15. 25° N. Lat. Thermometer 74° in the shade. Upon the whole the winds have been very favourable, and we have made good progress. We have most of the time been suffering from sea-sickness. Though not nearly so sick as some of the passengers, we have been unable to read or even to reflect. To-day, feel quite well, for the first time since we came on board. We are now becoming quite accustomed to the motions of the ship. It may not be amiss to say a few words about our present home.

“Our ship measures about 1,400 tons, but she is not designed for carrying passengers. Her cabin is very small. She has few state-rooms, and these are small. But she is said to be a strong, safe vessel. Her cargo consists mostly of lumber and other light stuff, as buckets, tubs, &c. The Captain, (Mr. Bangs) and

other officers appear to be kind and obliging. They are very kind and easy with their men. There is no cursing, kicking, or abusing of the men, as I have seen in other vessels. But I see nothing to indicate that any of the men are under the influence of and guided by *religious* feelings and principles. There is no real holy respect or fear of God before their eyes. They live for themselves, and as if all they are and enjoy were their own. It is sad to see how dead to a sense of gratitude the human heart is, naturally. In the first cabin we have, including ourselves, 17 passengers. Ten of these are from Yarmouth, Nova Scotia. In the second cabin, there are 18, seven of them from Nova Scotia. So we have on board, in all, 19 Nova Scotians. Excepting ourselves, these are all for the gold regions, Australia. The sailors and officers, all are about 20; so we have on board about 50 souls. This you will naturally conclude offers to us quite a field of usefulness. But I will say more about this hereafter.

“Our little room is 7 feet by 6 feet 7 inches. In this small space we have our bed, washing apparatus, clothing, books, and all other articles we will require on a voyage to continue for some months. Were some of our friends who have rooms furnished with every convenience, comfort, and richly glittering with the ornamental, confined to a room of such limited dimensions for some months, they would know how to appreciate their present homes and feel more grateful to Him who has provided such commodious, comfortable earthly mansions for them. In this little closet we spend most of our time. The cabin is so small and has so many occupants, that we do little in it with any degree of comfort or satisfaction to ourselves. But we have reason to be thankful, that our room occupies the most comfortable and airy position in the ship. For this we have great reason to be thankful. The room was not our choice. Hence we must regard it as a gift of Providence. There is not another room in the vessel in which we could spend our time in the various exercises in which we are engaged, with any degree of comfort. May we have grace given us, wisely and faithfully to improve what we have received from the Author of every good and perfect gift. Have great reason to be thankful that we are making

such good progress. Oh may favouring breezes continue to hasten us on our way to the dark isles of the sea! Time is passing away, and nothing worthy of notice occurring. We are now experiencing the monotony of a life at sea. No storms, no birds, no fish to be seen; nothing but the mighty ocean to be seen on every side.

“Thursday, 22. To-day is three weeks since we came on board. Thermometer 75° ,—just warm enough. While we are basking in the sun, I suppose that you in Nova Scotia are crowding round your fires with your toes between the dog-irons, and sleeping rolled up in blankets, scarcely venturing to poke your noses out for fear of Jack Frost. We have almost forgotten the old gentleman, and I suppose will never see him again. If this was the only old acquaintance that we do not expect to see again, our grief would be easily borne.

“Saturday, 24. Winds brisk, making good progress. Cooling northerly winds moderate the heat, and are quite refreshing. We now see large numbers of flying fish. They are about the size of a smelt, not so long, but thicker, back dark, belly white. They fly from one to three or four rods, but generally not more than one or two. They look like our swallows. Sometimes you will see a dozen or two rise out of the water at once. When some distance off you could not distinguish them from a flock of birds. They dart along a little above the surface of the water, and in their actions much resemble swallows.

“Monday, 26. Lat. 9° N., Long. $28^{\circ} 30'$ W. Yesterday was Christmas. Never spent so warm a Christmas. I was wondering how you were feeling at home—if you have sleighing.

“I wish you could just take a peep in and see us to-day—doors and windows wide open,—light clothing on—little children running about in their bare feet—the tropical rays of the sun pouring down upon us. Some are lolling about, some reading, some talking nonsense, some sleeping, some writing, some *few* working, some full of merriment. We are in our little room alone among many, endeavouring to spend our time profitably, reading, questioning, instructing each other, writing, &c. We go to bed about 9 o'clock and rise about $5\frac{1}{2}$ or 6 o'clock. Time flies rapidly. We do not feel it long. The weeks seem short, and

when one comes to an end we scarcely know where it is gone. Such is the manner in which our time is passing day after day. There is much sameness in our life, so this may serve you to give you an idea as to how we spend our time, and what transpires around us.

"Thursday, 29. Lat. 5° N., Long. 26° W. Thermometer 81° . We have now got beyond the north-east trade winds, and are in the latitude where calms, or tornadoes, or unsteady winds prevail. We have as yet been always making a little headway, though at times our progress has been very slow. We have sudden, short, and frequent showers. These will come up with only a few minutes warning. The sky will be quite clear, and in a few minutes it will be raining in torrents. The atmosphere is heated, but we have pleasant, cooling breezes, and the showers of rain are also cooling. I do not suffer from the heat, but enjoy the climate very much. I would much prefer it to the weather you now have in Nova Scotia. I believe I shall stand the heat very well. Bessie complains some, and says she would rather have some of your cold, pinching winds and driving snow-storms than so much heat. But still she does not *suffer*, or experience much inconvenience. What we feel most is the warm nights. In Nova Scotia, when you have a hot day, you will get a cooling at night. But it is not so here. The nights are *all* warm, nearly as much so as the days, and so you know nothing about the heat.

"Saturday, 31. We are almost at the equator. The day is cool and pleasant. Thermometer 77° . We have now been thirty days at sea. Our progress is considered good. We are in the south-east trade winds, having reached them sooner than we expected. I hope, therefore, that we will not be detained here any time. We have had a most pleasant voyage so far, no storm, little head wind, not much calm. Oh may we ever remember that these are from the Giver of all good! May He continue to prosper our way. It is a lovely day, the last of the year. How many who saw the first are now sleeping in the silent tomb. Still we live. May we remember that life is given us to serve God not self. Life is only a blessing when it is con-

secrated to God's service. May ours be thus employed, and his shall be the praise.

"Monday, January 2, 1860. South latitude $1^{\circ} 38'$; $28^{\circ} 55'$ west longitude. Another year, with all its toils, trials, disappointments, joys, and pleasures is no more—no more for ever. To us it had been one of the most eventful through which we have passed. We rejoice in its toils and trials, but we tremble as we contemplate the position in which it has placed us. The decision of the past year is hastening us from that land we love to call our native country, to the scenes where we hope to spend the rest of our probation on earth. There we are either to bring the frowns of the Divine countenance upon us through our unfaithfulness, and the disgrace we shall bring upon his name and cause, or we shall gain the approbation of Heaven by being instrumental in dispelling moral darkness, destroying the strongholds of Satan's dominions, and giving liberty to sin-bound souls, and eternal joy to those who are on the brink of eternal woe. In the position in which the past year has placed us, when viewed in the light of God's glory and the happiness of immortal spirits here and hereafter, there is much, very much, to impress the mind, and to awaken in the bosom the deepest solicitude as to the result. May He whose cause we are going to advance, ever keep before our minds just and large views of the relation we sustain to his glory and this poor, suffering, dying world. And now in entering upon a new year, we would anew consecrate ourselves to the service of our Master, and supplicate the Hearer of prayer, that we may experience his power, enjoy the smiles of his countenance, follow in the steps of his dear Son, and keep what has been entrusted to us 'by the Holy Ghost dwelling in us,' during the year that is now before us.

"Saturday night, just as the old year expired, we crossed the Equator, rather an uncommon coincidence. We had quite a merry time. I doubt not, but the new year received quite as hearty and cheery a welcome from our little home on the deep, as it received from your towns and villages. We had fifeing, fiddling, dancing, orations—some splendid pieces well performed,—senatorial, comic, aboriginal, and pathetic pieces, dialogues, songs, &c. They continued these amusements until midnight,

when with three cheers for the new year, and three for the captain and mate, they wound up the whole proceedings, and retired to rest. How dark and ungrateful is the carnal mind! What a return for Divine favour and goodness during the past year; and what preparation for the year coming! It was painful to us to see the evening—so calculated to awaken serious reflections, and to call to devotional exercises spent in such a vain, sinful manner. But we had no control over these lovers of pleasure. All that was in our power, was to mourn over their folly, and to pray that He would look down in mercy upon those who appear to have no sense of Divine goodness, preservation and justice.

“Monday, 9. South latitude $20^{\circ} 38'$. Fine gales. Sun's altitude at noon 90° . So we are now under the vertical rays of a tropical sun. It appears strange to us, who have lived in high latitudes, to see men walking the decks in the clear sun and yet making no shadow.

“Yesterday was a most lovely day, calm and clear. We had preaching for the first time. We had quite a comfortable place prepared for the occasion on deck. It was quite a strange scene to me. We had no temple made by hands, but the thought that He whom we worshipped dwells not in temples made by hands, was most comforting to me, as I engaged for the first time in such services in the open air or on the mighty deep. It called to my mind the farewell address we received at Noel. Our Nova Scotia passengers, and most of the first cabin passengers, and some few of the sailors, seated themselves around me. But many being Catholics, would not come near, but some stood off where they could hear most that was said, and seemed to pay great attention. It may be that God will bless some truth uttered to their souls.

“Yesterday we saw a water spout at some distance. It was a most splendid one, and came with great rapidity, directly for our ship. As there was scarce a breath of wind, the officers were becoming quite uneasy. But, happily, ere it reached us it broke, dispelling our fears.

“Tuesday, 10. Crossed the Tropic of Capricorn. We are now in the South Temperate Zone. We have now got beyond and

safely through that region which we so much dreaded, on account of the excessive heat we expected to experience within tropics. But we have suffered comparatively little from heat.

“Thursday, 12. Latitude south $28^{\circ} 36'$, longitude west 30° . We have now been six weeks at sea. How much of the goodness, and mercy, and forbearance of our heavenly Father have we experienced. Oh may he awaken in our hearts deep, sincere, and corresponding gratitude to him! Our progress is much greater than we could expect, our health very good, our comforts many, our opportunities for improvement favourable. May all these blessings be coming to us in covenant love. Apart from his love I would not desire them. Without Divine love they are to be dreaded as curses, frowns, and snares. We have been favoured with the south-east trade winds for some time. For weeks scarcely moved a sail. If I were a sailor I would surely avoid coasting vessels, and seek employment in those bound for foreign ports. But we see the wisdom of God, in the varied constitutions with which he has endowed men, which lead them to enter into various situations in life.

“Our ship seems to me like a little village. On all sides we see men, women, and children amusing themselves in various ways, singing, talking, laughing, walking, playing draughts. Can you conceive of a summer evening in the middle of January? If so you can notice what we are now experiencing.

“Friday, 13. Light breezes and pleasant. To-day signaled a ship which we had been pursuing for two days. We ascertained that she was the ship *Martha* from New York, bound for Australia, which left seven days before us. As the captain and mate were intimate friends of our captain and mate, they hove to, till we came up, and then came on board and remained with us the afternoon. Having been on board for over six weeks, seeing no persons but ourselves, you would be astonished to see what a sensation the appearance of the strangers in our midst created—something similar to what you can imagine would occur should some of the sons of the moon visit our earth. I felt disposed to view them closely to see if they were really like ourselves.

“Sabbath, 15. Had preaching on board. More present than

last day. All orderly and attentive. What the result of these poor efforts shall be, time only can disclose. The day was lovely. I cannot describe my feelings as I joined in songs of praise on the mighty deep.

“Wednesday, 18. We can notice quite a change in the temperature. We see a number of birds—“Mother Carey’s chickens”—and sea hens. The latter are about the size of a spruce partridge, but the wings are longer and broader, of a dark brown colour. They are busy fishing them up with hook and line. I suppose that J—— would like the sport of fishing birds, as he fishes trout.

“Monday, 23. Almost calm, weather cool and comfortable. Fished two birds to-day, Albatrosses. They are only found in the latitude of the Cape. Those taken to-day are small. One measured between the tips of his wings seven feet, and yet it would not weigh twelve pounds. It is web-footed, but has only three toes, and nothing corresponding to the thumb which is found in other birds. Its back is of a dark brown colour, and belly white, has a pretty head, and *charming black eyes, which always give beauty*.* Its bill bears some resemblance to that of a goose, but is longer, and a little turned down at the extremity. It spends most of its time on the wing, and when there is a strong breeze will wheel round to every point of the compass without flapping its wings, but just giving them a slight cant. It is wonderful to see them sailing in this manner against the wind. To appearance they remain on the wing as easily as you sit upon your chair. It was brought upon deck without receiving any injury, but still it could not rise from the floor and escape. They can only rise from the water, and it is doubtful if they can rise from the water on a calm day. It was most curious to see the composed and old-fashioned way it stepped round among us.

“Saturday, 28. Lon. E. $2^{\circ} 41'$, Lat. S. $37^{\circ} 16'$. We find the weather much cooler than we would expect at this season of the year, in this latitude. The thermometer stands night and day between 60 and 70 degrees. This in Nova Scotia would be considered very pleasant weather. But having for some time experienced constant heat night and day, we do not enjoy so low

* A humorous allusion to his own eyes, which were very dark.

a temperature as we would once have done. The south winds, which we had ever been accustomed to regard as the most pleasant and warm of all the breezes that swept over our globe, we find cool and chilling—rather cool to be pleasant; while the north winds, hitherto so dreaded on account of their chilliness and piercing cold, are now warm and delightful. Time is gliding away rapidly and pleasantly. A large portion of our time is spent in reading. My reading consists of history, Ecclesiastical and Secular, Theology, Astronomy, Travels, Poetry, Biography, and treatises on various religious subjects. I am thus endeavouring to improve the present in making some compensation for my want of acquaintance with those who only live in the present by the productions of their pens. When for months we have our abode out on the *solitary* ocean, we then *begin* to realize the worth of books, the inestimable value of the press. Down upon the mighty deep, in our wooden home unceasingly rocking from side to side, shut out from all intercourse with the busy world, no associate who will edify and elevate the mind,—in such circumstances how pleasant to peruse the pages of some volume containing the thoughts and feelings of some great and learned mind! Here you may associate with the best, greatest, wisest, and most learned men that have ever lived in our world.

“Thus our time is passing away most pleasantly while we are cut off from friends, society, and from that active life which had been our lot up to the eve of our embarkation. We regard it as a great favour to have it in our power to devote so much time to reading. Our constant prayer is that, through the Divine blessing, the hours thus spent may increase our usefulness in the foreign field. We do not feel the time long. I believe it matters little where a person is, if he is only actually employed, time will not hang heavily upon his hands. But let a man be unemployed, it matters little where he is, it may be amidst riches, honours, splendour, and still time passes by heavily—he is constantly devising means to ‘kill time.’

“Sat. 11. We are now about 4000 miles from Melbourne. This to you will appear to be a long distance, but to us who have come so far, it seems quite short, and we feel as if we were almost there. As our supply of water is becoming small, we are

becoming more anxious. When we have so many passengers and a small quantity of water, a few days is a matter of great importance. May He who has so kindly preserved and provided for our wants, still continue his goodness towards us, until we reach our desired haven.

“Mon. 13. We are still favoured with fine breezes. Averaging about *eight* miles an hour. The wind fair and the sea being smooth, our ship glides along as smoothly as though she were lying at anchor. It is now a long time since the soles of our feet have rested upon the dry land, and our eyes been cheered by the varied beauties of land scenery.

“But we have not found a life at sea, so monotonous as one would imagine. Among the many things which have interested, amused and awakened deep and pleasing emotions in our bosoms, I may mention the setting sun. Had I the power to do with words what the skilled artist so admirably executes with his pencil, I would present to your mind’s eye, for your admiration, this most magnificent scene. It far surpasses anything of the kind that I have ever seen at home. The sun, as he gently sinks in the ‘far West,’ increases in apparent size and brightness. His rays then begin to tinge the clouds floating in the atmosphere. Around him we have the rich golden hue, and passing from the more immediate rays, we have every possible variety of colours and shades of colours presented to our view. Far on the right and left, clouds protected from the sun’s rays, rise in black dismal columns, one above the other, giving an awful, yet sublime grandeur to the whole scene. Over head, the beautiful waved cloudy painting, with pleasing and mild grandeur recedes far in the distance—far surpassing in mild and pleasing richness and beauty any colours that glow on canvass. Thus in a few minutes, the sun has erected a glorious temple for the God of nature, before which the most noble, rich and gorgeous temple or edifice that has ever been piled up upon earth, sinks into utter insignificance. Who would not adore, admire, and reverence the great God who has given the elements of nature fixed laws, by which in a few minutes, they present to the eye a scene of such matchless grandeur and sublimity? God has “set a tabernacle for the sun,” and that tabernacle the sun

frequently adorns with a beauty and splendour which the soul admires; and fills it with the purest and noblest emotions, but which no words can express. I cannot conceive of anything more splendid, than a view of the setting sun, down on the Southern Seas.

"Thurs. 23. Just 12 weeks to-day since we came on board the "Herbert." Words cannot express our grounds for gratitude to our heavenly Father for all his goodness to us while upon the mighty deep. We have some rough weather now, but nothing that causes danger. The vessel rocks about a little, and this we like as a change. You would be quite amused to see us at table some days. One hand holding on to the table, the other holding a plate. Where is the hand to use in eating? I have at times felt the want of another hand. Then, there goes a cup of tea, there a plate of soup into a lady's lap, there a plate of potatoes, or some are hurled from the table. Some are thrown against it, It would be quite amusing to a person stationed upon dry land to watch us. We enjoy good health, and I am often astonished that my present living agrees with me so well.

"Mon. 27, Lat. 42° S. Long. 120° E. To-day we had the last plate of potatoes set before us, and you may depend upon it I did ample justice to them. I have from this time out to live without vegetables, fruit or milk. But my digestive organs seem to accommodate themselves to our living wonderfully.

"Wed. 29, Lat. 40° S. Long. 125° E. To-day completes the winter season, the whole of which we have spent out on the wide ocean. I cannot realize that one of our cold, long dreary winters has passed away since we left. I sometimes try to picture out before my mind, how you are all situated at home—the country clad in white garments—the sleds, sleighs, bells—some trembling and freezing in the cold, others crawling up to the hearth and shoving their toes close to the scorching fire—the cattle shivering about the barns. How different to what we have been experiencing. Many and varied winds have carried us far from home and friends. As week after week, and month after month, we have been gliding over the surface of the mighty deep, and nothing but one continued sheet of water presented to our view, the incomprehensible extent of the ocean has been

more and more deeply impressed upon my mind. We have sailed about 17,000 miles, and seen no limits—passed the various climes, and seen no bounds. Oh, thou mighty deep, thy treasures are exhaustless! A surface of over 147,000,000 square miles thou presentest to the sun, and 61,471,872,000,000,000 cubic feet are contained within thy channels. From this exhaustless store, more than thirty millions of millions of cubic feet of water daily rise, which are wafted by wind over every continent, watering and fertilizing the earth, feeding fountains and supplying numerous streams. The power also of the briny deep equals its greatness. Its monstrous look terrifies, its angry billow tosses, roars out, and rends to atoms whatever it will. As I have been pacing the deck, in solitude at night, thus reflecting upon the power and greatness of the ocean, passages of Scripture have burst upon my mind, with a power and simple sublimity far above what I had ever before realized—such as Isa. xl. 12, Job xxxviii. 8–12, Ps. cxxxv. 6, 7, &c. Oh, Christian friend, rejoice in the great power of that arm whence thy help cometh, which will not suffer thy foot to slide, shielding from the sun by day, and moon by night, and preserving thy going out, and coming in for evermore!

“Mon. 5, Lat. 40° S. Long. 140° E. The weather has become very warm and pleasant. All are anxiously looking for land, and very impatient, especially to-day, as the wind is so light. No wonder. It is a long time not to see land, not to taste milk, to live apart from all society. I have almost forgotten that there is an active humming world of human beings in existence. At times, I almost feel as if this was the ark into which the whole world had been crowded, and that apart from us, there existed nothing but one wide solitude. But I hope that my eyes will soon behold that which will dispel this gloomy delusion. We were a little startled this morning at breakfast table, by the carpenter coming in and telling us that there were only twenty pails of water on board, for though near the land, it may be a number of days before we reach it.

“I had intended to give you some account of the initiatory pleasures of gold digging. But I have not time now. If those who have the gold fever could see what those endure who go in

search of that precious metal, their fever would rapidly abate, and they would soon be found in their right mind.

“It is morning with us, but you are just gathering round the family hearth on Sabbath. You little know where we are, how we are situated, what we are doing. But let us rejoice that we are in the care of the same great, good, kind, and powerful Keeper.

“Wednesday, March 7. At 3 o'clock this morning, the cry ‘land, ho!’ resounded through the ship, awakening a thrill in every bosom not to be described. On reaching the deck, we saw the land like a dim cloud stretching along the horizon in the distance. It was truly refreshing and enlivening to rest our eyes once more upon the *dry land*, after having beheld nothing but one dreary expanse of water for nearly 100 days. The land proved to be Cape Otway, about 100 miles from Melbourne.

“Thursday, 8. Fine breezes sprang up last evening, and continued all night. We were especially thankful for this, as our supply of water was nearly exhausted, and we had been on a scanty allowance for some days. The pilot came on board this morning from ‘the Heads,’ the entrance to the Bay, about 40 miles from Melbourne. The appearance of a stranger in our midst created quite a sensation—all the passengers crowding round to get a peep at the new comer, as though he had been a visitor from one of the planets. You will not be surprised at this when you remember that for months we have seen no face except those who are with us. A fine breeze speedily drove us into port. Thus our long voyage has terminated most pleasantly, as well as prosperously. Immediately boats from the wharf gathered around us, and in a short time those who had been so long closeted together were separated, no more to meet until we reach the eternal shores. As the ship gently glided into the harbour, furled her canvass, dropped her anchor, and for the first time sank into quiet repose upon the placid waters, my thoughts were involuntarily carried to the haven of eternal rest—to the hour when the weary pilgrim of earth draws nigh to the port called heaven, beholds the opening gates of the celestial city, plants his feet upon the portals of the heavenly mansions, and catches a glimpse of the unutterable glories of

the New Jerusalem. At that happy moment, how every fibre of the soul must thrill with most exquisite delight and joy—joy and gladness that the voyage of life, with all its sore trials, toils, and dangers, is over, and the eternal joys and felicities of heaven are in sure and full possession. As these reflections pressed upon my mind, my soul breathed forth the prayer that He who stands at the helm of affairs, would grant unto us such a happy and prosperous voyage down the stream of time, into the port where sin and sorrow never enter, and where peace and joy never end.

“Friday, 9. We did not land till this morning. Hence you may imagine that we were not very restless or uneasy. No; we felt as if we were leaving home when we left the old ship. Every thing about her had become so familiar to us, and our dear little room we can never forget. But when we landed, the sight of land, trees, houses, fruit, and grass made us almost forget that we were in a strange land. Bessie acted just like a bird escaping from a cage. But I trust that in the midst of our joy and rejoicing, we did not forget the goodness and kindness, which our heavenly Father had manifested towards us since we had left our homes. May our friends not forget to render thanks to Him who is the God of missions for the favour and mercy which he has extended to us since we left, and may you all be encouraged to ask for us still greater things, in the full assurance that he will hear and answer your prayers.”

At Melbourne they were received with great kindness. Christian friends did all that was requisite for their comfort, and to forward the objects of their mission. From this place he thus writes :

“We are residing with Rev. Mr. Ramsay, of the U. P. church, one of those ministers, who did not unite with those who united about a year ago. He and his good lady are as parents to us, and we feel quite at home here. God has thus kindly provided a happy home for us here in a strange land. Oh may we love him more and more! Rev. R. Hamilton, who also stood aloof from the union, is also very kind to us. In a word we have many friends raised up to us here.

“As I was entering Mr. Hamilton’s church on Sabbath evening, Rev. A. Sunderland, whose name you may have frequently seen in connexion with the voyages of the John Williams, stepped up to me. He informed me who he was, that he was well acquainted with Mr. Geddie and our mission, and would be happy to render me any assistance in his power. I did, and do still regard him as one sent to us by Him, whose cause we would advance, to assist and direct us in his work. The assistance and service which we have received from him are invaluable, perhaps will yet be felt and acknowledged by our church.

“Mr. S. informed me that a vessel would sail from this port to Tanna in the course of a week or two. I regard this as very providential. A vessel seldom or never sails from Melbourne to the Polynesian isles. Hence a vessel sailing to Tanna so soon after our arrival we would regard as the doings of Him, who has promised to be with his servants until the end of time. We are now waiting until this vessel sails. To go directly from this place will save much time, expense and trouble. It had been my constant prayer that we might be thus favoured, and I trust that our prayers have been thus answered.

“We are very happy and contented. The nearer I reach my work, the more anxious I am to be engaged in it, and the greater pleasure do I feel in looking forward to it. We find the weather here very warm, equal to our hottest summer weather. We have abundance of fruit, and are getting seeds to take with us. We are also getting some more supplies, and such materials as we will need for building purposes.

“Oh, that our dear Christian friends at home may not forget to render sincere thanks to the God of missions for his goodness, mercy, and condescension, in so far and so largely prospering those whom your church has commissioned to carry the everlasting gospel to the benighted nations! May none fail to regard this as an evidence that the mission enterprise is an object dear to the God of heaven; also as an evidence that, however weak and unworthy we may be, yet he has chosen us to the glorious work, and will be with us while we continue to serve him according to our ability in the work. Brethren, cease not to support

us by your united prayers, and you shall hear still greater things from us. Farewell."

Regarding that place and his residence there, he thus writes under date, April 7th, 1860.

"A gracious Providence provided a kind home for us while there. We were treated with so much parental kindness and tenderness, that we almost forgot that we were far from home, and among strangers, and we were encouraged and rejoiced to see the interest which was manifested in our work, and to listen to the many earnest prayers offered up on our behalf and for our cause. May the Hearer of prayer answer. May we never forget the hand which has so kindly and liberally provided for us, so unworthy of such favours. We feel encouraged to ask more, and to go forward in this great work.

"How imperfect the idea we form of a distant land from the reports we hear respecting it! How many multitudes come to this land to make their fortunes, but only meet with disappointments, toils, trials, and temptations. It is a common saying here, that those who come to this country leave their religion and character behind them. Men who at home were regarded as honest, religious men, have when they have been here a short time quite a different character, are dishonest, Sabbath-breaking, drinking, &c. When men esteem gold more than the treasures of heaven, when they will undertake to compass sea and land to seek riches before they seek Christ, God appears to leave them wholly to themselves, the temptations of a wicked world and Satan's power. Is not this what we might expect? If men love and seek the world more than God and heaven, will not God give them this world as their portion? Ah, and a sad portion it is, as many have learned from sad experience, for the gold which these who are regarded as fortunate have secured, has been to them the greatest curse that ever came upon them!

"What is true of persons is true of the whole country and people. Has the gold made this a happy land and people? No. There is a universal complaint of dishonesty and want of principle. Man cannot trust man. Drink, pleasure, ending in

misery, insanity, and most wretched death and shame, prevail. Men drink, women drink, all drink. Pleasure of all kinds from the more innocent down to the most vicious and degrading, is the general pursuit.

“The churches are swept away by the tide, ministers fall before it, and I believe all more or less are borne down by the current. The world to a lamentable extent leavens everything. Such are some of the most prominent characteristics of the land, which in the imagination of the men of the world is a paradise on earth. And it is just such a paradise, as the things which worldly men court will make. Oh, that men were wise, and they would not set their hearts so much upon this world !

CHAPTER IX.

FROM MELBOURNE TO THE NEW HEBRIDES.

AFTER about three weeks' residence in Melbourne they sailed for the islands in a vessel which was expected to visit the Samoas and the Fiji Islands before visiting the New Hebrides. This was a circuitous course, but as by it they could take advantage of the trade winds, whereas by a direct route to Aneiteum they were liable to head winds and a long passage, it was believed that much time would not be lost. We shall give in his own words a narrative of his voyage and visit to the Fijis, as given in letters to his brother and the Board.

“On Monday, April 2, after solemn prayer at Mr. Ramsay's house, in which the Rev. J. P. Sunderland, R. Hamilton, A. M. Ramsay, and myself engaged, we took an affectionate farewell of our kind hostess and the family. The brethren accompanied us to the ship, where we with full hearts took a last farewell of those, from whom we had received so much kindness and attention in a strange land.

“The vessel was a schooner of 133 tons register, had three masts, but with yards only on the foremast. She was well built, strong and tight. She was from Dundee, and the captain and mate were from the same place.

The second mate was a native of Charlotte Town, P. E. I.

“The accommodations on board were very inferior But I suppose that they are better than the great Apostle Paul had during his missionary voyages in the Mediterranean Sea.

“When we first began a sea-faring life we could scarcely have reconciled ourselves to them, but by living so long upon the sea, we have become quite like sailors, can put up with their accommodations and fare, and also feel quite satisfied, happy and at home. Thus our heavenly Father has kindly and tenderly brought us along and gradually prepared us for what awaited us, so that we scarcely feel that we are or have been enduring any privations.*

“Though for several days before, the agents had promised us that the vessel would sail that day, yet the day passed away and she remained at the wharf. We did not leave the vessel.

“There were on board fourteen passengers—ten men, two women, and two children, bound for the Fijis. Intercourse with the Pacific Islands is rapidly increasing. Their resources are being developed, and their products brought into the market. We have even increasing evidences on every side, that these isles, hitherto so little

* Most of our readers are aware that now provision has been made for the safe and rapid conveyance of our missionaries by the missionary vessel “Dayspring,” supplied for their use by the liberality of the youth of the Presbyterian Churches in Australia and Nova Scotia. The difficulties to which Mr. Johnston was subjected in obtaining a passage, the time lost by the circuitous route by the other islands, and the discomforts on board these vessels, will show the value of such an aid to the mission work on the islands.

ented, and so much cut off from the rest of the world, will soon be frequented, and brought near to the civilized and commercial portions of our globe. Oh! may the church be zealous to have the heralds of the cross to precede the men of the world—the gospel to go before trade. Then shall our commercial intercourse with these isolated portions of our earth bring additional comforts and happiness to the great body politic, and glory to the heavenly kingdom, which Christ came to our world to establish, for the glory of his Father, and for the present and eternal happiness of the human race.

“On Tuesday the tug boat towed us down the river Yarra in the bay about nine miles. Here we dropped anchor, and remained until yesterday. Every day as it passed, the promise was we shall sail to-morrow. We spent the week on board the schooner, anxiously awaiting from day to day. At length on Sabbath morning the pilot came on board, and we soon weighed anchor and once more committed ourselves to the winds and the waves. There was no Sabbath on board. I felt sad, but it was not in my power to control men over whom I had no authority. We only sailed to the Heads, about forty miles, when we had to lay to for the night. This is all we gained by our Sabbath desecration. Oh! that men would fear and serve God, and they would find that it would not interfere with their prosperity!

“For the next two days we had fine days, and light winds passing through Bass’s Straits. The Australian shore and the islands adjacent are rocky and barren, much resembling the southern shores of Nova Scotia. We did not see Van Dieman’s Land.

“We found this vessel quite different from the large ship in which we came out. For nearly two weeks we were rocked and rolled, and tumbled about without a minute’s rest, night or day. At night, when I was rolling about in my berth, and in vain trying to sleep, I sometimes wondered how I used to sleep so soundly in my cradle. The sailors said they never saw a vessel that rolled so much, and so quickly. They could not walk the decks without some support. I realized the force of the expression, ‘Thou restless ocean.’ Bessie was very sick, the motion of the vessel being so different from that of the other, and so much greater.

“The first few days after we left Bass’s Straits we had very favourable wind. After that it blew strong from the S. E. and E.; a very unusual wind for this parallel of latitude. Hence, we were compelled to leave our course, and to head almost directly for the New Hebrides. As we day after day slowly approached the long-looked for shores, I almost began to hope that a kind Providence would bring us directly to our destination. The captain also promised that if that wind continued, he would call and land us. But on the 23d, at about 6 P. M., through the influence of certain parties on board, when we were about 24 hours’ sail from Aneiteum, the wind fair, and when I felt that our long journey was all but accomplished—that we were at the door—the command ‘tack ship’ fell painfully upon my ears. My feelings at that moment I shall never forget. For a time I would not be resigned. I felt that it would not be so. I could not leave the work brought so near; and my missionary friends almost in sight. I felt sad that the supplies, &c., brought so near to them should

be taken away from them, I know not how long. But the vessel's bow was turned, and she speedily bore us away from those loved scenes. But carnal nature rebelled, and I found feelings and desires arising in my bosom, not in accordance with the pure and beautiful spirit of the gospel. I wished that God would punish these selfish men, and frustrate their selfish schemes. I turned away from the captain in disgust; saying, 'He would never lament doing good service to God's cause; but he might yet lament doing the opposite.' My feelings seemed to turn with loathing from those around me, and I felt that I could not associate with beings so indifferent to the interests of Christ's kingdom. It was a trying hour. I besought God to forgive my impatience, improper feelings, and to give me right principles, feelings, patience, and perfect submission to his will.

"After tacking ship, we made little progress. Most of those on board were from the gold diggings, and I find that persons from gold fields do little else but talk about gold, play cards, drink rum, or quarrel with each other. You know little about the price which those who get gold pay for it. In general it is selling their souls for yellow dust. None but those who value gold more than holiness, morals, and peace with God, would ever come here to seek gold, if they knew what was to be their lot here and the influences brought to bear upon them here. You must see before you can know or realize the truth of what I am now saying.

"We had very pleasant weather, only a little too warm at night. We had fine sailing breezes, but for a time almost dead ahead, and we consequently made but little progress. This afforded us time for reflection.

“My thoughts often wandered away to the vale of Stewiacke. I thought of what was going on there—the husbandmen busy preparing the land for the reception of the seed—the fields becoming green, the flocks beginning to nibble the springing grass, and all things appearing fresh, cheerful, and animating. Oh I would have liked to get a peep of those scenes! I hope that our friends in Stewiacke will not forget the proposal I made to them. I feel that they will not.

“On Sabbath, May 6, at daylight the Island of Kentava was seen in the distance like a dim cloud stretching along the horizon. It is one of the windward islands of the Fiji group. As we drew nigh, a cloud of mist hung over the land, deeply concealing its features—emblematical of the deep spiritual darkness which envelopes these fair Isles, shutting out the glorious light of the blessed gospel, and all its benign influences. But the rays of the rising sun are dispelling the clouds, and revealing the beauties and richness of the landscape. Oh! may the rays of the Sun of righteousness fall upon benighted nations, dispelling the spiritual darkness, and revealing to their minds the glories of the cross, the way of life, the pleasures that endure for evermore, and the felicities of the bright land that is afar off. My eyes now for the first time rested upon a heathen land. It was with peculiar feelings, that I realized that I was now in sight of a land inhabited by *naked* savages, who know not the Saviour, worship idols, the work of men’s hands. What more dismal and melancholy scene could be brought before my mind, than that which mine eyes now beheld. Oh! may my heart be rightly affected by this sight. May

sympathy for the perishing fill my soul, and zeal for God's glory fire my bosom. May fervent desire to promote the honor of His name prompt me to unflagging, and self-denying efforts for the salvation of the world perishing in sin and darkness.

“On Monday, 7, we came to anchor in the harbour of Levuka. The name of the island is Ovalau. The pilot soon came off in his boat having on board two natives naked, except the narrow wrapper about three inches wide round the waist. The natives came off in their canoes, and soon hundreds of these naked beings crowded around us. I shall not soon forget my feelings as I for the first time stood in the presence of naked heathen men and women. I at first felt that I could not allow them to come near me. I shuddered at the sight, and thought it impossible to live with and love such beings, and I felt that I would gladly hasten back to my native land. But then I asked myself, why was I not a naked savage? Why had I enjoyed the comforts, joys, and blessings of civilized, Christian life? And why had I the prospects of heaven before me? As I thus reflected, my mind was drawn out in sympathy for those poor naked heathen, and I felt (if I am not deceived) that I would not leave them—that my greatest happiness would be in labouring to clothe, enlighten, elevate, and save them. But I had a sore struggle with my feelings. Their condition was so disgusting and repulsive. Can you conceive yourself surrounded by a crowd of naked men and women, and these degraded beings who eat each other? Such has been our position. It is truly painful and humbling to see those of our own race, so dead to the sense of

shame, so brutish in their appearance and movements, and so destitute of everything noble and exalted. How mysterious that a portion of the human family should be left without salvation and knowledge, and allowed to become so beastly, degraded, and vile. I felt in my heart that if the Christian Church could but see their poor, naked, degraded fellow-beings, they would certainly, for the sake of their common humanity, put forth united efforts for their benefit.

“In the afternoon we went on shore and wandered about alone. We met some heathen with clubs. I shuddered as I looked upon them, and thought that these men eat each other, and kill one another with these very clubs. But we walked up to them, and they shook hands with us with a most pleasant smile, and I thought to myself, is it possible that these men eat, and devour, and kill each other? I took their clubs into my hands, and so did Bessie. They jabbered away to us, but of course we did not understand. We visited some of their houses. We found our way to Mr. Binners, a missionary teacher who resides here. We spent a most pleasant and profitable afternoon with him and his good lady. As to scenery and the productions of nature, we were constantly delighted and amused. Every thing was new, interesting, and pleasant to us. We felt as if we were in another world, and you will easily imagine that I asked some questions. Bessie said she was ashamed of me. I was so constantly inquiring, that I would give them no peace. We were just like children let into a toy shop, that had never seen one before, running about and asking, what is this and what is that for? clapping their

hands, laughing, so I felt at times tempted to jump and clap my hands.

“On Tuesday, 8, we sailed round the island to Port Kinnaird, where is the residence of the British Consul, Mr. Pritchard, the son of a missionary who went out with John Williams to Raratonga or Tahiti. We had on board the chief or king of the Islands, and a number of inferior chiefs as attendants. We felt ourselves somewhat honoured, to have on board such a royal party, especially as they would pull the ropes with the sailors and do a large part of the vessel's work. It is not every ship that is manned with kings and chieftains. The head chief, Tui Levuka, ate dinner with us in the cabin. He behaved very politely, and used knife and fork well. But as I thought that this very man had eaten men and women—that these teeth had chewed human flesh, I almost trembled, and felt inclined to leave the table. But still the man was as pleasant and had as smiling and benevolent a countenance as the best of us. We reached Port Kinnaird in the evening, and the consul came on board. He is a pleasant-looking man. He treated us with great respect, and gave us a kind invitation to visit him. A sister lives with him. He is the first white man who has ever resided on this part of the island, and ours is the first vessel of any size, which has ever sailed up this harbour. The natives therefore flocked around us in great numbers, while we remained here.

“On the following day I went on shore with the consul and a number of others, to take a cruise through the country and woods. It was most delightful to wander about amidst the rich, varied, and luxuriant

productions of these tropical isles. There we saw growing wild and spontaneously, oranges, lemons, ginger, cocoanuts, nutmegs, bread-fruit, &c. Well, would you like to play about among these woods, and pick and eat oranges, &c., and just as many as you wished? The grass was much taller than ourselves, and as I wandered through it, I thought of the man who mowed all day without seeing the sun. You cannot form an idea of the rapid growth of plants, fruits, and trees in this country. The forests are always green—some trees in blossom, some covered with green fruit and some with ripe, some vegetables just springing above the ground, others ripe, and so on. It is the beginning of their winter now, but you never saw so beautiful a summer as we are enjoying here. It is not quite so warm as our hottest days in summer. But it is warm night and day. I do not feel the heat oppressive. We both enjoy the climate very much. I never had better health. I am getting quite fleshy and healthy-looking. I am fattening on oranges and fruit of various kinds. I do not pay twelve and a half cents for an orange here, as I have seen some do. Two needles will buy a peck of splendid oranges and a half a bushel of lemons. So we have as many of these as we wish to eat, and one of these is worth two or three of the best you ever saw.

“On Friday, the 11th, we took a sail with the natives, in one of their canoes. The party consisted of three native teachers, one heathen and ourselves. They could not speak a word of English. We set out for the isle of Bau, about the distance of fifteen miles, where lives the great king and where some Wesleyan Missionaries reside. They chattered and jabbered away to

us, but we could not understand a word. Here we were alone in a heathen land, with those who a few years ago were savage cannibals, and one of whom is still a heathen. We could not speak to them nor they to us. We knew not where they might take us. As these and such like thoughts were passing through my mind I almost trembled. But they seemed so kind and pleasant that I soon felt quite at ease, and as safe as if I had been in your old canoe with yourself. Something having gone wrong about the sail, they hove to near the land, and all sprung out and off to the shore, like as many musk rats, leaving us all alone in the canoe. We did not know what might come next, or whether we might not be deserted here. But soon we saw the fellows climbing the trees and cutting down vines which run up the trees, like hops upon poles. They soon came on board with these, which are Fiji ropes, and with them they soon put their canoe in sailing order. Thus you see that nature provides for these poor natives almost every thing they want. They left the heathen on shore, and we sailed on. After a time, they commenced bellowing out occasionally, like so many bulls of Bashan. In a short time he emerged from the woods and came off to us. He had some fire in his hands, with which they lighted their pipes. Finally it became rough, and our little canoe began to pitch and plunge about very much. But we felt quite safe. We enjoyed our sail very much. Had you been stationed in some place, where you could have seen us and heard all, you would have been greatly amused. When we reached we were very kindly received by the missionaries. But they were astonished at our courage, and

gave us a good lecturing for venturing to sail such a distance in one of these fragile crafts. But we were ignorant of the danger, and felt as happy and as safe as if we had been on land. How constantly are we dependent upon the care and protection of our heavenly Father. How often he saves and protects us when we are in danger, unknown to ourselves. Oh! that we would therefore love and trust in Him now. We remained here four days, and they sent us back in their little schooner. This will give you an idea of the things we have seen, and the way in which we have spent our time.

“During the time that we were on these islands, I had an opportunity of seeing the operations and results of the Wesleyan Mission among these islands. Our friends at home have not had so full and frequent accounts of the operations of this society in the South Seas, as they have had of other societies engaged in the good work on these islands. A few general statements respecting the doings of the Wesleyan Mission, in Polynesia, I trust, will therefore be both interesting and profitable.

“The *Mission Field* occupied in Polynesia, by the *Wesleyans*, according to mutual arrangements with other societies, is the Tongan, or Friendly, and Fijian Islands. The first efforts made towards the Christianization of these people, were the landing of 10 mechanics, from the ship ‘Duff,’ Captain Wilson, on the Friendly Islands, in the year 1797. They met with little success. Three of them were cruelly clubbed, one apostatized to Paganism, and the rest through privations, and continued discouragements, were glad to embrace the op-

portunity of being removed from these islands in 1800. After this, these islands appear to be neglected, until the arrival of the Rev. Mr. Lawry, in Tonga, in the year 1822. He, however, did not remain long, and the evangelization of these Isles was not efficiently and permanently commenced, until the arrival of Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Thomas, and Mr. and Mrs. Hutchison, in 1826. Since this period, the Wesleyan Missionaries exclusively have laboured on the Tonga and Fiji Islands. Mr. and Mrs. Thomas still survive, but they retired from the work last year. The first dawn of success beamed on the mission in the year 1827, since which time their labours have been abundantly blessed; until it may now be said the Tonguese are a Christian people. In the Friendly Islands, the Wesleyans at the present time have 5 European Missionaries, and eight ordained native assistant Missionaries. They have 150 chapels, 147 day-schools, 647 day-scholars, 144 local preachers, 890 class leaders, 7,874 full and accredited church members, and the total number of attendants on public worship is 19,874. The united population of the Friendly Islands is estimated at about 50,000. The Tonguese are represented as being an energetic, daring, and intellectual people—bearing a strong resemblance to the Samoans.

“In 1835, the Wesleyan Society extended their mission operations from Tonga to the Fiji Islands. For a long time their missionaries met with little encouragement—labouring amidst many sore privations, cruel persecutions, frequent threats from the heathen that they would be *clubbed*, and perils on the sea and on the land. The first missionaries to these islands were most

faithful and indefatigable men. They continued to persevere in the face of the most disheartening difficulties and opposition. Many of these have entered into their rest, without seeing any pleasing results from their labours. But during the last few years the mission has met with remarkable, and seldom equalled success. So that the present missionaries say: "Other men have laboured, and we have entered into their labours." Of all the numerous groups of islands in Polynesia, Fiji is the most extensive, valuable and populous. The Fijians are emphatically a nation of cruel, awful cannibals. One of the missionaries in endeavouring to give me an idea of Fijian character, said it just accorded with Paul's description of the heathen in Romans, 1st chapter, and 26th verse, to the end. But a glorious change has been wrought upon many of these degraded people. The entire population of Fiji is about 300,000. Of these, 60,000 have *lotued*—professed Christianity. There are in Fiji 7 missionaries, 2 English school-masters, 10 ordained native assistant missionaries, 253 local preachers, 298 chapels, 483 day-schools, 21,917 scholars; fully and accredited church members 12,000, and about 30,000 who can now read the Scriptures. Thus, through the labours of a few devoted servants of God, 30,000 Fijians, who a few years ago knew not that there is one true God and Saviour, Jesus Christ, can read the Bible. But if you ask the great majority of this multitude, "Understand ye what ye read?" they will reply, "How can we understand, except some one *teach* us?" How sad! that freedom from the restraints of civilization, the love of pleasure, sin and money, will induce multitudes to come and reside in heathen lands, while so few

will volunteer to come to teach those who are perishing for lack of knowledge. Christendom has good reason to blush, that so many go forth from her shores, not to diffuse her blessings and privileges, but to render the condition of heathen nations still more degraded, miserable and hopeless. The missionaries complain that wherever foreigners reside, they counteract their labours, by their counsels and ungodly example. I have seen the most baneful and painful influence which the whites exert over the natives. Among the evils they have introduced and promote is, drunkenness. Tui Levuka, king of Ovalau, a promising young man, has yielded to the temptation, and is rapidly sinking to ruin. The missionaries and native converts have prayed and laboured to save him. On one occasion, as the missionary was speaking very plainly and faithfully to the king, he replied, "It is no use speaking to me. You cannot tell me anything about the badness of my heart and the evils of drunkenness that I do not know, but I *cannot give up my grog*. Ask me to give you my pigs—this is difficult, but still I *can* do it. Ask me to give you my *wife*, I *love* her, but still I *can* give her up. Ask me to give you my land—and what *can* I do without my land? but still I can give it up; but I *cannot* do what you ask—give up my *grog*. I must have my *grog*, though. I know it is my ruin, and will be the DAMNATION OF MY SOUL." This man acquired his unconquerable love of strong drink from those who call themselves "*moderate temperance men*." When men-of-war are lying here, the officers always have the king on board daily to dine with them, and always gave him what they call a *social glass*. Here you see the result. Let those who enter

tain moderate views respecting the temperance reform, listen to this man's confession, and tremble. I tremble when I reflect upon the misery, ruin, and awful eternal results which the example and influence of those, who hold that it is right to take a *social* glass, may and do produce. No, my friends, let us for the sake of humanity and the honour of God, adopt the motto, "taste not, handle not, touch not," and we shall never to the latest ages of eternity have cause to regret it.

"A few general remarks. The gospel is now exerting a powerful influence over the entire population, even over the heathen, so that the horrid practice of cannibalism is no more; wars have ceased, and you may now go anywhere in safety. I have heard the whites lamenting, and saying: 'It is not now as it was once. A few years ago we could purchase any amount of native produce with muskets, balls and powder. Then every tribe was engaged in fighting; but now they have left off fighting, and care nothing about our *guns* and *powder*.' This complaint speaks volumes respecting the nature of the gospel, and the influence it exerts over the minds of men. Let this glorious gospel be diffused through the world, and we shall have universal peace.

"My heart is made glad as I have an opportunity of seeing the great and glorious change wrought upon this people by the gospel of peace. My heart thrills with joy, as I meet with those who a few years ago were cannibal savages in the school, in the class-room, in the house of prayer; hear them sing the songs of Zion; see them reverently bow the knee in prayer, and attentively listen to the gospel message. Never have I experienced more pleasure, in seeing the man of God enter the sanc-

tuary and ascend the pulpit, than I have experienced in beholding the native ordained preacher, enter the native house of worship, clad in a white shirt, a robe of native cloth round his waist, flowing down to his knees, a black coat on top of the shirt, bare head, neck, and feet, and the sacred Scriptures under his arm, gravely pass along through a crowd of worshippers sitting cross-legged upon the floor, take his stand at the sacred desk, and with apparent earnestness and solemnity proclaim Jesus and the everlasting gospel to his fellow-men. What a marvellous change! A few years ago his greatest delight was to club and eat men and women. Now, he loves them, weeps over their lost, wretched condition, and is in earnest to bring them to Christ, and to eternal holiness and happiness.

“Perhaps there is no change which the gospel has wrought upon this people, that more forcibly strikes the stranger, than their observance of the Sabbath. A solemn stillness prevails all around. You feel that it is a day of rest, *singa tambu*, a sacred day. In this matter they are an example to Christendom. I have shuddered, as I have seen the white men (some from Christian, Sabbath-observing Scotland), take their guns, and go to the woods for pleasure and for hunting on the Sabbath, while the natives all around were keeping the day *tambu*, sacred. Oh what an awful position such men will occupy in the day of judgment! Let Christians everywhere unite in earnest and unceasing wrestling with God in prayer for the outpouring of his Spirit upon Christendom, that the masses may be brought under the saving influence of the gospel—may be leavened with Divine truth, so that she may cease to

send forth a multitude of men and women to be a moral pestilence in, and a curse to the countries they visit, or in which they may take up their abode. The more I see of the world the more deeply do I feel that it is the duty of every Christian to keep in his mind the multitudes, who in his own land (many of whom may soon be scattered over the world), live a prayerless, godless life, whose influence is a powerful opposition to the cause of God, and are Satan's mighty army which he is wielding with prodigious effect against the efforts of the Church to extend Christ's glorious kingdom, at home and abroad. Poor Fiji has many a mournful tale to tell respecting the wrongs inflicted upon her by the whites, and the evils they have introduced. I have listened to narratives of the doings of whites in these isles, until my heart has sickened within me. 'A white man wearing nothing but the native *massi*, a narrow strip of native cloth round the waist, eating human flesh as eagerly as any Fiji cannibal;—an Englishman ill-treating and beating his wife, a native woman, until to free herself from her present sufferings and wrongs, she casts herself from a precipice to destroy her life, &c.' Such are the things that we hear respecting the doings of whites on these islands. Surely it is high time that Christian nations were thinking seriously about the influence which multitudes of their people are exerting upon heathen nations. I have written more fully upon this subject, as I believe that our people at home should be well informed respecting the conduct of those abroad. Remember, Nova Scotia is not unrepresented here.

“We were detained among these islands over four

weeks. This was contrary to our engagements, when we took our passage in the vessel. But we had no control over the officers, and had to submit patiently. Our detention here will not cost the Church anything. What we lament is, the loss of time. I trust we shall find hereafter that our time here was not wholly lost. An opportunity has been afforded us to become acquainted with our Methodist brethren, and their mode of conducting mission work. As there is something peculiar to every society and its operations, perhaps we may get some hints here on mission work, which we would not get from our own mission, and which may be valuable to us hereafter. Be that as it may, we have seen much of heathen character, and the mode of instructing and managing a heathen people, and life apart from civilization. We have received much kindness from the Wesleyan missionaries, and feel ourselves under great obligations to them, especially to the Rev. J. S. Fordham of Bau, and Mr. and Mrs. Binner of Ovalau. With the latter persons we resided over two weeks, and received every possible kindness from them. When we meet in a strange land, we forget that we belong to different denominations. Would that Christians at home think less about their peculiar *tenets*, and more about the great object of life, the glory of God, and the salvation of the world."

We may add here an extract from a letter of Mrs. Johnston, giving some farther particulars of missionary work on the Fijis.

"We were at Fiji five weeks. Our vessel called at different islands of the group, and we remained most of the time on shore with the missionaries, where we were most kindly entertained.

I trust our stay here, though causing much delay, has not been wholly unprofitable to us. It gave us an opportunity of seeing more of the native character, and the ways of managing them, the different modes of teaching, &c. We spent one week on the island of Bau, called the metropolis of Fiji, where the greatest chief resides; and where there are now stationed one Wesleyan missionary and a teacher.

“This island but a mile in circumference, contains a population of fifteen hundred; most of whom are now under Christian instruction. The mission work has met with great success on this island. It is only about seven years since a missionary has been permitted to labour among them, and it is said that cannibalism prevailed to a greater extent on this, and the adjacent stations, than on any other part of the group. The Chief, who had been the greatest cannibal, was among the first to embrace Christianity; and, as generally is the case, his influence tended to dispose many others to think well of the new religion, so that now the chapel and school are quite well attended. This chapel will seat about a thousand persons. One would be astonished to see the amount of labour expended on it. The rafters and posts are beautifully ornamented with dyed roots of various colours, and plaited fibres, wound round in different figures. There is said to be over a million yards of this fine plait used in ornamenting, and there is the tying cords beside, of which no small amount is required, seeing there is not a nail to be found in the whole building.

“We also spent a few hours in the school. At the beating of a drum, for there was no bell, at 8 o'clock in the morning over a hundred scholars assembled. After the teacher had gone in and taken his stand they followed in a most orderly manner, seating themselves on the mats; men, women, and children together—many of them with but very little clothing. After the devotional exercises, in which they engaged with all solemnity, they were arranged into different classes, over which five native assistant teachers presided. The English teacher superintending the whole. We were delighted with the order in which the whole was conducted; and pleased to learn that his method of teaching was, as near as could be expected, under the many in-

conveniences which he laboured, *the proper Normal system*. You may know that *I* would not have less confidence in his teaching, when he told me that he was a graduate from a training institution in Scotland. The scholars seemed quite interested in their work—appeared really delighted in singing and marching; and when it came to physical exercises, they entered into them with their *whole heart*. I never saw these exercises performed with more order. The natives on all the islands we have visited have been very kind to us, some of them expressed their kindness by bringing us presents of oranges, lemons, mats, baskets, &c. The report of a vessel at anchor having a missionary on board was soon spread. They wished us to remain on their island, and learning from their missionary that we were for the New Hebrides, insisted that we would be *much better* with them, but seemed glad that another missionary was sent to the heathen. A native was heard one morning at family worship praying that the language of that people would be made easy to us, and that we would be good teachers to the heathen. How simple, yet most touching, these words of the poor native. He had nothing more to give, but these words were uttered with deep earnestness.”

On the 25th June, they arrived at Aneiteum, where their coming caused great joy to the brethren engaged in the work. Mr. Geddie thus writes under date August 3d :

“I need scarcely say that we have been much cheered by the arrival of our new friends. We feel truly thankful that you have sent us persons so amiable in themselves and so fitted for the work in which they are about to engage. I am sure that I express the sentiments of every member of the mission, when I say that we regard them as a valuable addition to our missionary band.”

The island of Aneiteum on which they now landed is the southernmost of the New Hebrides. This group

consists of about thirty islands, some of them of considerable size, extending over a distance of some four hundred miles, between latitude 15° north and 20° south, and longitude 171° and 166° east. With the exception of the Fijis and New Zealand, there is no group in the South Pacific that will bear comparison with the New Hebrides in extent, population, and resources. They are in general of volcanic origin, and present those pictures of beauty and fertility for which the South Sea Islands are so celebrated.

There is considerable variety among the inhabitants, but they have some features in common. They differ from the Malay races, which generally inhabit the islands of the Eastern Pacific, in having more of a negro appearance, and are now generally known as the Melanesian race. The first attempt to introduce the gospel among them, was made in 1839 by John Williams, who landed Samoan teachers on Tanna the day before his death. In the year 1842 Messrs. Nisbet and Turner commenced a mission on Tanna, but after seven months were obliged to leave the island. In the year 1848, the Rev. John Geddie and Mrs. Geddie of the Presbyterian Church of Nova Scotia landed on Aneiteum. This is a small island, the population being about 3,500, but it has the best harbour in the group, and is favourably situated for operating on the neighbouring islands. The people were then sunk in the lowest abominations of heathenism. War, infanticide, strangulation of widows, cannibalism, and crimes not to be named among Christians, prevailed. Mr. and Mrs. Geddie laboured alone for about three years, amid many discouragements, and sometimes in peril of their lives.

In 1852 the Rev. John Inglis, of the Reformed Presbyterian Church of Scotland, arrived. At that time the tide had begun to turn in favour of Christianity, and by the time that Mr. Johnston arrived, the whole population had abandoned heathenism, and were under Christian instruction. All the cruelties and abominations of heathenism had passed away. Schools to the number of sixty were in operation over the whole island. The Sabbath was strictly observed. Family worship, night and morning, was universal, and peace and order prevailed over the whole island. In short, Mr. J. now met a Christian community, where ten years before there was only the most savage heathenism. Mr. J. was much interested in the natives, and the mission work among them; and was much delighted with what he saw of the progress and effects of the gospel on the island. We give his own account of his arrival and impressions.

“After a very tedious passage from the Fijis, and on the morning of the 25th of June, before sunrise, I was the first to descry Aneiteum in the distance. A sight of the land which has so largely occupied the minds of our good people at home, to which we have so long looked forward with such deep interest and anxiety, and in which we anticipate spending our days, awakened in our bosoms emotions not to be expressed in words.

“The entrance to the harbour was not reached till the afternoon. No person coming off to us we were greatly disappointed, and the captain had to act as pilot. We came to anchor safely abreast of the mission premises. As seen from the harbour, the mission build-

ings, and especially the new church, have quite an imposing appearance. A native soon came off to us in a canoe. Being able to speak a little English, he informed us that Mr. and Mrs. Geddie were over on the other side of the island, at Mr. Inglis' station. We gave him a note for Mr. G., with which he hasted away with as much dispatch, as though he had been entrusted with some important message from Her Majesty's government. We then landed, and received a most cordial welcome from the natives who were about the premises. One would have supposed that we were their acquaintances, who had just returned from a long absence. They conducted us through the mission grounds to the house, and showed us to the parlour, saying to us, '*Here, parlar.*' Mary, the wife of the young chief—son of the late chief, Nohoat, and once one of Mrs. G.'s girls, waited upon us, preparing tea, performing the duties of the table, showing us to bed, &c., in a manner most pleasing to us, and highly creditable to herself. We had quite a time shaking hands, for all, from the youngest to the eldest, must welcome us to their shores. We were quite delighted with every thing we saw—the buildings, the garden, the walks, the fences, trees, &c., were so tasty and beautiful. When we had walked round, seen every thing, and the natives so changed, happy, smiling, and so full of kindness, we were ready to exclaim, 'The half had not been told us.'

"On Tuesday, 26th, about noon, Messrs. Geddie and Copeland, and Mrs. G. arrived. I need not tell you it was a most happy meeting. I felt it to be one of the happiest moments of my life. We found Mr. and Mrs. G. younger in appearance, and more vigourous than we

expected. Still, however, Mr. G. thinks he will require a rest ere long. We immediately commenced landing the mission goods, and were for several days occupied with this work. All the mission supplies were in the very best condition. They say these are the first mission supplies which had not received damage by the way. I hope that when goods are forwarded to these islands, good, strong boxes will be provided, and they should be lined with *tin*, and soldered, so as to be watertight. A little trouble of this kind may save your supplies, which are invaluable to the missionary and expensive to yourselves, from complete ruin. Boxes have arrived here whose contents have been destroyed on the passage—being wet, &c. Some of our boxes were a mere wreck by the time we reached our destination.

“Thus ends our long voyage. We have sailed above 20,000 miles, passing over seas, oceans, and through various climes, resided nearly five months on the ocean wave, spent 7 months and 17 days since we embarked on board the *Eastern State*, and 6 months and 25 days since we sailed from America. We and all that has been entrusted to our care have been landed safely,—ourselves in the enjoyment of excellent health, and the goods in the best condition. In this happy termination of our long voyage, I trust that many prayers, offered by our friends in Cape Breton, P. E. Island, and Nova Scotia have been answered. In God’s kindness and tenderness to us, and his preserving care exercised over all that has been entrusted to us, may you all recognize his willingness to answer prayer, and be encouraged to continue and increase your earnest supplications in behalf of all the interests of this mission.

Forget not to praise the Lord, and to render thanks unto his great and holy name for all his goodness, kindness, and condescension manifested toward his unworthy servants engaged in his cause.

“Mrs. Johnston enjoys good health, and is quite a favourite among the natives. She attends the school with Mrs. G., and is able to render her some assistance.

“The natives made a feast to-day, as an expression of joy and gratitude for our safe arrival amongst them for the purpose of instructing the heathen. They also made us a nice present of *taro and fowls*. *Lathella*, the young chief, not being able to attend on account of sickness, sent in a short note, which I forward to you, with the translation. These are pleasing evidences of the influence, which the gospel is exerting over their minds.

“We have not received any letters from Nova Scotia since we sailed from America. We long to hear from our native land. We are anxious to know what has transpired there since we left. May our first intelligence be an account of a *revival* among our people. Oh, that the Lord may be pleased to visit you all with a time of reviving from his own presence!

“I think mission work on this island will compare very favourably indeed with any thing we saw on Fiji. While our missionaries do not cultivate so extensive a field, they appear to do their work more thoroughly.

“And now, my dear friends, let not your interest in the mission flag. You have accomplished a great and glorious work—this is apparent to all who visit this island—but a still greater work remains to be done. For

years your mission has prospered, and met with no reverse. Be watchful, lest continued success beget pride and carelessness. Remember that all success depends upon the Divine blessing, and the blessing depends upon your prayers. If you forget this solemn fact, and become confident of success, saying in your hearts, 'Is not this the work we have wrought?' God may soon humble you in the dust. Sad and most humiliating results may follow in rapid succession.* Forget not that you now have a number of *young* men upon the field, with comparatively little experience. If our hands are not supported by your prayers, we have every reason to fear that our presence here will not aid the noble cause. If, then, you have sympathy for multitudes sunk in brutal degradation, perishing for the lack of knowledge, and respect our Saviour's last command, cease not to pray for us, and for the success of the sublime mission to the heathen tribes of Polynesia. Permit me respectfully to ask, Do your *closets*, your family altars, prayer-meetings, and sanctuaries bear united testimony to your sincere and deep interest in the regeneration of the benighted men, women, and children of the New Hebrides?"

Mrs. J. thus writes regarding Aneiteum :

"We arrived here on 25th June. I felt on reaching here quite like coming home after a long journey among strangers. We are spending a few pleasant days with Mr. and Mrs. Geddie. We found them quite well, though somewhat lonely after the separation from their dear children; but they seem quite absorbed in their work—endeavouring to render all other things subservient to its interest.

"Mrs. Geddie's time is much occupied in teaching. In the

* How soon was this verified !

forenoon she has the girls sewing; after dinner she spends an hour with the writing class; immediately after this the afternoon class meets. Those attending this class are the more advanced, chiefly men and women. These are making very good progress in reading, writing and arithmetic.

"Mr. and Mrs. Matheson were here last week. I have not seen Mrs. Gordon yet; but I have heard her most highly spoken of. She is much beloved by all the missionaries' wives.

"I love the natives of this place; they are affectionate to each other, and always ready and glad to show any kindness to the missionaries. Mrs. G. has the girls, who live with her, quite schooled in domestic affairs, so that she is more free to devote her time to teaching. Some of the girls can prepare a dinner and lay a table most creditably indeed, without any assistance or oversight from Mrs. G. This training is a great advantage to them after they leave the mission house. We see a marked difference in the management of household affairs between these girls, and those who have had no such privilege. Many of them are very neat and clean about their person. All are improving in this form of civilization, as well as in many other respects. But doubtless Mrs. G. tells you all these things in her letters, so that I cannot give you any information respecting the customs and habits of the Aneiteumese that would be new or interesting. But we see many results around us here to encourage us also to go forward in the work—believing that God will give increase to the seed sown in faith."

For some time native teachers had been stationed on the neighbouring islands of Tanna, Erromanga, Niua, and Futuna. These humble agents are found not only useful, but almost absolutely necessary as pioneers to the missionary among these savage tribes, and after his settlement render him invaluable aid. Yet they cannot carry on the work themselves beyond a certain point. To carry it on thoroughly, it must be taken up by thoroughly instructed missionaries. Three years before,



LATHELLA,

A YOUNG CHRISTIAN CHIEF OF ANEITEUM. .



in 1857, the Rev. G. N. Gordon and wife settled on Erromanga, and had laboured for three years with considerable encouragement, and without any special danger. In the year 1858, the Rev. Messrs. Paton and Copeland, from Scotland, and the Rev. Mr. Matheson, from Nova Scotia, settled on Tanna. In 1859, the Rev. Mr. Inglis returned to Britain, to superintend the printing of the New Testament in the Aneiteumese language, and Mr. Copeland took charge of his station on Aneiteum. It now became a question where Mr. Johnston should be settled. Before deciding upon this, he visited the neighbouring islands in the schooner *John Knox*. His proceedings until he finally settled on Tanna will appear from his narrative, given in letters to the Board.

“On Thursday, the 6th July, I left Mr. Geddie in the *John Knox*, for the purpose of visiting the neighbouring islands. Mr. Copeland accompanied me, and had chief command of our little vessel. During the night we reached Fotuna, and not succeeding to get any natives to come off, we lay to until morning, when a number of canoes came off to us. We had on board the teachers whom they ordered to leave the island some months ago. They seemed pleased to see the teachers, and wished them to return. The teachers themselves are willing to return, and we hope they will be replaced in their respective stations soon. I was much grieved to see the natives apparently much more anxious for worldly barter than for the treasures of heaven, that are more precious than gold and silver.

“Futuna is a mountain rising abruptly out of the sea to the height of several hundred feet. It has no har-

bour, is very rugged and unproductive. The natives here are quite different in appearance and language from the Western Polynesians. They have evidently come from the Eastern Islands.

“On Friday afternoon we reached Tanna, whose natural scenery and apparent fertility are all the eye could desire. We received a most warm and affectionate reception from our dear brother, Mr. Paton, whom we found quite well and actively engaged in his work.

“My first impressions of the Tannese were deep, and will be lasting. They have an air of independence and indifference which clearly tells you that they have a feeling of superiority and safety. Their countenances express pride, impudence, and they evidently possess great energy of character. Their eye is restless and penetrating. They are superior intellectually and physically to their neighbours.

“It is the opinion of many of our friends at home that the dangers and trials of mission life are past—that others have laboured, and that all that now remains to be done is to enter into their labours. But did our friends fully know the trials, dangers, and afflictions, through which our brother here has passed during the last year, they would feel that the trials and dangers of mission life still largely exist.

“For some time after Mr. Paton was located on Tanna the natives did not give him much annoyance; but so soon as the work began to make any perceptible progress, the latent hatred and opposition to God's work burst forth. When he commenced to build a church a number of chiefs, with their people, assembled and ordered him to desist. They said—“We *hate* Je-

hovah, his teachings, his people, and love Satan, his worship, and our sins, &c. We fought away Mr. Turner and one teacher after another whom you sent to teach us. We have now come to fight you (Mr. P.) away; for we know that if you *build that church* we will never be able to drive you and your worship away. So, if you do not leave, we will shoot you.' With that some of them raised their guns to shoot him, and one man struck at him with a hatchet, but the fatal blow was warded off by an Aneiteumese teacher. He then told them that they might *kill* and *eat* him, but he would not leave them—that love to their souls brought him here, that his dear wife had died in this cause, and that he would die in it too. These words affected one chief, who sprang before Mr. P. saying, 'He that kills *missi* kills me.' Others soon imitated him; the strength and spirit of the opposition was broken; the party dispersed; the church is built; the missionary still lives; and we hope the native's words will be realized—'If that church is built, we can never drive you and your worship from this island.' They said afterwards that their arms were powerless, and that they desired to shoot him, but could not. They have frequently threatened to take his life. But with heroic faith and Paul-like courage and devotedness to his Master's service he remains at his post and refuses to leave it. I trust God will effect a great work through our dear brother among this savage and cruel people, who have so long rejected the gospel and excluded it from their shores. Since the scene referred to above, there has been a decided change for the better, which appears to be extending daily. But it is a most critical time. A small

event may lead to the most ruinous results—death of the missionary and the exclusion of the gospel from Tanna. Many earnest prayers should be offered up by the lovers of Zion for Tanna.

“As there is no harbour round at Mr. Matheson’s side of the island we did not see him, but made provision to meet him on our return at Port Resolution.

“We left Tanna at midnight, and reached Dillon’s Bay Saturday evening too late to land. It was with peculiar and indescribable feelings that I set my foot upon the blood-stained shores, near the spot where the devoted herald of the cross, full of great and glorious projects for the glory of God and the regeneration and salvation of degraded heathendom, was massacred by those whose present and eternal good he so earnestly sought. After an ascent of 1000 feet we reached Mr. Gordon’s station, and received a most cordial welcome from him and his amiable lady. We found them both in the enjoyment of excellent health. We attended native service and found about fifty present, who listened to the Divine Word with apparent attention. During the last year the mission here has passed through sore trials. Prospects of success were blighted, the natives who were attending upon their united instructions dispersed and returned to their former degradation. We hope that this may be the darkness which precedes the light of day. At present there are many indications that the powers of darkness have been foiled in their desperate and malignant efforts, and that already there is a growing and deepening reaction in favour of the cause of Christ. Mr. G. is vigorously prosecuting the work of translation. He has a class of

ten young men, whom he is endeavouring to prepare for teachers. Some of these can read very fluently, count, and have some knowledge of Geography. Mrs. G. is once more gathering around her some girls, whom she is instructing. She is patiently labouring on amidst all her trials and discouragements. She appears to be truly devoted to her work, and well qualified for it.

“It is most sad to reflect that they meet with powerful opposition, and that their work is greatly retarded by foreigners (Europeans.)

“It is the opinion of all the missionaries that, humanly speaking, the lives of the missionaries are in great jeopardy on Tanna. The sickness which has been in the mission families there, the natives attribute to the displeasure of the gods on account of the *new* religion. They tell Mr. Paton that the death of his wife is an evidence that Christianity is not good. And Mr. Paton says that when he accompanied Mr. Matheson to his station on his return the heathen appeared greatly enraged, and said that he had come to bring sickness among them. He says that their lives were in great peril on that occasion. The agent who came with us from Melbourne to transact business on Tanna, and on account of which the schooner sailed for Western Polynesia, dare not land when he arrived and *immediately left*. They were all terrified, and thought that no man’s life would be safe. I merely state these things that you may know the state of matters as they exist at present. For, if you know not our circumstances here, how is it possible that you can pray aright for us? Do not suppose I am discouraged *in the least*. No! the field is *full* of hope, and full of work. CEASE not to

pray for us fathers, mothers, brothers, and sisters, and ALL WILL BE WELL. Do not sink into *ease* or confidence, or into the other extreme—despondency. Persevere, go forward in faith and hope and prayer, and opposition, difficulties, trials, dangers, will disappear, just as the darkness flies before the rays of the rising sun. The Sun of Righteousness shall arise with healing under his wings and shed forth his gracious influences among those benighted people—giving light to them that sit in darkness and in the shadow of death—guiding their feet into the way of peace, and at last bringing their souls into eternal glory and felicity.

“On Thursday, 12th, we sailed from Dillon’s Bay, and after experiencing heavy seas, head winds, sore trials of the patience, and some of the brethren suffering severely from sea-sickness, we with much difficulty and exertion made a little harbour on Aneiteum, about half way between Mr. Inglis’s and Mr. Geddie’s stations on Sabbath evening about sunset. The teacher of the district most kindly received us into his house, and hospitably entertained us. Here we enjoyed a most comfortable night’s repose, after being tossed from wave to wave for several nights and days on board the little schooner. Oh, what a glorious change has been wrought upon this people by the Gospel! Had we been landed on these shores under similar circumstances a few years ago, it is not at all improbable that those very persons who now showed us so much kindness, and made us so comfortable and happy, would have feasted upon our bodies, and made our property their own.

“On Monday afternoon, we all (Mr. and Mrs. Matheson, Messrs. Gordon, Paton, Copeland and myself,)

some by land, and some by sea, reached Mr. Geddie's in safety. After receiving some refreshment and rest we assembled together for special prayer, praise, and reading of the Scriptures. It was a solemn, pleasing meeting. The earnestness and enlargement in prayer was marked; earnest were the pleadings for the *oneness* of the mission, for the comfort and efficiency of each missionary, for the conversion of the perishing heathen in the surrounding islands, for the universal extension of Christ's kingdom in the world, and for a special manifestation of the Spirit's influence during our present meetings.

“At 10 o'clock on Tuesday, we met in the new, large, substantial, and beautiful church, erected by a people, who a few years ago were the most degraded and wretched of the heathen tribes of Polynesia. Christian reader: see what God hath wrought!! The meeting was opened by praise, reading a portion of the Scriptures, and prayer. The first business brought before the meeting was our settlement. After all had expressed their minds upon this solemn and important subject, it was unanimously agreed, that we should be located on *Tanna*. Thus I have obtained the thing I so much desired, and to which I looked forward with so much deep anxiety, viz., a unanimous vote of the mission brethren, deciding our permanent location. I regard this vote, as God's voice to us through His servants, revealing to us *His will* respecting our future destination. I therefore, feel that *Tanna* is the particular portion of the great mission field, in which Christ would have us make known the glad tidings of salvation to those who have not yet heard of a Saviour's love; and

that it is His will that we there labour, suffer, and die in His service. This I trust will ever be a comfort to us hereafter in the work, feeling that whatever may befall us, we are *here* by the *will* of God: and therefore IT IS WELL.

“The subject of settlement being disposed of, the remainder of the day was spent in deliberations upon subjects having an important relation to the interests of our mission. The most pleasing and marked feature of our meetings, was a spirit of disinterestedness and mutual forbearance, love, good feeling, kindness and unanimity. I never before had the pleasure of being present at a meeting, where these pleasing features were so marked, where the time was so occupied with the important—to the exclusion of the trivial and *selfish*. It was most manifest that those present were under the influence of the Spirit; that our deliberations were guided by his gracious influence; and that we realized an answer to that sublime prayer which Christ offered up to his Father, ‘That they all may be ONE; as Thou Father art in me and I in Thee, that they also may be one in us, that the world may believe that Thou hast sent me.’” The spirit which has characterized our meetings throughout, afforded good reasons to hope that their results will be both happy and lasting, and that it will give a most pleasing impetus to the good work on these dark islands. When God’s servants are *one* in prayer and action, the adversaries of the truth may tremble and saints rejoice—the powers of darkness will recoil, and the truth shall have free course to run and be glorified.

“I need not tell you that our meeting was a time of

rejoicing to us all. But doubtless peculiar feelings were awakened in the bosoms of the first gospel missionaries to these Isles, as they would call to mind the circumstances under which they landed upon this island twelve years ago; the years of disappointments, trials, toil, and dangers; the then wretched condition of the people; and now to find themselves seated in a splendid sanctuary; surrounded by happy men, women, and children; a band of five young men met in consultation with themselves respecting the extension of the work in which they had suffered and for which they had done so much; I say, these and such like reflections would awake in the breasts of these devoted servants, feelings unknown to those who have followed them; and only known to those who have come through like toils and trials, and who possess similar zeal for the glory of God, and sympathy for souls in heathenish darkness and degradation. Oh, I wish our good friends in Cape Breton, P. E. Island, and Nova Scotia, could have looked in upon us, and have seen all that transpired, and all the love, harmony, sympathy, and good feeling which pervaded our meeting, and also the results which have been accomplished out here through your prayers and contributions. I am sure you would not lament having done too much, but you would rather praise God, that he had put it into your hearts to do something in the noble cause!

“On Thursday, after solemn prayer, the mission family separated, refreshed, and feeling that living isolated, and so seldom seeing each other face to face, had a most unhappy effect upon the good work, and upon the feelings we may entertain towards each other. We therefore parted, resolved that our meetings in future should

be more frequent, and that such happy, joyous seasons should not henceforth be so few and far between. The *John Knox* sailed during the afternoon, with the returning missionaries on board, and myself to act as captain. Friday we reached Port Resolution, landed Mr. and Mrs. Matheson and Mr. Paton, and committed ourselves again to the angry deep. The little schooner behaved nobly amid the rushing, foaming billows, and Saturday morning, a little after sunrise, we came to anchor in Dillon's Bay. After an ascent of 1000 feet, we reached Mr. Gordon's residence, found his good lady well, and that the work had been prospering during his absence. On Sabbath about fifty attended divine service, and appeared quite attentive. The attendance upon Sabbath services is gradually increasing. It is pleasing to remark that there is much to indicate that the excitement and superficial interest in the gospel, and the reaction and fierce opposition which generally attend the commencement of a mission are past, and that a permanent and radical work has begun, and, though slowly, yet gradually and surely advancing.

“In the evening we took a walk of about a mile, to visit a man whose wife had died during the past week. We found the man, with the poor little orphans, seated near by, sad and disconsolate. The missionary spoke to him of the joys beyond the grave through Christ Jesus. When we left the poor man seemed affected, and gave indication that he was grateful for our visit, and that the word of life had not fallen from the lips of God's servant without effect. How sad to mourn without hope!

“All that this poor heathen loved in this world is

gone. He cannot look forward to a happy meeting. There is nothing upon which he can rest his hopes. To him the future is dreary, gloomy darkness and uncertainty—a great and unfathomable mystery. It is a fact worthy of notice, that on last Sabbath this woman for the *first* time came to church, and in the absence of the missionary, heard the joyous message from the lips of his devoted wife, and promised to attend in future. This incident has its solemn and instructive lessons. She came to hear the gospel for the first time, promised to continue, and before the next sun had sunk in the west, her soul had passed from time and entered upon the unseen realities of the eternal world. Here is a voice saying, Gospel hearers, remember, as you from Sabbath to Sabbath pass the threshold of your sanctuaries, that before another Sabbath comes round, you may be summoned to appear before the great white throne. Preacher, remember that you, perhaps, are addressing some whom you may not see again until we all meet on the great day of final account. Friends of missions, observe that through your agency, Christ and the resurrection were spoken to this woman ere she entered the eternal world; and it may be that through this word she is now in glory, among those who are redeemed out of every kindred, and tongue, and people, and nation.

“On Monday evening we exhibited a variety of Scriptural illustrations, with Mr. Geddie’s Magic Lantern, to the great astonishment of a number of natives. It appeared to have a happy effect upon those who were present, for they left saying, ‘that Religion was a great thing, it enabled Missi to do anything. But we hea-

then can do nothing,—what is the good of our Chiefs? What can they do?”

“On Tuesday, 24, I left our dear friends, after having spent a pleasant, and I trust profitable season with them—grieved that our friends at home know so little about his excellent wife—for she only requires to be known to be loved.

“On Sabbath, July 9th, about 10 o’clock, A. M., we came to anchor at Aneiteum. Our homeward voyage was rendered tedious by head winds and calms.”

The next few weeks were spent with Mr. Geddie getting some lessons in mission life and mission labour, and making preparations for their final settlement, Black Beach, at the opposite side of the island from Port Resolution. But at that time it was not considered safe to land there. It was therefore arranged that he should reside with Mr. Paton, learning the language and giving him all the assistance in his power. He was now eager to be at work, although he felt the difficulties that were before him.

“I long, deeply long to be on the ground and engaged in the work. There is a great work to be done on Tanna. It is a rugged, but most interesting and important field of labour. It is said to be the Sebastopol of Satan’s kingdom in the New Hebrides. The overthrow of Tanna would give a crushing blow to the reign of darkness on these islands. The Tannese are a people who have hitherto offered a most determined opposition to the introduction of the gospel among them; are a terror to foreigners, (not *one* of whom dare reside on the island at present), and live in continual warfare with each other. But let continual prayer ascend from the

church for this mission, and you will soon hear glad tidings of the wonderful doings of the Lord on dark, cruel, gospel-hating Tanna.

“Since the date of my last letter I have been variously employed, yet I trust always occupied so as to advance the work which brought me here. A portion of this time was spent in the *John Knox*, in the trips to the adjoining isles, in visiting schools, in attending native missionary meetings on Aneiteum, and so on. Time thus passed away rapidly—most pleasantly, and I trust profitably. I do feel grateful that I have been permitted to behold the happy and glorious results, which have been effected here through the blessed gospel. In travelling thus, I have gained some experience, which may hereafter turn to good account. The native missionary meetings were delightful, and their results I trust will powerfully stimulate our people at home, to increased efforts, for the spread of the gospel in these seas. A people so recently reclaimed from heathenism, darkness, and degradation, now engaged in the extension of the Redeemer’s kingdom, is a fact that demands the liveliest gratitude. In these results you have tangible evidence that the day is not far distant when the Aneiteumese will support the means of grace among themselves.

“On Monday, Sept. 10, we sailed for Tanna, leaving many to whom we had become much attached, and who appeared equally attached to us. I may say in one word, that our stay on Aneiteum has been most pleasant—pleasant in our intercourse with the mission brethren and the natives—pleasant in the kindness we

received from all—and pleasant in the growing sense that our time there has been most profitably spent.

“Mr. Geddie accompanied us. We made an attempt to land at Mr. Matheson’s station, but the wind increasing we were unable to effect a landing; were blown out of our course, and did not reach Port Resolution until Wednesday a little after dark. And now, we have reached our destination. In all the way in which we have come, we have seen the hand of Him, who said, ‘Lo I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world.’ We are thus encouraged to believe that our presence here is in accordance with his blessed command, has his sanction, and that he will be with us still.

“Here we hope to spend the rest of the days allotted to us, in this vale of tears. Henceforward, therefore, it will be our duty to give you a faithful account of our labours on this dark island, the condition of the wretched people, the state of the work of evangelization, and such other items of information as may be instructive or in any way calculated to excite interest in this sacred cause—the work of God on this isle. But how difficult to portray before the mind, so as to give an accurate impression of things unseen—never seen. It is one thing to read about these isles and islanders, and quite another thing to see, and live among them. The efficacy of the prayer of our people, on behalf of the Mission on this island, must ever largely depend upon the fulness and accuracy of the information they receive respecting this work. If then, our letters at any time, are dark and gloomy, let them be a stimulant to earnest prayer; if bright and cheering, let them be a matter of gratitude and thanksgiving.”



CHAPTER X.

LABOURS ON TANNA.

TANNA, upon which Mr. Johnston was now stationed, is situated in $19^{\circ} 30'$ S. Lat. and $169^{\circ} 20'$ E. Long., and is thus about eight days sail from Sydney. It is a large island compared with some in the neighbourhood, hence its name *Tanna Sore*, or the great land. It is about thirty miles in length from north-west to south-east, and from nine to twelve in breadth.

It is the most beautiful island of the southern division of the New Hebrides. A high mountain rises in the centre, which is covered with verdure to its summit, while the rest of the island is agreeably diversified with hill and dale, all of it fertile. "It is mountainous," says the Rev. A. W. Murray, "but the mountains being generally rather low and round, or table-topped, and covered with dense forests to their summits, it appears soft and beautiful rather than grand and imposing. 'The purple peak, the pointed spire,' the frowning battlement, and hoary cliff, which look so grand and picturesque on many of the islands of Polynesia are not found on Tanna. It has however its own beauties and objects of interest many and great."

The most prominent object in approaching is the vol-

cano, which serves as a lighthouse, the light of which can never be mistaken. It has been in incessant activity since the day of Captain Cook, and probably long before, its eruption taking place at intervals from five to eight minutes.

“Tanna,” says Mr. Copeland, “as a whole may be said to be composed of two parts, the high and the low. All the south end of the island as far as Port Resolution is high; and from Port Resolution onward to the north of the island it is much lower. In both divisions you may find the cultivated land near the shore, but the appearance of the high land in the low division is quite different. In the south the mountains are covered with trees to their summits; whereas in the north the hills produce grass only. In the south there is not much table land, in the north the whole may be described as table land.”

The island is amazingly fertile. Yams, taro, breadfruit, cocoanuts, sugar cane, and bananas grow in abundance, and some fruits which are not common in Eastern Polynesia, such as figs. The yam is principally cultivated, and the size of some is enormous. Dr. Turner says he has seen them 4 feet in length, and weighing from 40 to 50 pounds, while Captain Cook speaks of one which weighed 55 pounds.

It was first discovered in 1774 by Captain Cook, who also discovered the harbour, the native name of which is Uea, but which he called Port Resolution, after the name of his ship. It was here that Mr. Johnston was stationed. It is a tolerable harbour situated on the north side of the island. It is a bay or creek about three quarters of a mile deep and about half a mile wide,

formed on the east by a neck of low land, and on the west by a mountain five hundred feet high. The interior of this mountain seems like a furnace, and the crust is so thin, that walking over it in some places seems like walking over a hot iron plate, and from fissures in various places volumes of steam and sulphurous vapours are seen rising. Yet it is covered with vegetation, and contains several villages inhabited by about five hundred persons. So little apprehension of danger have they, that their villages are so arranged, that these hot places should be in the centre of them, where their public meetings and night dances take place, and where on cold days they lounge and enjoy themselves. Hot springs abound, varying in temperature, some forming a pleasant tepid bath, others rising to 190° Fahrenheit, and even some above the boiling point. 'Every day,' says Dr. Turner, 'you may see the women there cooking their yams and other vegetables, in hollow places dug out, and which form a series of never failing boiling pots. The men and boys have only to stand on the rocks, spear their fish, and pitch them behind them into the hot springs. Sulphur is abundant.' "

About five miles from Port Resolution is the cone of the volcano. Around it is a barren valley of a mile wide, formed by the black sandy dust and ashes from the crater. The mountain itself is thus described by Dr. Turner :—

"The ascent up the mountain to the edge of the cup is a gradual slope, but the walking is laborious, as you sink to the ankles at every step in the fine dark gray dust or sand, which has accumulated from the eruptions of the volcano. The perpendicular height of the crater

from the valley at its base is almost three hundred feet. When you reach the edge of the cup, you see that it is oblong, and curved rather than circular, and about a mile and a-half in circumference. On reaching the top and looking over the edge, you expect to see the boiling lava; but instead of that, the great cup contains five other smaller cups, or outlets, separated from each other by ridges of dark sand. To see the boiling lava, you would require to go down inside the outer cup, and then up one of these interior ridges. Were it solid rock, the attempt might be made, but from the fragile sandy appearance of these smaller ridges, it seems as if it would be sure to slip, and down you go. Then again, you never know the moment there is to be an eruption, nor do you know from which of the five outlets it is to come. I felt no inclination to risk the experiment, which would be something like examining the interior of the mouth of a cannon, not knowing the instant it might go off. You feel that you are far enough when you stand on the edge of the outer cup. The hissing, panting, blowing, and strange unearthly sounds from these great gulfs, as you look down and along, are fearful, and presently you are awe-struck with the thundering, deafening roar of an eruption, which baffles description. The simultaneous bursting of a number of steam-engine boilers, or the explosion of a ton of gunpowder, or the united volley from a regiment or two of infantry and artillery, might be something like it. Then up fly the great crimson flakes of liquid lava, which gradually blacken, and consolidate, and descend. More solid blocks of stone fly up with these softer masses, and rise far above them, to a height of

two and three hundred feet from the edge of the cup. The most of this matter falls right down again into the crater. It sometimes takes a slant, however, as you see from the masses of obsidian or volcanic glass and scoriæ all about, so that you require to have your wits about you, keep a look-out overhead, and be ready to 'stand from under.'

"Clouds of steam and thick black smoke also rise with every eruption. This smoke goes, of course, with the prevailing wind, and the atmosphere for miles in that direction is charged with the dark volcanic dust. The volcano was to the west of where we lived. The first day we had a westerly wind Mr. Nisbet and I were busy out of doors, putting up the roof of our house. We felt a strange sensation about the eyes and nostrils, and could not imagine what it was which was gathering on our hands and arms. Presently we discovered that the clouds of black dust from the volcano were coming in our direction, and that the atmosphere was loaded with the finest dark-gray particles. Next morning every leaf and blade of grass was covered with a thin coating of something like the finest steel filings."

As some account of the productions of these islands may be desired by some of our readers, we subjoin the following account written by Mr. Copeland, with special reference to Aneiteum, but equally applicable to Tanna.

"In the forest we have a large supply of timber, durable, tough, and easily wrought. It is true, we have neither the oak of England, nor the ash and larch of Scotland; but we have the banyan, the Kauri pine, the iron tree, and a host of others. Aneiteum is far supe-



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rior to Tanna and Erromanga in respect of timber. It supplies abundance of wood for *fuel*, and also for the purposes of *house-building*, from the light rods required for the roof up to that sawn into boards for flooring. The greater part of the wood employed in constructing both the extensive mission-houses here was grown on the island. Mr. Gordon's first house on Erromanga, and both the mission-houses on Tanna, were built of Aneiteum wood. And when you remember that a house here is composed of thatch, plaster, and timber, you can easily see that the quantity of the last so employed cannot be small. Some of the Kauri is found suitable for yards and spars.

“Of trees of another class—viz., *fruit-bearing*—we may mention, first of all, the cocoa-nut palm, the reindeer of the Polynesian. Every part of it is put to some useful purpose by the natives. It differs from the trees with you, inasmuch as it is *endogenous*—*i. e.*, does not increase in size by adding yearly a layer of new wood immediately under the bark. If you take a section of a larch near the root, you can, by counting its concentric circles, ascertain the age of the tree pretty exactly. It is not so with the palms; the cocoa-nut has no such circles or successive layers. It is as thick at the root when seven years of age, and twenty feet in height, as when fifty years old, and sixty feet high. The tall, tapering, corrugated trunk is quite bare; it has no branches, but is surmounted by a tuft of feather-like leaves, ten or twelve feet in length, the nuts being found at their junction with the stem. In ‘Anderson’s Geography,’ (Nelson and Sons, Edinburgh,) page 205, it is said—‘The cocoa palm may be regarded as the staff of

life to the Polynesian. He reposes beneath its shade, eats its fruit, and the juice of its nuts supplies him with a delicious draught. The shells of the nuts furnish him with beautiful goblets, and the boughs of the trees are formed into baskets; the dry trunks kindle his fires, while their fibres are twined into fishing-lines and cords. His hut is thatched with its boughs, and his canoe is impelled through the water with a paddle formed of its wood.' This may appear a highly coloured description, but I am not sure that it mentions all its virtues. It likewise supplies a kind of coarse cloth, which has been made into garments on the Eastern Islands; the leaves form the native carpets and blankets, and other portions supply their brooms and baling dishes. Even the husks of the nuts, that are regarded here as an incumbrance from their number, are taken across the seas, and sold in Britain to scrub wooden floors. It also yields an abundance of oil, by the light of some of which I write you this letter. Mention is made in the above quotation of the milk of the cocoa-nut, which is said to form a delicious draught. It is really so; it is cool, and most carefully freed from all impurities; it is prepared far from the ground in an air-tight receptacle, which expands as the fluid increases, and it is nicely sweetened and acidulated by the hand of the bountiful Creator.

“The tree flourishes on poor as well as on rich soils; and though within the reach of the sea, its milk is not in the least affected. The nuts are found all the year round, and supply food and drink, requiring *no preparation*.

“We may now turn to the bread-fruit, another im-

portant source of native food. The tree itself is not unlike the 'spreading beech.' The fruit is the most valuable part. It is of a beautiful light green colour, and three or four inches in diameter. It is all edible except the rind and core, and can be prepared in a very short time by roasting it on hot embers. It is in season for some time about the beginning of the year; and what is not required at the time, is subjected to a slight fermentation, and laid up for future use.

"Ellis, in his 'Polynesian Researches,' says, 'It has but little taste, and that is frequently rather sweet; it is somewhat farinaceous, but not so much so as several other vegetables, and probably less so than the English potato, to which in flavour it is also inferior. It is slightly astringent, and, as a vegetable, it is good, but is a very indifferent substitute for English bread.'

"The bark of this tree can be made into cloth; its juice, which becomes hard on exposure to the air, serves the purposes of pitch, and the trunk can be sawn into boards, which are easily wrought and very durable.

"We have also the *banana*. It can hardly be called a tree, though it grows to a considerable height. Its leaves are light green and very large, four feet by three. The fruit is about nine inches in length, curved and pentagonal. It grows in a bunch like Indian corn, sometimes to the number of 250 upon one stalk, and just as much as a man can carry. When Mr. Inglis was here, one bunch was cut down, which he said would form a substantial meal for thirty men. It does not ripen on the tree, but requires to be hung up in a house, and here it soon becomes yellow, and is ready for being eaten. A plant produces fruit but once, and then dies,

its place being supplied by suckers which have risen up all around, to bear in their turn and then decay.

“We have also the *sugar-cane*—a kind of tall pointed grass, eight or ten feet in height, and nine inches in circumference. Its juice is not converted into sugar here, nor does it stand high as an article of diet. It is very refreshing to the traveller, however, as it serves to appease, to some extent, both hunger and thirst.

“We come now to speak of *taro*, the staff of life of the Aneiteumese. It is an underground product like the potato. It has a large, solid, tuberous root, of an oblong shape, sometimes fifteen inches in length, and twelve in circumference. The taros are two or three feet in height and heart-shaped. When roasted, it resembles as much as any other root the Irish potato. There are two things about this plant worthy of notice. In the first place, if attempted to be eaten raw, it is so acrid and pungent as to cause great pain, if not excoriation of the mouth; and, in the second place, it grows only to perfection in a marsh, or other place deluged with water.

“The *yam* is another source of native food. Perhaps in no place in the world, does it grow so well as on Tanna. There one of them is a sufficient load for two persons. It is quite common to see specimens four feet in length, and eighteen in circumference. Occasionally they attain to the length of a full-sized man. Their substance is somewhat fibrous, granular, farinaceous, and sweet. They require a good deal of attention when growing. The part above ground is long, slender, and creeping, and requires to be supported by a frame-work of reeds or wood, which it very soon con-

ceals under a mass of leaves. When I saw the natives on Tanna training their yams, I was always reminded of those happy days of old, when men wedded the vine to the elm. Unlike the taro, the yam, when ripe, will keep for several months. The method of propagating it is that employed in the case of the potato—a small part having an eye in it being put into the ground to germinate.

“In addition to these, there are many other fruits of different sorts—some of them cultivated and others produced spontaneously—that are resorted to by the natives for a change, and when the others are scarce.

“Arrowroot grows wild; tapioca, melons, citrons, pine-apples, figs, oranges, &c., have been introduced, and thrive well. We have cotton, too, which has been much spoken about of late. Our cabbage is the leaf of a *tree*, our carpets are made of *vegetable* materials, and the shoe-blackening *grows* just at the door.

“I have already told you that we have no slate; and as we have not the cereals, we have no straw for thatch. Tiles might perhaps be made with some trouble; but they, as well as slates, galvanized iron, and corrugated zinc, while durable, would, I fear, be uncomfortably hot. We have a copious supply of this necessary item in the reed, and the leaves of the pandanus, cocoa-nut, and sugar-cane. No one can fail on coming here to be struck with the preponderance of vegetable over animal food—with the quantities in which it is supplied—with the fertility of the soil, producing often three crops at the same time, in trees, shrubs, and underground plants—and the rapidity of growth and decay.

“And now let us leave the land, and glance for a

moment at the sea that encircles. We have a great circular breakwater, for whose stability we never tremble, in the works of the coral-insect. This little creature thus by its labours protects our island, beautifies our coast, and supplies us with a store of the purest lime. The sea teems with fish, some good and others bad, and some which do not appear to be altogether from home when *out* of the water. The whole may be seen rolling and tumbling about on shore, as well as the voracious shark. Here, too, may be seen and tasted the turtle, which is more like flesh than fish."

As Mr. Matheson was so much longer on the island, we shall reserve a fuller account of the natives till we come to narrate his history, but one peculiarity connected with them we must here notice, as it will frequently come under our review in the subsequent narratives, viz., their ideas regarding disease. "The real gods at Tanna," says Dr. Turner, "may be said to be the disease-makers. It is surprising how these men are dreaded, and how firm the belief is that they have in their hands the power of life and death. There are rain-makers and thunder-makers, and fly and musquitomakers, and a host of other 'sacred men,' but the disease-makers are the most dreaded. It is believed that these men can create disease and death by burning what is called *nahak*. Nahak means rubbish, but principally refuse of food. Everything of the kind they bury or throw into the sea, lest the disease-makers should get hold of it. These fellows are always about, and consider it their special business to pick up and burn, with certain formalities, anything in the nahak line which comes in their way.

“When a person is taken ill, he believes that it is occasioned by some one burning his rubbish. Instead of thinking about medicine, he calls some one to blow a shell, a large conch or other shell, which, when perforated and blown, can be heard two or three miles off. The meaning of it is to implore the person who is supposed to be burning the sick man's rubbish and causing all the pain, to stop burning; and it is a promise as well that a present will be taken in the morning. The greater the pain the more they blow the shell, and when the pain abates they cease, supposing that the disease-maker has been kind enough to stop burning. Then the friends of the sick man arrange about a present to take in the morning. Pigs, mats, knives, hatchets, beads, whales' teeth, etc., are the sort of things taken. Some of the disease-making craft are always ready to receive the presents, and to assure the party that they will do their best to prevent the rubbish being again burned. If the poor man has another attack at night, he thinks the nahak is again burning; the shell is again blown, other presents taken, and so they go on. ‘All that a man hath will he give for his life,’ and if he dies, his friends lay it all down to the disease-makers, as not being pleased with the presents taken, and as having burned the rubbish to the end. The idea is, that whenever it is all burned the person dies. Night after night might be heard the dismal too-too-tooing of these shells. We observed, also, that the belief in the system of nahak burning was as firm in the craft as out of it. If a disease-maker was ill himself, he felt sure that some one must be burning his nahak. He, too,

must have a shell blown, and presents sent to the party supposed to be causing the mischief.

“Coughs, influenza, dysentery, and some skin diseases, the Tannese attribute to their intercourse with white men, and call them *foreign things*.”

Mr. Johnston was now at length settled on a heathen island. His labours among its inhabitants, and the state of society among them, will appear from his letters. In September he thus writes :

“Though my experience of heathen lands is only commencing, yet I have seen enough to make me realize in quite a new sense, the awful, the dismal darkness, the consummate degradation, and awful wretchedness of heathenism. Such is Tanna! Poor Tanna! Long has she resisted the efforts which have been put forth to give her the light and blessing of the glorious gospel. Some have been driven from the field; others have suffered cruel death; others have fallen on the field; others have endured trials seldom equalled. Still they resist, still they refuse to receive the gospel message, and threaten the destruction of all connected with this work. Shall all this loss of life, these sufferings, trials, labours, and prayers be lost? Surely not. Doubtless the happy harvest will come, when the sheaves shall be gathered with great rejoicing. But it still looks dark. I speak the minds of all the brethren in Tanna, when I say we have no evidence that there is a single person on this dark isle, who is living under the saving influence of Divine truth. But I do fondly hope that the work of preparation for this glorious change is going on. The Tannese are divided into numerous tribes or clans, that live in a state of enmity, ever fighting with and devouring each other. At present these petty fightings have ceased—peace is universal. This we regard as quite a new era in the history of Tanna. Cannibalism also, so far as known to us, is at an end. The strangling of widows on the death of a chief has received a check. On this side of the island the Sabbath is acknowledged, and a large number of the people cease

from labour. These changes are the results of God's blessing upon missionary efforts, and are preparing the soil for the seeds of Divine truth. Remember, we only speak yet of the work of preparation going on. The people still live in the love and practice of the most vile and brutish sins—sins which it is a shame to mention.

“In regard to ourselves we are fully occupied with the language. Here we have various difficulties to contend with which are unknown to the learners of *written* languages. The lexicon, the grammar, the translation, the teacher, &c., are all wanting. You hear a jargon of strange sounds; but have no means of ascertaining their meaning. This chaos of sounds, you have to learn, to analyze, to classify, and to apply to a purpose entirely new. This is our present work—difficult in the extreme. We find the knowledge which we acquired of the Aneiteumese to be of great service.

“Mr. Paton and I have made some efforts of late to extend our influence on Tanna. The *John Knox*, a few weeks ago, was placed at our disposal, in order to aid us in this work. We sailed in her for the purpose of holding communication with all the various ports of Tanna accessible by water. We left Mrs. Johnston *alone*, amid a savage people; and without an individual to whom she could speak.

“Were the circumstances under which she was left, fully stated, perhaps this would be considered an act on her part of humble faith and Christian heroism, equal to those which on some occasions have made a loud sound in the world.

“We first visited Aniwa, where we saw many evidences that the work of God is prospering in the hands of Aneiteumese teachers. The people earnestly solicited us to remain and teach them. They urged that it was not fair to have two *Missis* at the harbour, and none on their island, that the Tannese were very bad, that they hated *Missi*, that the people here loved *Missi*, and would listen to his word, and when they got more light would go and help to teach the Tannese. We remained on shore some hours, endeavouring to strengthen the hands of the teachers, and left quite delighted with what we saw.

“We failed in holding communication as frequently as we had

hoped with the Tannese, as we sailed along the coast. On the second day we reached Wacus, or Black Beach, which is a good anchorage, and next in importance to the harbour. The people seemed quite alarmed at our approach; drew up their canoes; and fled to the bush. You will remember that this is the place where several bloody collisions have taken place between the natives and foreigners. Here H. M. S. Iris lost one or two men, and in return, fired upon the natives, and spent several days in destroying their plantations, houses, &c. No foreigners dare land here unless well protected. Such is the harbour in which we lay, and such the people with whom we were endeavouring to hold communication. We lay at anchor here all night, and until about 10 o'clock, A. M., next day. All our efforts to induce them to come off to us seemed to be ineffectual. At length, when we were about giving up in despair, a canoe with the principal chief and three others was observed advancing towards us. With much difficulty we induced them to come near. We gave them some presents, which seemed greatly to remove their fears. We explained to them, as well as we could, our object in visiting them.

“Persons visiting for the single purpose of doing them good seemed to be quite a new idea to them and filled them with astonishment. When they were leaving we jumped into their canoe, placing ourselves in their power, and under the protection of HIM whose cause we were endeavouring to advance. When we reached the shore the chief explained to his wondering people our object in visiting them, who, when they heard, received us with open arms, conducted us to their *eruhonu*, where we soon had a crowd around us. After conversing with them for some time we held worship with them, where the only living and true God was never before acknowledged. When we were leaving they offered us presents of various kinds, offered land for mission houses, &c. We refused their presents, wishing to impress upon their minds that our single object in coming was to do them good. The winds being unfavourable we proceeded no farther, but headed for home, which we reached on Sabbath morning.

“We hope that our visit will open up a station at Wacus,

from which point we will be able to operate upon that half of Tanna which has not yet, to any extent, been brought under mission influence. True, the impressions we made upon their dark minds may pass away as a fleeting shadow, but let us water them with our prayers and use the means, and He who disposed these savages to receive us kindly, and to request some one to teach them, will deepen the impressions made, and prepare some one to occupy the field and to stand up for and publish the truth as it is in Jesus. The *John Knox* will visit it again in the course of a few weeks and station two Aneiteumese teachers there. If everything goes on prosperously it is probable that in the course of a few months we may have a station there.

“The difficulties which beset your mission on Tanna are many and complicated. *Babel's curse* has fallen with awful severity upon this people. The inhabitants are divided into a number of tribes occupying districts less in extent than our counties—each district speaking a different dialect. We have not yet been able to ascertain accurately the number of dialects spoken on this island. They are not less than five, and may be as many as eight. The dialect spoken on that part of Tanna occupied by the mission at present is spoken by a larger number of people, and is more known over the island than any other. Just as in Nova Scotia you have the Anglo-Saxon, the Irish, Gaelic, German, and French. But the Anglo-Saxon is spoken by far the largest number, and understood to a great extent by all those who speak the other languages. We hope to make one translation of the Scriptures do. For a time many difficulties will attend its introduction among those speaking a different dialect. Many will not understand. But we cannot entertain the idea of having a number, or even two translations for one island the size of Tanna. The missionary who is stationed among those speaking a different dialect from the one selected for the translation of the Scriptures will have many trying and perplexing difficulties to contend with. It is quite probable this will be our position.

“I hope that ere long we will be able to write you more fully and accurately respecting these things. Since writing the above I have been informed that the widow of a chief who died a few

days ago was strangled last night. This cruel deed was done a short distance from the mission premises. Darkness and cruelty still reign triumphant on Tanna."

To the above we may add Mr. Paton's account of a visit to one of a series of meetings which were held in celebration of the establishment of peace among the different tribes.

"Our people having agreed to live in peace, their enemies called a meeting and passed the same resolution, and armed two powerful young chiefs, appointing them to come to the mission house at midnight, and let me know the result of their meeting. Next morning I sent for our chiefs and informed them of my visitors and their message, which led to a great meeting being called, at which they enjoyed a united feast and became friends; and since, those who for many years previously never met except in war, have been daily feasting together and making presents to each other in the most friendly manner.

"On Friday last, all the harbour people were invited to attend a meeting about seven miles inland, but they said, 'If missi will not accompany us we will not go;' so Mr. Johnston and I went at the head of a very large and noisy procession, loaded with pigs, and presents for the inland people; behind us was a herald making the bush echo with his trumpet-shell, announcing our approach; next to him were the leading men, followed by their people all yelling and singing as if bereft of reason. Some of the leading men had the honour to sit or stand on the backs of pigs, carried on their men's shoulders, which made the cries of the poor creatures add to the deafening noise. Our people clubbed eighteen fat pigs, and gave other gifts to the inland people, who in return, gave eight large pigs and other presents to our people. The day was spent making and hearing speeches all of a peaceful, friendly character. I was invited to address the meeting, after which the chiefs unitedly declared that this day had put an end to all their fighting and bad conduct, and that now they would live in peace and learn to worship Jehovah. Our leading chief said, 'We all, who follow missi, are his

friends, and obey his word, and you see we are many; and we want all the inland people to return in peace, and worship Jehovah. Let us have one talk, and one conduct, and one heart. Before we began to fight, we were many like the sand, but now we are few, and yet hating and killing each other in the service of Karipanamun (Satan.) Will we all live in peace now, and hear and obey the word of Jehovah, or what will we do?' A great inland chief answered for all, saying, 'Your word is good. We have done with war and bad conduct. Missi's friends are many. Let us all be his people, and learn to worship Jehovah. You have fought with us, and we have fought with you, till our people are nearly all killed. We who are left are old men. Let us live in peace, and every one go to his own land without fighting. Missi, this day is the finish to our bad conduct.' After consulting for a little, some of the principal men said, 'Missi, the path is very long for you to come often and see us, and teach us all; but if you would get a horse, you would be able to come every day, for we are all ready to hear the word of Jehovah.' I said a horse would destroy their plantations; but they answered, 'Never mind—get a horse and come often and see us all.'

"In company with Mr. Johnston, about six weeks ago, I visited Waisisi, a district about eight miles from Port Resolution. We found a good boat harbour, seemingly a large population, and two of the principal chiefs with many of their people waiting to receive us. They drew our boat ashore—conducted us to a public ground, listened attentively to all we said, allowed us to conduct worship with them, received a few presents from us, and invited us to come again and see them, but would not at present accept of Aneiteum teachers, for they wanted to go to war, and were afraid of the worship. We advised them to live in peace, and we have heard no more of the war. Some of the chiefs have since visited us, and appeared very friendly. We had a harbour chief with us, who was related to them, and who influenced them in our favour. They offered us a present of pigs and yams, but we refused, saying, we had not come to take away their food, but to instruct them to fear and worship Jehovah."

The following letter was written to the minister of the congregation in which he had been brought up, and to the congregation through him, with the view of endeavouring to present before them the actual state of the heathen, and thus enlisting their sympathies more deeply in their behalf.

“It will be my object to portray before your minds some of those scenes amid which we now live—scenes which should be deeply interesting to you all.

“First, then, the female portion of society. Their degradation and oppression are consummate. The dictates of the husband are supreme—from these there is no redress. Clubbing is the punishment for disobedience, or any offence, real or imaginary. Their limbs are frequently broken, the body cruelly mangled, and the person disabled for days, or it may be for life. You meet a man on the path, walking along at his ease, with a club or some weapon of war in his hand, his wife or wives following, bending under heavy burdens of food, water, wood for the fire, &c. They labour in the plantations, digging up the earth with their hands or sticks, making fences, &c. The daughters are given away in infancy, or when mere children, to chiefs—generally men up in years—who use them as wives. Henceforward, their life is to be one continued scene of licentiousness, oppression, and toil. Poor creatures! They never know what it is to enjoy freedom, so richly enjoyed by our women. Poor, degraded women, they are made subservient to sensual gratification—prostituted to the lowest and most debasing purposes. They are made to drink the bowl of sensual pleasure to its very dregs; and ah! they realize in all its bitterness that fleshly pleasure ends in pain, sorrow, and death.

“She prepares food for her husband, but dare not so much as touch or taste it in his presence. After he has eaten, what is left he throws to her. This she eats in solitude. Her house is a little reed hut little larger than herself, affording shelter from neither cold, rain, nor storm. Into this she crawls, lies upon the ground, on a few leaves, or a mat spread upon the

earth, her pillow a round stick, raised a few inches from the earth. It is not unusual for the husband to take her child a few days after its birth and sell it to some chief. Her dress consists of grass fastened to a cord and tied round her waist, which but imperfectly covers her nakedness. (See cut.) There are none to defend her rights, none to befriend her, none to sympathize.



Such is her condition, her life from the time she is capable of enjoying life, until, in general, at a premature age, her body returns to the dust, and her spirit to Him who gave it. Mothers, sisters, daughters, have you hearts to feel? Surely there could not exist anything more calculated to excite sympathy than the condition of your sisters on this dark isle!

“I will now say a few words respecting their public meetings. Some of these appear to be after the style of our soirees or parties. One village invites a number to attend upon a certain day. On the day appointed, you see crowds gathering in from all quarters. But instead of loads of fine china and confectionery, you see men bearing on their shoulder two live hogs bound to poles—sometimes a man sitting upon the pig's back. When they come into the centre of the ground, a person appointed for the purpose strikes the pigs on the head. They then let them fall to the ground, and beat them with clubs till they are dead.

This cruel slaughter of animals seems to fill the whole company with wild delight. Next come men laden with *Kava*, which is their *grog*. The same thing occurs at home, when you see a person carrying a bottle of whisky or a keg of rum in his carriage to some gathering. Various other things are brought and laid down before the assembled crowd. The ground on which these meetings are held is the *marum*, or dancing ground of the village. These generally occupy a lovely spot under the wide-spreading branches of the trees. After some time is spent in making general arrangements and conversation, the speaking commences. The speakers are chiefs or their counsellors. When these orators wish to show particular honour to the meeting and to interest the audience, they sing a portion of their address. The speaker walks the length of the ground occupied by him while speaking. While doing so, he sings a verse. He returns in silence, apparently composing another verse. After thus singing a number of spontaneous poetical effusions, he concludes his speech in prose. While the speaking is going on good order is maintained.

“The women are not permitted to be present until the dancing commences, and then they are invited to take a part. I have wished that our admirers of dancing and dancing schools could be present and witness the obscene gestures, and the over exertion of the body. I think they would depart loathing the dance, and would never again be found either taking part in or advocating this amusement, which is the curse of this and many other lands. I cannot describe to you my feelings, as I have looked upon the heathen dance, and called to mind the fact that the dance of Christian lands is only the heathen dance polished—Satan appearing in his white robes. In this way they spend the night, when over heated casting themselves on the cold earth till cool, and then resuming the dance again. Sad are the result of such foolish, wicked conduct. The whole generally ends in scenes unmentionable.

“I will now give you a few sentences, as a specimen of the speeches, which were delivered at a peace or friendly meeting which I attended a few days ago, and at which twenty-six hogs were killed in the manner described above. One chief said.

HEATHEN VILLAGE.



'Long ago before we began to fight we were many like the sand of the sea, but now we are few and live in the service of *Kirapanumun*, hating and killing each other. We are all gone. Let us agree to allow the banished tribes to return, and let us all worship Jehovah, and have one talk, one conduct, one heart; or what will we do?' To this another chief replied, 'You have fought with us and we have fought with you. Our people are nearly all killed. We who are left are nearly all old men. Let us all live in peace, and every one go to his own land without fighting *Missi*. This is the finish of our bad conduct.'

"A Tanna man appears to have no idea of the value of time, and is not conscious that he is rapidly approaching the unseen world—the great judgment seat—the awful day of account. He scarcely realizes that he shall live hereafter. He has but a dreamy idea of the world of spirits, a happy land where good spirits go, and a state of punishment he knows not what awaiting the bad. They have lords many, and gods many, but know not the one living and true God. The spirits which they fear and worship are all wicked spirits, the chief of whom they call *Kirapanumun* (devil.) They have sacred spots allotted to these spirits. Here they deposit food and property of various kinds for them. When they wish their fruits to yield abundantly, they present some of the same kind of fruit to these spirits. In these plantations you always see *Takus*—yam hills allotted to *Kirapanumun*. You will see them set in rows around these hills. I have seen as many as twenty or thirty on one *Taku*. I have observed that the portion set apart to the evil spirits is invariably inferior in quantity and quality. Man is the same the world over. At home you profess to worship a great and unseen Being, and to give him a portion of your increase. But how frequently does he whom you worship say, 'Ye rob me; I give you much, but I receive little? My storehouse is empty. Ye bring me the torn, the lame, the sick, and the blind.'

"Our position at present in many respects is most painful. When in the house, or wherever we are, in general we are surrounded by naked men, women, and children. They appear to be void of all shame—not to be conscious that there is anything improper in this naked condition. When we first came in con-

tact with them we could not but shudder, and felt it impossible that they could be otherwise than full of shame. It is strange that a people could become so utterly void of shame as they appear to be. But such is man without the gospel. I think that if you saw this people you would do much to clothe their nakedness. Are there no Dorcases in our church who would give themselves to alms-deeds, and stir up our women to united efforts to clothe the souls and bodies of those destitute of clothing for either?

“But I must now draw to a close. We have been here but a short time, yet I hope that after we have been here longer, and have seen more of this people and island, and have more experience, we will be able to write much that will be interesting and profitable.”

He concludes this letter with the following address to the members of the congregation to which he belonged, which may be taken as his last appeal to the church at home.

“DEAR FRIENDS, ours is a solitary position, and a responsible, yet a glorious work. We are separated from Christian scenes, associations and friends. The sweet ordinances, the soul-cheering and elevating ordinances of grace we have not. Alone and solitary we sing the songs, with which we trust your happy homes are vocal night and morning. But while we sing, the song of the heathen dance, the wild cry of the savage, or the jargon of tongues, sound in our ears, and we involuntarily say, ‘Oh, how the Lord’s song shall we sing within a foreign (heathen) land!’ And we weep as we think upon our home Zion, your quiet happy Sabbaths, your solemn assemblies, your hallowed sanctuaries, and we call to mind the days of old, when with joy we went up with you to the house of prayer and our voices mingled with yours in the song of praise, and we together listened to the great truths which have come down from heaven to enlighten this dark world—to raise the dead to life, and to elevate from brutish degradation, to the felicities and glories of heaven, and the enjoyment of God. Pleasant spots, fond recollections,

sacred associations in the checkered past! These are now gone forever, and only live in the memory. But the solemn, the dying echoes of the last songs of Zion we sang together still sound in my ears—will continue to sound—until the angelic melody of the golden lyres, the sweet sounding harps, and the heavenly songs of the angelic choir burst upon my ears.

“Dear friends, farewell; truly your lines have fallen to you in pleasant places, and you have received a goodly inheritance. Part not with these privileges and blessings—the richest gifts of God, for the gold of California or Australia, no, not for all this world can give you. Eternity alone can disclose the real worth of the inheritance you possess. Learn to appreciate and be thankful for it. In this heathen land I am made daily more and more to feel the value of gospel privileges. And I would now say to you—you from generation to generation have enjoyed the ameliorating, elevating influences of gospel truth—if ye do not become partakers in your souls of its power, it would be a thousand times ten thousand better for you to have been in this dark isle and lived amid its untold darkness, wickedness, and woes. You may sport about in the sunshine of your prosperity and blessings, but the day is not far distant—the awful day you cannot escape, when you shall have to stand before the great white throne, and give in an account of the use you have made of your privileges and blessings upon earth, to the great, inflexible and just Judge of the universe.

“Oh, then let us all humbly, faithfully and immediately inquire of our souls if we are living under the influence of the Spirit of God, and wisely and diligently occupying all our privileges and talents to his glory! My dear friends, let us all think more about these things and learn to appreciate the death of Christ—the joyous message of salvation—the love, mercy, compassion of God. Let that person who lives without prayer and thought tremble.

“Finally, brethren, farewell. My constant prayer for you all is, that God may make you perfect in every good work to do his will, working in you that which is pleasing in his sight, and preserve you blameless unto the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ. Brethren, pray for us.”

The following are the only items of his private diary at this time, which we possess.

"Friday, 7. For a long time I have neglected my private journal. Many are my excuses and reasons for this neglect. True they are not without weight. But the stern, solemn, and melancholy fact is that a want of earnestness and heart devotion are the real causes of neglect. Let the heart be in earnest and devoted, how difficulties disappear. This element wanting, how difficulties multiply and beset you on every side. O God, grant me an earnest and devoted heart! During my silence what a variety of spiritual frames have I experienced—at times feeling in some measure the warmth of heaven and at others the chilly coldness of earth. But the sum of my experience is this—falling from a spiritual state of mind is like the letting out of waters. The smallest opening soon becomes the avenue of a gushing torrent. Just so the little neglect—the trifling sin soon becomes the avenue for a torrent of neglect and sin. Cleave to God and he will make you cleave to him.

"15. I ask myself whence cometh my indecision and inactivity in God's service? I find it originates in a want of earnestness in calling upon God. Oh, if I would seek him earnestly I would surely find him!"

The following is Mr. Johnston's last letter:—

"Tanna, Port Resolution, October 25, 1860.

"DEAR BROTHER:—Once more I take up my pen to address you. Many, many long letters yet remain unanswered. I have written many a long letter to Nova Scotia since I left, but have not received a single one in reply. I hope the letters we are sending home are going safely. Mr. Matheson has received letters from home dated so late as 27th. Where are the letters written since we left? Have all our friends forgotten us? But I need not spend time thus. I suppose you are anxious to know what we are doing, and how we are prospering. But I cannot promise you much at present. I have little opportunity to write. The Tannese regard every thing on Tanna as their

own. They think that they have a right to come into your house and go into every part of it as they please. Hence you have men, women, and children constantly crowding around you, for it would not do to offend them, and we are anxious to get them around us as much as possible. You must also remember, that when in the house they are not very mannerly, one naked gentleman steps up to you, and asks all manner of questions, demands of you to let him—*asipau*—see all that you have, what you have got in your pockets, how many dresses you have on, &c. Another stretches himself full length on the floor—another takes a seat upon a stand. A number are examining every thing, and demanding explanations, as though we were their servants. Others are chattering and laughing, and making all kinds of noise. Another fellow will quite deliberately take up a pen, daub it into the ink, and commence writing upon your paper, if you do not interfere, and get him some paper. Others are wanting you to buy this and the other thing, others begging you to give this and that. So I think you can easily imagine that it is no very easy matter to write in our position. In fact I have almost given it up for the present, and spend my time in learning the language.

“Betsey is quite a wonder among the natives. Some appear quite overcome with astonishment and fear. You may be sure she gets quite a close inspection and has many a strange question asked her. The women will take her into their arms—saying, *Ramasan*, good, and call her their missionary. She sometimes clears them all out of the house. Men who have been accustomed to trample upon women, scarcely know what to say to a woman usurping such authority. But still she generally manages them.

“I intend to get from Nova Scotia such supplies as the missionaries here are in the habit of getting from Britain. I wrote you some time ago respecting this, and told you what things I wished, and how they were to be done up, &c. I also authorized you to draw upon Mr. Bayne for the amount you may spend in this way. Do not be afraid of my salary, I have plenty. I hope you received my letter, for I will stand in need of things I ordered. But since I am receiving no letters from home, I fear

my letters may be lost also before they reach you. But I will trust to Providence. As I have been so kindly dealt with, and so wonderfully provided for hitherto, so also I trust that my letters have been watched over, and will reach in safety, and that my things are now on their way here.

“I am contented and happy—more so than I have ever been since I have been cast upon this world of trouble. I feel that I have got into my proper position and the work for which I was made. Oh, may we be faithful! I more and more feel that it is a great and responsible work. Oh, how earnest we should be to bring this poor suffering people into possession of the blessings of the gospel! Betsey is writing a long letter to Mary, and gives much information. I do not feel that it is necessary for me to write much.

“Changes in the feelings of this people are constantly occurring. We know not the moment they may all be arrayed against us. Yesterday, Mr. Paton and we were sitting together writing. He heard the goats making some uncommon noise, and rose and went out. We continued writing and thought no more of it, until Mr. P. returned in about half an hour, telling us he would never be nearer death, than he was since he went out, until it actually comes. A crowd of armed men had surrounded him—held their spears and clubs over him, calling upon each other to strike—telling him they would kill him that very moment. They were restrained—their wrath abated, and he was permitted to return home without any injury. This wicked people are bad enough to do any wicked act, however cruel or wicked. But there is a Power above all. They also are under this power, and can only harm us when he permits. He is all goodness and mercy; therefore let us not fear what man or any other person can do. I do not know that I experience any more fear here than I did at home. I stroll about among them everywhere, without any more fear than I had at home, among our own people. Hitherto they have not molested me, but I know not what may be awaiting me. Betsey does not appear to be troubled with fear in the least, especially if I am with her. (Perhaps she thinks me a piece of perfection.) I trust you will have no undue fears about us. If you feel that there is reason

for fear, then be more earnest in committing us to the care and keeping of Him who is able to do all things. But, in particular pray for this people—for they are rapidly going down to eternal ruin—wretched in this life, and untold misery awaiting them in the life to come. Solemnly inquire of yourselves if you have chosen the better part. There is no time for delay—no time for uncertainties.

“And now, dear brother, I must conclude. I know not where you are, or what are your relations in life. But I daily commend you to God’s care, and I have confidence that my prayers are not unanswered. I hope you are daily living to God’s glory. There is no other object worth living for.”

The following letter from Mrs. Johnston gives some farther particulars of their work :

“*Tanna, Port Resolution, October, 1860.*

“MY DEAR SISTER MARY:—In no part of my life has time seemed to pass away so rapidly as the months, weeks, and days have done since we came here. I suppose you will infer from this that I am not homesick nor lonesome. But one would suppose that the monotony here would make time hang more heavily on our hands. But it is not so. There is seldom anything here to distinguish one day’s work from another, and thus the days and weeks just *glide* away.

“On Sabbaths, at about eight o’clock, we go in to church. But the attendance there is almost discouraging at the commencement of the day’s labour. Besides the Aneiteumese teachers, who are nine in number, we have only five or six men and the same of women and children who generally attend, and here are crowds of people who would not have a quarter or half a mile to walk to church. But, poor creatures they dread anything of this kind. We then travel round from village to village, the greater part of the rest of the Sabbath day, Mr. Paton just talking and worshipping with the people, when he can get any one to sit and listen to him. Some days he goes inland and some days along the shores, perhaps in one day holding worship in ten or twelve places in little villages, or by assembling a few of them round him on the shore. But we often find

them at their work or sport on Sabbath, though they are nothing like so bad in this respect as formerly. Numbers have stopped work on Sabbath though, who do not listen to worship, or but seldom. Last Sabbath we had worship in about six or seven different places, but at no place had over seven to listen. We saw crowds out on the reefs fishing. Mr. Paton would call to any one near, but perhaps only one or two would pay any attention to him. Perhaps some of them would start up a song singing. But we generally meet with better success than we did last Sabbath, for they have these few days past not been so friendly with Mr. Paton, and at these times of course do all they can to annoy us, and the '*Afuake*' religion. Fulton and I do not understand much of the worship yet, and of course cannot talk to the people. But still we always go round with Mr. Paton.

"And about week days, our work is much the same each day through the week. We usually rise about half-past five o'clock and breakfast at seven. Mr. P. and the Aneiteum teachers get to work at the house which Mr. P. is building. Fulton and I spend most of our time with the language, sometimes reading, writing, &c. Fulton works a little occasionally at the new house.

"We are all living together yet, but hope in a few weeks to be in the new house, which, being so large, will accommodate quite well two families, or at least Mr. Paton in one part of it and we two in another, if you can call that two families. Poor Mr. Paton, we feel very much for him, but he appears to bear his trouble most resignedly. He has been living here entirely alone since his wife died, until we came here. He was some of the time sick, and had none to wait on him. He had a servant man and woman from Aneiteum. But natives, although they are taught to work about a house ever so well, always require some one to oversee them occasionally, such as in cooking, &c.

"While I sit writing there are several women and children round me. They all make a great fuss about me when they first see me—look at me with great astonishment, as if I were some other kind of being from themselves, saying '*Ramasan, ramasan,*' meaning good, good. Mary, if you were here to see

the abuse of women, I know your heart would ache for them. They are just slaves to the men—do the hardest of the work, and if they happen to give the slightest offence to them are severely punished and often clubbed to death. It will likely be some time before we will get any of the natives to come and stop with us. They do not take much interest in us yet. They will not yet work for us, if they are paid for it. The Tannese are a very independent-looking people, and awfully proud. The men wear their hair long and twisted up in little strings, and wound round with a kind of thread or grass. But you will see a picture of one in ‘Gems from the Coral Islands.’

“Fulton has just interrupted me, telling me that he dreamed last night of receiving a long letter from you, which contained a journal of home affairs from the time we left. He says it will be something new to receive a long letter from Mary, but I hope this will not be the case hereafter. You have little idea how one feels so far out of reach of all that is dear to them, and not hearing from them. Fulton always keeps saying that he will not fret if he don’t get letters. He pretends to be wonderfully brave about it. But when he saw the package of letters that came here for Mr. and Mrs. Matheson, and Mr. Paton, I rather think that he looked at them with a longing desire for home news also, wondering what had become of our letters. He enjoys excellent health, and is in good spirits. I think that he was born for a missionary. He appears to be in his element when he gets a crowd of heathen round him and talking with them with what few words he can use, of their wickedness, evil habits, &c. He commands great respect among them. They call him ‘missionary *asoi*,’ meaning the *great* missionary. It cannot be in size surely. I suppose they think him *dignified*. The natives are very noticing that way, and if they see missionaries easy going and easily led about by them, yielding to them when they should show firmness, getting into a fluster at their little annoyances, &c., they soon begin to take the advantage of them and do not respect them so much as one who is more independent and firm with them. But of course kindness must be shown in everything, and the greatest patience exercised, or we cannot either gain their affection or command re-

spect. They watch our conduct just as closely as any one at home would do. An inconsistency, ever so trifling, they are sharp to see, and would think an awful thing in a missionary. Our dress also is not unnoticed by them. If they would observe anything about our dress not tidy and nice-looking, hair not combed up nice, &c., they would say to each other, '*Raraka*,' bad. Of a slovenly person they would say at once, 'He is no missionary, but just a "*nupetonga*,"' some foreigner.

"While I am sitting here writing there are about a dozen little boys and girls round, some leaning on the back of my chair, another against my shoulder, and some picking up my ink, pens, wafers, &c., asking what is the name of this and the other things. They are also urging me very strongly to quit my writing for a little and play them a tune on that singing instrument of mine, (the accordeon) asking me if it would be a good plan for me to take the accordeon and come away to their home some day, which is about three miles away up on the mountains, and play to all the people, for there are so many men, women, and children away beyond that, who dare not pass the other tribes of savages to come here and listen to it and see me; but if I would just consent to go there, they would tell all the people, and flocks of them would come to see me. They really amuse me sometimes with their requests of me, questions, &c.

"My letter is filling up. I hope to write again soon if I have an opportunity of sending. But if no vessel calls again soon, we will not have any for about five months, until the rainy season is past which is soon to commence. The weather is becoming warm here now. It is our summer weather, and with you it is coming on winter. Our hottest weather is during the rainy season. Tell your mother about the knitting needles she put up. They of course will be useful for some purposes, such as for pieces of wire. But here the natives will not need to do anything at knitting. Of course they could learn it as easily as sewing, but they will never wear anything on their feet, however well their body is dressed. There is no such thing on Aneiteum as a native with shoes on, though on Sabbaths, some of them appear out in their coats, trowsers, and vests, as nice-looking as our boys at home."

CHAPTER XI.

CLOSING SCENES.

THE Mission on Tanna seemed for a time in a promising state. The field, though difficult, was yet hopeful. The missionaries were diligent in sowing the seed, and there was every prospect of their reaping in due time, when those events occurred, in the providence of God, which led ultimately to the entire suspension of the work.

In the month of November, a vessel landed on the island four young men ill with measles, and in a short time the disease spread over the whole island. About the same time the disease was introduced on the neighbouring islands. The whole population was laid down by it—often one not able to help another, and the living scarcely able to bury the dead. On Aneiteum it was believed that about one third of the population was swept away; while on the heathen islands the mortality was even greater, in some instances it being supposed that one half of the population died from the disease or its after effects. On Tanna the mortality was dreadful, and from the peculiar ideas of the natives regarding disease, and their prejudices against Christianity as producing it, the result was most disastrous to mission work among them. But we must allow the missionaries to

tell the tale. Mr. Johnston thus wrote in what he intended as one of his journal letters to the church :

Port Resolution, December, 1860.

“For some time I have written almost none. But now I purpose commencing again.

“I lay down this sheet with the intention of noting down from time to time some of the more important events that transpire around us. We have a nice, comfortable room. You would enjoy an hour in it more than any hour you have ever yet enjoyed. This is the rainy season—the unhealthy season. But as yet we enjoy good health. Bessy had a very slight attack of fever. But with a blessing upon the use of means she is quite restored, and is now as well as ever I saw her. Sickness is prevailing among the natives to a most alarming extent. They are all scrofulous, and consequently they are susceptible of all kinds of disease. Few of them are altogether free from running sores, and many of them appear to be masses of corruption. It is most distressing to see them. But what can we do for them? The blood is the seat of their diseases; and their food, habits, etc., all tend to make the blood impure. But there is one comfort: they do not seem to suffer nearly so much from their sores as we would do from the same sores. With amazing rapidity they are prostrated with sickness, and with equal rapidity recover or die.

“The foreigners landed two Tannese whom they had employed, and who were suffering from the measles. This disease is now spreading with fearful rapidity—but I forbear saying more about it until we shall see the result.

“22. The measles are making fearful havoc among the poor Tannese. As we pass through their villages, a most mournful scene is presented to the eye. Young and old prostrated on the ground, suffering all those painful symptoms which usually attend this loathsome and malignant disease. In some villages there appear to be few able to prepare food and carry drink to the suffering. How painful to see these sufferers destitute of every comfort, attention, and remedy that would ameliorate their sufferings and remove their disease! As I think of the

tender manner in which we are nursed in sickness, the many remedies employed to give relief, and all the comforts and attentions bestowed upon us, and then contemplate these sufferers stretched on the ground, naked, and destitute of every comfort and attention, my heart sickens within me, and I say, Oh! my ingratitude, and the ingratitude of Christian people. How little we value a Christian birth, education, and privileges! Where are the evidences of our gratitude for the invaluable blessings so lavishly conferred upon us, and mysteriously withheld from myriads of the human family? Their present trouble seems to humble them very much. They are willing to worship, and say that they will live better in time to come. Mr. Paton cut his ankle very badly—unable to go about. I have to attend to the interests of the Mission. I go almost every day to some of the villages, to the suffering and dying (for numbers are now dying.) Though little can be done for them, yet I like to go among them, that I may more deeply sympathize with them, feel more grateful for my blessings, and give a word of comfort, admonition, or instruction. Thus time passes on. But one sad feature in this calamity is now beginning to manifest itself; the people are beginning to waver, incline to their old superstitious notions, and say that the *Nahak* is killing them—that our worship is bringing these calamities upon them—and that if we would leave them the disease would leave—that Satan was destroying them all because he does not like the worship, and does not allow them to worship. They are now beginning to threaten us. They say some of us must die to satisfy *kirampanumun*.

“Events became more and more threatening until the year closed, and it expired under a dark, gloomy cloud. But still I did not anticipate any personal danger to myself, or any connected with the Mission. Though rumours of all kinds were daily coming to our ears, and our teachers were greatly alarmed, still I did not fear, disbelieved, and went freely among the people, (I suppose you will say, Fulton-like.) I saw a change in their countenances, etc., but was not molested in any way.

“January 1, 1861. This morning, with a heavy heart and a feeling of dread, I knew not why, I set out on my accustomed wanderings among the sick. Their melancholy condition truly

aroused my sympathies. I hastened home, and directed the teachers to carry Mr. Paton to the scenes of distress. We carried water and medicines. I carried a bucket of water in one hand, and medicine in the other. We spent a large portion of the day in thus endeavouring to alleviate their sufferings; and I think our day's labours did not only tend to alleviate suffering, but also had a happy effect upon the minds of many. In the evening, as usual, we went into Mr. P.'s to have worship. The houses are only a few steps apart."

Mr. Johnston's hand was here arrested. What followed Mr. Paton thus describes.

"On the first of January, when as usual Mr. and Mrs. Johnston were retiring from family worship in my room, he returned back to say, that two Tanna men were at the window with huge clubs, &c. I went and asked what they wanted, when one answered, medicine for a boy; so with much difficulty I got them urged to come into the house, when I saw from their agitated appearance, that they did not want medicine, but were about some ill. As Mr. Johnston was leaving, I said they must all leave, as I was going to sleep, and if they came in daylight, I would give them all the medicine they wanted. Outside, Mr. Johnston bent down to lift a kitten that had got out, when one of the savages got behind him and aimed a blow with his huge club, which, however, Mr. J. evaded, and the ground received. He drew a second blow, but my two dogs observing, sprang between them, and so saved Mr. J.'s life. On hearing Mr. J. call out, I ran out of the house and called the two men to me, not knowing what they had done. Again they turned, and both ran at me with their ponderous clubs, but when about to inflict the deadly blows, again my two dogs sprang between us, so one dog was struck with a club, and the other club struck the ground, and I was saved, for now the dogs had them running from us as fast as possible. As they fled down the path, I reproved their sinful conduct, and entreated them to give up hating Jehovah, his worship and his people. Though a large body of armed men were hiding in the path, and all ready to give assistance at a mo-

ment's warning, and though they had come eight or ten miles to take our lives, yet they all fled. Truly, 'the wicked flee when no man pursueth.' 'The Lord is our refuge!'

"Having now become accustomed to such attacks and such scenes, I went to bed and slept as usual; but Mr. Johnston could not sleep. He was pale next day. At the moment he said to himself, 'Already on the verge of eternity—How have I spent my time on the mission-field? What good have I done? What zeal have I manifested?'

"Next day in company we visited a village to administer advice and medicine, and to conduct worship with the people, and on returning home Mr. J. was sick and vomiting. The following day was spent as a thanksgiving day, in which anew and unitedly we dedicated ourselves to God and to his service among the heathen on Tanna, so long as he is pleased to spare us.

"On the 4th we went out to Rasiau to give advice and medicine, for we were told that many were sick and dying, and that the people were reflecting because we had not gone to see them. We were kindly received. A large company of people assembled for worship. After which we gave a great quantity of medicine to sick folks, and then visited many sick persons in their houses, administered medicine, and joined in prayer in almost every house, but as the rain fell in torrents, we were drenched all day, and I feared we would be the worse for it.

On the 6th, very early, a large body of armed men passed the mission-house, and all was excitement with armed men running here and there. The people on the other side of the bay had assembled with the Kasirumini people, and come to try and get our people to unite with them in taking all our lives at once. We assembled our Aneiteumese and had worship, and as we concluded we heard a great noise on the shore. The Anikahi people had quarrelled with our people, and at that instant an inland tribe came and killed a man on the other side of the bay, and as the war-cry was now heard, every man was running to protect his own in the greatest confusion, and so God frustrated all their purposes and saved us. For a week our people met daily in arms, and acted on the defensive—sitting, waiting for

their enemies, and large numbers came to worship every morning at the mission-house.

"A few days after, Mr. J. and I went to a village about a half mile distant to give medicine to twelve persons, and to conduct worship with all the inhabitants, who were very kind and attentive. We went a little farther to another village, where we saw many sick persons but could not get them all to take medicine.

"On Sabbath, the 13th, Mr. J. and I visited three large villages, conducted worship at each of them, had large and attentive audiences, and after worship gave medicine to very many persons who were ill, and as it had been a wet day the day before, and we had to sit on the ground a good deal, I got fever from it, and Mr. J. felt unwell and could not sleep at night, for which reason he took laudanum."

Of these days the following are the only items in his diary, which we possess.

"Jan. 3, Thursday. A day of fasting and humiliation. We set this day apart to make confession of our sins, to acknowledge God's hand and mercy in our miraculous delivery, to make a new dedication of ourselves to God and his service on this isle, to seek qualifications for the work, and to make special prayer for the people. Had some sweet pleasure in the exercises of this day—one of my happiest days. But still have to lament a want of heart-searching examination and deepest honesty and sincerity.

"Friday, 11. We have obtained some farther information regarding the attempt made upon our lives. It seems that it was long meditated and undertaken with determination. The party was from Anakahi. They considered that as when Mr. Turner was here, disease destroyed great numbers, so now the present epidemic had been brought upon them by us, and that at least some of us must die. The party came to the foot of the hill, and sent two of their number,—bold, blood-thirsty men to lie in wait and kill some of us, while the rest lay in readiness to assist if their assistance should be required.

"Such was their fiendish plot. But the result should teach them that it is in vain for the heathen to rage against his anointed."

The above is the last entry. An account of his last illness we shall give from the letters of Mrs. Johnston and Mr. Paton, interweaving their narratives into one.

Mr. J. had enjoyed excellent health after leaving home, and was very fleshy up to his sickness. He was not quite a week sick. His sickness commenced with vomiting. On January 16th he and Mrs. J. took breakfast together as usual, after which they went into Mr. Paton's to worship. It was Mr. J's. turn to pray, and Mrs. J. noticed that his prayer was much shorter than usual. He also went out doors immediately after. She followed him out and found him vomiting. She got him to bed at once, and gave him an emetic, by which he threw off a great deal of bile. He was soon relieved, but he seemed chilly, but with some additional bedclothes in a few hours felt more comfortable. He then became feverish and suffered very much, became very thin in flesh in two days. He was very thirsty all day, and often said, "Oh if I only had a drink of cold water out of father's well, I would just be well." The water was not very good, and they always put something in it to make it more palatable. But he got tired of all kinds of drinks, and said, "Oh, mother used to make me some sort of *toast* drink, that I must have some of now!" This he seemed very fond of.

Next morning, January 17th, he arose quite well—had slept well the night before, from having taken laudanum. He also gave the same to her, as she had been ill

all day, and both had slept but little for two or three nights. In the morning he went into Mr. Paton's bedroom full of life and activity, saying that he had got a long sound sleep, and felt so well. Mr. Paton asked him if he had found the medicine he wanted. He said, "Yes, what a blessing such medicine is to us when we are ill."

But on this day, about 11 o'clock, he began to lounge about, and not feeling very strong he threw himself on the bed. Still he was not complaining, and three Tannese coming in and sitting on the floor he talked to them of their bad conduct and the evil consequences of it. After these went out he appeared restless and sleepy. Mrs. J. went to the bedside and asked him if he was not feeling so well. "Not quite," he said, and his thoughts wandered. She could not get him to speak in English. It was all Tannese he spoke. She told him that he was not well at all—that she would raise him up in bed. But he was so drowsy that she could not get him to move about much. He lay quite composed for some time, and at last fell into a sleep. She let him sleep for a few moments, but fearing that something was wrong she could not be contented to allow him to remain asleep. She moved him about, but could not get him clearly awake. From his having so much heat in his head, and his being very feverish, she thought he might have inflammation of the brain. She searched the medical work, and applied such remedies as she judged best, bathing his head with vinegar and water, and giving him as drink chiefly lemonade. For some time he seemed quite lively, and would himself wet the cloth for his forehead in a basin near him. About one o'clock he

slept soundly and she could not awake him. She then went in to ask Mr. Paton what she could do for him. Mr. Paton was lying very low with fever, but still he very kindly said he must go in and see. Two men helped him to Mr. J's. bedside, but finding Mr. J. in a state of coma with his jaw locked, for a time Mr. P. forgot his own suffering. With difficulty he succeeded in opening Mr. J's. mouth with two knives, got him out of bed, and administered the usual emetic, &c., which took good effect, and so he appeared greatly revived; but they had to keep him awake by the cold dash, by ammonia, and by exercise. Mr. P. shaved behind his ears and applied blisters—bled him at the arm, but no blood flowed. However, medicine formerly administered now gave great relief and he began to speak a little, so Mr. P. left him in Mrs. J's. care till the morning. He continued to improve, but till next day at midday they had to keep him awake by physical means.

For some time, while he was in Mr. Paton's hands, Mrs. J. could scarcely keep herself up from the laudanum she had taken. She sat with Mr. J. most of the night, holding him in her arms, giving him sometimes hartshorn and dashing cold water on his face. At 12 o'clock he began to improve and moved himself about, also moaned, at times turning himself. About 2 o'clock they laid a bed on the floor for him. He kept improving until 4 o'clock, when for the first time he answered any question. Mrs. J. asked him if he knew her. He said, "Of course, I do." She asked him if it was his mother. He said, "No." "Is it Mary?" "No." "Betsey?" "Yes, I know you."

At 5 o'clock, A. M. Mr. Paton returned, and reached

his hand to Mr. J. He grasped it, but looked up amazed at Mr. Paton and then at Mrs. J. Soon he was alone with Mrs. J. who told him what had happened through the night, and that to human appearance there was no hope of his life, and also that Mr. Paton prayed for him very often through the night. He wept, and said, "Mr. Paton is a dear man." She asked him if he knew when Mr. Paton was praying. He said he "heard in part." She said, "Did you pray for yourself since you have been awake?" "Not so much as I ought to have done."

About three o'clock in the afternoon he fell into a sound sleep. Mr. Paton gave him medicine. About dark he awoke, and seemed quite well. Through the night he talked to Mrs. J. very freely. He said, "Now, since I have got better, you tell all about me during my sleep." She told him. He said, "Now, since we have not been able to pray together for some time, let us do so now. I will pray first, then you." After this both slept till morning. He seemed quite well in the morning, but had very little appetite. In the forenoon she was talking to him again, he said, "How merciful God has been. I might just have slept away into eternity without a moment's warning, but now that I have awaked from sleep, and find that I have been so very low, I would be willing not to have awaked again, *only for the heathen.*" She said, "Would you be satisfied to be called now into eternity?" He answered quickly, "Yes." At 11 o'clock he wished to rise and walk out doors. She would not consent to that, knowing that he was too weak. He then asked if he could have the sofa set outside the door—saying that he would lie on it. This was prepared for him; he said he was comfortable now, and

to tell the girl to bring his soup, if it was prepared. Mrs. J. gave him the chicken soup. He ate a little, and soon went to sleep. As he had not slept much for some time she allowed him an hour. Little thinking that he was *sound* asleep she at one o'clock tried to awaken him, but in vain. They carried him to bed. All the means she could use to rouse him were of no effect. He slept on through all day Sabbath; she with a teaspoon wetting his mouth with drink. He did not swallow well. On Monday, January 21st, she noticed that his breathing was not as usual, and sent for Mr. Paton. In a few moments he slept in death without a struggle. The last breath was as calm as if sleeping.

The following is the conclusion of Mr. Paton's letter :

"As decomposition soon follows here, I set some of our Aneitumese to make his grave, while I made his coffin, as we feared the effect of his death on our dark, benighted, threatening Tannese, but they did not interfere, and at sunset his remains slept beside those of my dear departed. Mrs. Johnston attended him with affectionate care, and sustained the trial of his death with much Christian resignation. But having taken the same quantity of laudanum with Mr. Johnston, she appeared to suffer from its effects for above four weeks after.

"Mr. and Mrs. Johnston came here on the 12th of September, and slept in my bedroom for about three months, when we got another ready for them, and as good as the one they were leaving. When Mr. Johnston came to Port Resolution, I was busy building houses, and so we agreed that it was better for him and Mrs. J. to apply their whole time in acquiring the language, so as to be ready for a new station, if one could possibly be got at the close of the rainy season. I gave them ten Tanna words daily which they committed to memory and were exercised

on every night with conversational phrases. So that on an average they learned sixty words weekly, apart from words picked up by themselves from the Tannese.

"I found Mr. Johnston to be a very agreeable friend and companion, full of missionary zeal, and always ready to try and do good for the poor heathen. He accompanied me to worship on Sabbath among the villages, and he also went with me in all my inland excursions. And often in company we have carried medicine and water to the sick and dying in our nearest villages, so that we loved each other as brothers, and had much sweet communion in the Lord's work among this benighted people. But alas! our Lord Jesus has called our dear brother into another department of his service, and for what, the future must develope.

"Tanna is a large and rugged field, the labourers are few and the harvest is great, and Mr. Johnston was full of youth, life, and activity, and why he should be safely brought over a long voyage, enabled to acquire the language so as to be able to speak to the people, and called away when his usefulness was just beginning, must remain among the inscrutable mysteries of God, who gives account of his ways to none; yet, 'He doeth all things well.' And undoubtedly in his eternal purpose the time, the place, and the means must have been arranged and fixed unalterably for his kingdom and the good of his Church. 'Even so, Father, for so it seemeth good in thy sight.' 'The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away, blessed be the name of the Lord.' Mr. Johnston's death is a great loss to the mission, and to the Church, for he was much respected and beloved by all the members of it, and high hopes were entertained regarding his future career on Tanna, and his death will cause universal mourning in the mission, but let it be the united and earnest prayer of all concerned, that God may not abandon his work on dark, gloomy Tanna, but that he may raise up and qualify others to occupy the places of those who have fallen asleep in Jesus. And may this lesson teach us all to prepare for the awful change which may be nearer than we expect, and which 'will come as a thief in the night.'

"For the last two months this island has been fearfully

scourged with measles and other diseases. A vessel landed four young Tanna men ill with measles about three months ago, and in a short time this epidemic spread over the island. Some of the lads were killed for bringing the disease. Many have died and yet the people are dying in great numbers from the after effect. The mortality is so great in some places that many persons are left lying here and there on the earth unburied, or the door of the house is closed and the dead body left to decay with the house. For heathen are truly without natural affection, and take but little care of their health. The disease is still cutting off hundreds inland, and the people are for killing us and burning all that belongs to us, because they say we are foreigners, and the foreigners brought this disease to Tanna which is killing them all. Many of the most important chiefs have died, and only three men are left who come to worship. The inland people say they are all dying, and the worship is in some way the cause of it, therefore they want to destroy the worship of God from Tanna, but the tribes around us say the worship is good, and the medicine is good, and that 'it is only the dark-hearted Tannese who blame Missi for the sickness.' I believe our cause has gained much ground during this sickness if we are only spared to survive it. Our poor chief when dying got up and said, 'I'll run to Missi for medicine, for I am very ill;' but when about half way he fell and died in the bush where he was found next morning.

"The people around us came for medicine, and even little children took it like milk, consequently the mortality around us has been very small compared with that at a distance.

"My Aneiteum teachers who occupied inland stations have suffered severely, and Kawia, the Tannese chief who lived with us, and his Aneiteum wife and child are all dead, so that in whole ten persons are dead, and eight of those who remain are resolved to go to Aneiteum, as they say they dare not remain on Tanna, for which I feel sorry. My poor Aneiteumese suffered with much patience, and read the Scriptures as long as they were able—they prayed much with each other and appeared to derive much consolation from Christianity. I had great pleasure in waiting on them, and I hope they all sleep in Jesus.

One of them, a good old man named Abraham, spent the most of his time in reading the Scriptures to them, exhorting them, and praying with them. A few days before Kawia the Tanna chief's death, he came to my bedside where I was confined with fever, I asked him to pray, when in tears he said, 'O, Lord, Missi Johnston is dead. Thou hast taken him away. Missi Paton and Missi the woman Johnston are ill, very ill. I am sick, and the Aneiteumese, thy servants, are all sick and dying. O, Lord, our Father in heaven, art thou going to take away all thy servants and thy worship from Tanna at this time, or what wilt thou do? O, Lord, the Tannese hate thee, and thy worship, and thy servants, but forsake not Tanna! Make the hearts of the Tannese sweet to thy word, and to thy worship, and teach them to fear and love Jesus. O, our Father in heaven,' &c."

He also adds in a letter to Mr. Johnston's Parents :

"My dear friends, you had designed your accomplished son to work in the Lord's work on the mission-field. The Master has accepted your rich donation, but after a few months' probation, in which he was acquiring the language rapidly and bidding fair to be useful, he has given him employment elsewhere, and his dust rests as composedly on dark Tanna as it would have done in Stewiacke church-yard. Then mourn not for him, as those who have no hope. True we cannot help tears of natural affection flowing. Jesus wept at the grave of Lazarus, nor will he be angry at us, when we weep for dear departed friends, if we keep our grief within proper bounds. I have no sympathy with the stoic, who is unmoved when the Lord smites, but my heart melts with those who feel his warning voice, and weep when he warns or reproves. I believe that everything was done for your son, that could have been done for him in the circumstances, but his time was come. I believe also that in God's eternal purpose Tanna was fixed as the place where he must die and where his dust must rest; and as to the means, God appointed them also, for the time, the place, and the means of our death are all arranged by him in eternity. Glorious, soul-cheer-

ing doctrine. Oh how comforting that nothing is left to chance or circumstances, but all unalterably 'fixed—fixed in eternity! 'The hairs of our head are all numbered.' 'A sparrow cannot fall to the ground without our heavenly Father,' and far less one of his ordained ambassadors. Remember the words of the Lord Jesus, 'If ye loved me, ye would rejoice, because I said I go to my Father,' and in the hope that our dear departed are with the Father and Jesus, let us try to act in accordance with the same spirit."

The following is the conclusion of Mrs. Johnston's letter:

"For a few weeks after Fulton's death I was almost constantly bedfast. I fell away so much in flesh that Mr. Paton said he would not have known me—that I was a skeleton. He told me afterwards that at one time he had little hopes of my recovery. I ate scarcely anything for some weeks. Still I had no pain, but felt very weak and stupid. Mr. Paton said my thoughts wandered very much. By the mercy and goodness of God I am able to go about the house again. But I am very weak yet. I am writing this letter only at times, when I find my hand steady enough. I left our house vacant, and am stopping in Mr. Paton's. I could not stop alone in the lonely house in the midst of savages. We have serious times with the natives. This week past we have scarcely gone to bed a night without fear of being molested by them. One night our house was surrounded by crowds of armed men, just ready at any moment to break in upon us for our lives. We have had, for some days past, to sit in the house with the doors locked to prevent any of the savages from entering, for every party seems to be united against us now. The great sickness that prevails among them at present is the cause of their rage. They say that we made the disease, and we must be killed for it—that they never died off this way before the religion came among them. My hand is too trembling to write any more now. You may judge this from the scrawl which I have given you, but I do not feel able to copy it.

* * *

“Oh, the mercy and goodness of God! He has restrained the heathen from their evil purposes—put his fear into their hearts, that they have been led to give up their design, and say now that ‘the bad talk is all done, that we did not make the sickness, and that no one will injure us.’ We feel ourselves more safe—every one that comes in seems very kind and pleasant. I may mention that a few days ago four men were killed, and their bodies feasted on. The savage yells as they carried the dead bodies past the mission-house, were the most dismal sounds I ever heard.” * * *

During the short period that Mr. Johnston laboured on Tanna, he won the affection and confidence of the natives in a remarkable manner. It is true that an attempt was made upon his life, but this was done by people from a different district, in blind rage on account of the disease, that was laying low so many of their friends, and believing that the missionaries were the cause of it. But those around the mission premises, who had come in contact with him, were strongly attached to him and still retain a fond recollection of him. To his brethren in the mission he had deeply endeared himself, though but a few months associated with them. Mr. Geddie writes: “We are now mourning the loss of Mr. Johnston, a very dear brother, who was permitted only seven short months among us. He was a young man of piety and great promise. I have met with few on the mission field to whom my heart was more drawn out.” And in another letter he says, “His death is a serious loss to the mission. He was all that we could expect, and almost all that we could desire.”

We need not, after what has been said, occupy much time in discussing Mr. Johnston’s talents or delineating his character. His talents, if not superior, were cer-

tainly, very respectable, and had been diligently cultivated, so that the productions of his pen were generally appreciated through the church. In his disposition he was gentle and affectionate. He was a man of deep tenderness, and all the kindly natural affections of our nature ruled in him with peculiar power. After what has been stated it is scarcely necessary to remark, that as a Christian he was a devoted servant of Christ. Few men have been more so. He daily walked with God ; and in such a sense as is given to mortals here below "his meat and his drink was to do the will of his Father who is in heaven."

We might be disposed to dwell longer on the remarkable dispensation of Divine Providence by which he has been so early removed. To human apprehension it certainly appears an exceedingly mysterious arrangement that a young man possessing to our view so many qualities fitting him for usefulness in the mission field—having spent so many years of labour as well as expended so much money in preparation for his work, after the church had incurred such heavy expense in bringing him to his desired sphere of labour, should be cut down at the very outset of his career—when his real work could scarcely be said to have commenced, and that at a time when the field stands in such urgent need of labourers. It seems to our limited views scarcely reconcilable with the wisdom of the Divine procedure. It at all events makes us feel that "his ways are not as our ways," and to say, "how unsearchable are his judgments, and his ways past finding out."

Yet such have been the arrangements of Divine Providence in every age. Not unfrequently the most zeal-

ous and devoted of his servants are called to an early crown, and at the very time that the church on earth seems most to need their services. The good Josiah, whose faithfulness for a time arrested the destruction impending over Israel, was cut down in his early prime. John the Baptist was raised up at a critical era in the history of the church, and was sent with a high commission to reclaim a degenerate race and make ready a people prepared of the Lord. He came forth in the spirit and power of Elias, scorning the pomps and fashions of this world, and, in the spirit of undaunted courage, rebuking the pride of kings, as well as preaching repentance to the multitude. And his success was extraordinary. "He was a burning and shining light, and many for a season were willing to rejoice in his light." But his course was short, his public ministry perhaps little exceeding that of our beloved friend in the South Seas, and he was cut off by a violent death while yet his years were comparatively few. At the outset of the church's career in propagating the gospel, she was called to mourn over a Stephen, "a man full of faith and of the Holy Ghost," summoned to wear the martyr's crown while seemingly but beginning his work. In after ages God has been pleased to deal with his church in a similar manner. How mysterious the arrangement by which an Edward VI. is removed, leading to the arresting of the work of Reformation in England and the subjecting the church to the cruelties of "Bloody Mary." And in modern times how untimely seemed the removal of a Spencer, a Summerfield, or a McChayne.

And yet we know that all these things are the doing

of the Lord. "Our times are in his hands, the number of our months is with him, he hath appointed our bounds that we cannot pass." "Not a sparrow falls to the ground without our heavenly Father," and much less can we suppose that the termination of the life of one of his intelligent creatures is left in uncertainty. Especially we know that all the circumstances, as to the time and mode in which his servants terminate their earthly services, are directed in infinite wisdom. In reality the death of the righteous can never be untimely. As far as they are personally concerned we all acknowledge this. "Death cannot come untimely to him who is prepared to die." But we should have the same confidence that the removal of none of God's servants is untimely as far as their work on earth is concerned. No Christian dies *in the midst* of his usefulness, as we often improperly say. He cannot be removed till the work assigned him has been finished. Whatever then we might have wished, or whatever we might have considered best, we may be assured regarding our dear friend that all was determined in infinite wisdom. He had finished the work given him to do, his course was fulfilled, his warfare was accomplished.

But still human reason asks why was his course so short. It were enough to reply, that such was the will of God, and that our duty is to manifest submission to his will, and to have faith in his wisdom, even when we cannot understand. Still we can see important ends to be served by such a dispensation. How loudly does it proclaim the *divine sovereignty*—that "he doeth according to his will in the armies of heaven and among the inhabitants of the earth—that none can stay his

hand or say unto him what doest thou." With equal clearness does it teach us God's *independence and all-sufficiency*. We are apt to imagine that the cause of God is dependent upon this or that human agent. But by such removals God teaches us that no man is necessary for his cause—that he can work with or without human agency—that if he removes one he can raise up others with equal or better qualifications, and even make the death of his servants to conduce to the promotion of his cause. Thus, while the church is daily losing the fairest of her children and the most devoted of her labourers, the cause of God still goes on. "All flesh is grass, and all the goodliness thereof is as the flower of the field. The grass withereth, the flower fadeth, but the word of our God shall stand for ever;" thus illustrating the all-sufficiency of him, whose is the work, and who will bear the glory. We know too that their removal *is in kindness* to them, and we might hear them saying, "If ye loved me ye would rejoice, because I go with my Father." True, their course was short, but their reward will be none the less brilliant. We know who has said, "It was well that it was in thine heart," and he has taught us that in his judgment those servants who were ready to labour and willing to sacrifice in his cause, but who had not the opportunity afforded them of so doing, shall, though they should have laboured but one hour, be rewarded even as those who have borne the burden and heat of the day (Matt. xx. 1-16). We know too that none of their powers are lost—that they have gone to a scene, not of idle self-indulgence, but of *nobler employment*, where they shall find a higher and perfectly holy sphere for the exercise of every ca-

capacity for serving God. We know too that such dispensations teach many solemn lessons to survivors individually and to the church at large, especially calling upon us loudly to "work while it is day, for the night cometh when no man can work."

That the death of our beloved brother will serve valuable ends both among the heathen in Tanna and in the church at home we believe, as we believe in the wisdom of Him whose doing it is. He has given the people there an example of Christian benevolence of the highest kind, even the laying down his life for their salvation—which indeed their darkened souls cannot yet appreciate, but which we hope they will yet understand and value. But it seems that more than the instructions of his life were needed. Our heavenly Father saw it good that he should also show them how the Christian dies—that he afford an example of Christian burial and of the hopes that blossom o'er a Christian's tomb. In these ways, he being dead, will yet, we trust, long continue to speak; and who knows but his grave in that dark and distant land may speak in louder tones and yield more profitable lessons than even his living voice.

The church at home too has her lessons to learn from this event. If it teach us to cease from man and confide more fully in the power and promises of the great Head of the church—and thus evoke throughout the church a spirit of more earnest and believing prayer—it will be the harbinger of glorious days for our mission on those islands—yea, indeed, of the years of the right hand of the Most High. Oh! that we all felt too the call addressed to us to imitate the faith and devotedness

and zeal of him who has gone to rest, and that the whole church were awakened by his example to a deeper consecration to that glorious work in which he laid down his life. Surely we have now a new interest in Tanna. Its soil contains precious dust. The patriarchs of old, in burying their dead in Canaan, intimated that thus they claimed the land as promised for a possession ; and has not the church, when she has secured a possession of a burying-place on Tanna, likewise signified that she has taken possession of that isle as part of the promised inheritance of the Redeemer ? Oh ! then, “let us go up at once and possess it.” Let there be no failing of faith—no magnifying of difficulties, as there was on the part of the unbelieving Israelites. “If the Lord delight in us, then he will bring us into this land and give it us.” So that on the glorious resurrection morn, when the mortal part of our beloved brother shall put on immortality, thousands of the redeemed and regenerated sons of Tanna, rising like him in glory and beauty, shall gather round to utter their acclamations of joy, as they behold him receiving his everlasting crown.



REV. J. W. F. A. THOMPSON.

MEMOIR

OF

REV. J. W. MATHESON,

AND

MRS. MARY JOHNSTON MATHESON.

MEMOIR

OF

MR. AND MRS. MATHESON.

CHAPTER I.

MR. MATHESON'S EARLY YEARS.

THE Rev. John William Matheson was born at Rogers' Hill, county of Pictou, N. S., on the 14th April, 1832, and was the second son of Mr. Alex. Matheson, of that place. He enjoyed the high honour of a pious ancestry. His paternal great grandfather emigrated from Sutherlandshire, in Scotland, to Pictou, in the year 1773, in the ship *Hector*, the first emigrant vessel from Scotland to that port. He was one of what might be called the advanced guard of that Scottish emigration, which has occupied almost the whole eastern part of Nova Scotia, and moulded the character of its inhabitants. Soon after his arrival, he removed to Londonderry, N. S., where he settled upon a farm, and after a few years, had arrived at a condition of comparative comfort. But hearing that the gospel was preached in Pictou by the late Dr. McGregor, in the Gaelic language, he sold his property and removed to Rogers' Hill, in that county, that he might enjoy what he re-

garded as the inestimable privilege of hearing "the joyful sound" in his own mountain tongue.

His two sons occupied places of usefulness in the church in that portion of the Lord's vineyard. One of them was the late William Matheson, Esq., so well known throughout the province for his princely liberality on behalf of every Christian enterprise. The other, the late John Matheson, grandfather of the subject of this Memoir, was one of the first Elders ordained by the late Rev. Duncan Ross after his settlement at West River. He was a man of devoted piety, and universally esteemed. He continued during the whole period of the ministry of that eminent servant of Christ, and for a short time under his successor, to discharge the duties of that office with credit to himself and benefit to the congregation.

By his mother's side, Mr. M. was a great grandson of Kenneth Fraser, one of the first elders ordained in the county of Pictou, under the ministry of Dr. McGregor, and particularly noticed by him in his autobiography for his amiable disposition and Christian knowledge. The piety of his ancestors was continued in his father's family, in which, from his earliest years, he enjoyed the benefits of a thorough Christian training and example. From early life he appeared in some degree under the influence of religious truth, and was always correct in his deportment. It was not, however, till he was about sixteen or seventeen years of age, that he gave decided evidence of having passed from death unto life. At this period he passed through a season of deep religious conviction. He was then, as always, unusually silent regarding his feelings; but from those

closely associating with him the severity of the struggle through which he was passing could not be concealed. The intensity of his emotions appeared in his countenance and behaviour, and he was found at times leaving his work to retire to some lonely spot to pour out his heart in prayer. After a time he emerged into the sunshine of Christian hope and joy, and gave the first indication of the change that had passed over him, by intimating to his parents his desire to study, with the view of preaching the gospel. From this early period he also gave hints that his mind was directed to the Foreign Mission field, and thenceforward his prayers in the family circle plainly revealed the place which that work occupied in his heart.

Up till this time he had enjoyed only the ordinary education of a country common school, which then, as yet in many parts of Nova Scotia, was poor enough. To prepare for the Seminary, he commenced attending the Grammar school, at Durham, then under the charge of Mr. Daniel McDonald. This was at the distance of four miles from his father's house, the road leading over some steep ascents and bleak hills. Yet in winter's snow and summer's heat, in the rain and blasts of spring and autumn, he daily walked thither in the morning and back again in the evening to his father's house, where much of the night was spent in preparing the tasks of the following day. Thirteen months were spent in this way, after which he was admitted to the philosophical classes of the Seminary of the Presbyterian Church of Nova Scotia. In these labours, if not earlier, the seeds were sown of that malady, which eventually ended his days. He had a few years before

had the measles, which as in many instances left behind it a cough, from which he was scarcely ever entirely free, and which was easily revived on the slightest cold, and his close application to study in these and subsequent years, no doubt aggravated these unfavourable symptoms.

He attended the classes of that Institution during the Sessions of 1850, 1851 and 1852, and during this time his labours were not diminished. His early education had been imperfect—his preparation for entering the Seminary had been hurried and slight, so that he laboured under great disadvantages. Besides, it would be uncandid in us to attribute to him brilliant talents, or great aptitude for acquiring knowledge. So far from this, all his attainments were the result of the severest labour. What he did he did by a dead lift. Every step of his progress was earned by consuming toil. He was one of those whose learning is purchased not only by the sweat of their brow, or the expenditure of their worldly means, but we may say by their life blood. The relaxations by which other students relieve the severe strain of mental exertion were to him unknown. “To scorn delights and live laborious days” was the only path open to him to gain the position upon which his heart was set. Yet his was none of the ambition of the mere scholar. For no earthly laurels did he thus strive. On the contrary, his devotion to his studies was only as a means to an end. Steadily was his eye fixed on the one object—to preach Christ and him crucified. For this alone he spent his days in exhausting study and burnt the midnight oil. He was known then for his deep piety, and though somewhat reserved in his

manners, none questioned the purity of his motives or the loftiness of his aims.

In the prosecution of his studies, he thus manifested a feature of character which was prominent in his missionary career: viz., an indomitable perseverance in whatever he undertook, an inflexible persistency of purpose, a true Scottish *dourness*, which no discouragement could shake, and from which no temptations could turn him aside. This feature is necessary to all great achievements, and has always been an element, to a greater or less extent, in the character of the men who have overcome great difficulties or accomplished great undertakings. But when not regulated by sound judgment, when ruled by self-will, it degenerates into mere stubbornness and obstinacy, and either does no good or produces positive evil.

Mr. M.'s perseverance in his studies was not without its reward. Though he never ranked as a first class scholar, yet he attained to a respectable proficiency in all the branches taught at the Seminary. And after three years of attendance at the philosophical classes, he was readily, in 1852, admitted to the Theological Hall, then under the charge of Dr. Keir and Professor Smith. He attended upon the prelections of these respected fathers during that and the three following sessions. During the intervals of the classes, he taught school at Onslow and some other places. His attendance at the Hall presents scarcely any points calling for remark. The same devotedness to his studies, the same perseverance in whatever he undertook, the same piety, the same gentle manners as in his previous course, still distinguished him, with perhaps a deeper serious-

ness and solemnity of manner than was usual even among divinity students. In private he endeavoured to be useful in such labours as Sabbath-school teaching. By his inoffensive manners and amiable disposition, he won the esteem of his associates, and others with whom he came in contact, though some would have desired to see in him a more free and familiar turn, and perhaps his usefulness would have thus been increased.

After passing through the usual curriculum of study, he was licensed by the Presbytery of Pictou on the 18th December, 1855, and immediately commenced his labours in the Home Mission field, in which he continued for a few months. If not popular, he was acceptable as a preacher, and would readily have obtained a call and an eligible settlement in some of the vacancies at home. But his heart was among the heathen, and having made proof of his gifts, he in the following summer tendered his services to the Foreign Mission Board, and at their meeting on the 23d September, he was formally accepted as a missionary to the New Hebrides.

From his close application during the whole course of his preparatory studies, the seeds of his fatal disease had begun to germinate. Still, as usual with consumptive persons, he could not see or believe that he was in danger, and he even manifested a reluctance, which grew upon him and afterwards became very strong, to have anything said on the subject. When according to the rules of the Board, he underwent a medical examination, the physician employed, at once pronounced him as having a decided tendency to pulmonary disease, and stated that his only hope of vigorous health was in an early departure to a warm climate, but gave it as his

opinion, (and the same view was held by others of the highest standing in the profession) that he might live many years and have strength to labour, in such a climate as that of the New Hebrides. Experience has now shown that this is a view upon which we cannot rely in our missionary operations in the South Seas. It is now certain that persons who could not live in this climate from pulmonary disorders, need not expect to be efficient labourers there. This has been shown in the case of both Mr. and Mrs. Matheson. Among the natives consumption is by no means uncommon, and the fever and ague to which all the residents on these islands are so liable, is not only debilitating in itself, but leaves its effects upon the weaker parts of the system, and develops any tendency to pulmonary or other complaints. It must be remarked too that the missionary work involves an amount of toil, which only persons in sound health should undertake, particularly in such a debilitating, and it must be confessed, unhealthy climate. We may add, however, as a curious fact, that Mr. Inglis states that dyspepsia and other complaints of the digestive system are unknown on Aneiteum.

After having undergone the usual trials, he was ordained in Prince Street Church, Pictou, on the 12th of November of that year (1856.) The Rev. James Watson, his pastor, preached from Rom. i. 15: "So as much as in me is, I am ready to preach the gospel to you which are at Rome also." The Rev. George Walker offered the ordination prayer, the Rev. James Bayne delivered the charge, and the Rev. A. P. Miller addressed the congregation.

The winter of 1857 was spent by him in Philadel-

phia, principally in prosecuting medical studies. Here he met with much kindness, as all our missionaries who have gone thither have done. He was presented with free tickets to the medical classes, and received much attention from the ministers with whom he became acquainted. Here he devoted himself to his work with the same perseverance, that characterized him through life, and with most injurious effects on his physical system. Attending daily upon a number of classes, visiting the dissecting room and the hospitals during the rest of the day—spending much of his nights in study, and being fully employed on the Sabbaths in preaching, comprised a course of labour, sufficient to impair a stronger constitution than his. Before spring he was reduced to a state of weakness, of which we believe he never informed the church or his friends. We only learned incidentally afterwards on a visit to Philadelphia, that his cough had been so severe, that some fears were entertained lest he should not be able to return home. Undoubtedly the seeds of consumption then became firmly rooted, and were never eradicated.

He returned to Nova Scotia in the spring, much improved in health, but still with that unmistakable cough. The summer was spent in visiting the churches. It is believed by some that it was by his labours in this way, that the tendencies of his constitution to pulmonary disease were developed. We are satisfied that this is a mistake. At no time in Nova Scotia was he so unwell as he was in Philadelphia. We saw him on the day of his arrival at West River, and his cough was then quite harassing. In fact we believe that relief from close confinement, and travelling much in the open air had

the effect of checking for a time the symptoms which had already begun to manifest themselves. Still there was enough to excite much fear as to the result, and many doubts as to the wisdom of sending him to such a work while his health was so feeble. Indeed, we believe, that had he undergone a medical examination at that time, he would not have been sent. But we relied upon the opinions previously given, and hoped that these symptoms were of a temporary nature, and would yield to the influences of a sea voyage and a milder climate.

In his visits he drew forth many warm feelings toward himself, and awakened much interest in the Missionary cause. His appearance and manner were pleasing. In temperament he was very different from Mr. Johnston, yet both were interesting. Mr. Johnston was open, frank, with a boyish appearance, and generally a boyish exuberance of spirits. Mr. Matheson was quiet and reserved, with a modest retiring demeanour, and the appearance of a slight tendency to melancholy in his constitution. He was rather above the medium height, his features agreeable, and the expression of his countenance pleasing, though that somewhat hectic flush on his cheek, to the more thoughtful caused sad forebodings as to his future career. His addresses were solemn and impressive, and breathed the true spirit of the Missionary. He thus won the confidence and affection of the church, and received large contributions towards his outfit. Large farewell meetings were held in Pictou, Halifax, and other places. As we have none of his correspondence at this period of his life, nor any record of his private exercises, we shall insert here part

of his farewell address at Pictou, as an exhibition of the views and feelings with which he entered upon the work of a Missionary.

“Perhaps fathers and brethren, it may not be deemed amiss to mention some of the motives by which I was actuated in the selection of a foreign field, in preference to labouring at home. The cry from heathen lands has been long and loud, and must be answered, therefore in inquiring what was duty, I did not confer with flesh and blood; I did not institute the inquiry, where shall I enjoy the best health, where shall I live the longest, where shall I be in the possession of the largest amount of the enjoyments of life, but ‘Lord, where wilt thou have me to go,’ ‘Lord what wilt thou have me to do.’ The comparative wants of the two fields, my own desires and God’s providential dealings with me ever since I began to appreciate the blessings of the Gospel, seemed to direct my course far hence among the Gentiles. To me the question has always seemed a very important one, Can I do more for the extension of the Redeemer’s kingdom in a heathen land than I can at home? And believing that the ways and dealings of God did indeed point to a heathen land as the scene of my future labours, feeling this coming home as I did, when time after time your Board instituted the inquiry, ‘Whom shall we send and who will go for us;’ I was led with deep humility, and yet with cheerfulness to say, ‘Here am I, send me.’ And never since I came to the conclusion to go far hence among the Gentiles, has an emotion of regret crossed my mind; but trusting that I arrived at that determination, guided by that God who said to Moses of old, ‘My presence shall go with thee, &c.,’ and who still says to his followers, ‘I am thy salvation,’ having this assurance in view—of dangers and difficulties both by sea and land, I feel enabled to say, ‘None of these things move me.’ But though it be painful to bid adieu to kindred, to country, and to home, to the scenes of one’s earliest infancy, to the friends with whom we may have spent our first and happiest days—to the place of our fondest attachment where we have experienced the warmest expressions of parental affection, and to set out, like the patriarch of old to a

strange land, ignorant of the reception which we shall receive from the inhabitants thereof;—yet to all these, who would not bid adieu, to gather jewels bright and precious, not such as glitter in the coronets of earthly princes, not the glittering ore dug from Australian and Californian mines—not such freights as ships from Tarshish brought which came from Ophir triennially laden with gold and ivory—but jewels, blood-bought jewels, which shall outlive the ordeal of a burning world and the last conflagration, and be recognised as his by the Redeemer in that day when he makes up his cabinet, and set to shine eternally around the brow of our enthroned Immanuel? Responsive to the call of the heathen world, ‘Come over and help us,’ with the commission and promise of our ascended Lord, believing that God hath led me hitherto, my soul rests in the promises, ‘I will never leave thee,’ ‘Lo I am with you always.’ In the attributes of Jehovah I would find my safety, at home and abroad. In unhealthy climes, and on the rolling billows of the mighty deep, my dwelling-place and my home would be in the infinite, eternal and unchangeable God. But who among us in the possession of Christian feeling—whose heart has been touched with affection for one another—who has felt the delights of home and been cheered by the joys of social life, but must feel convinced that there are sacrifices painful in the extreme, connected with such an undertaking; and not among the least of them is bidding adieu to you, my brethren in the Lord, my brethren in the ministry—from you whose years entitle you to the appellation of fathers. Permit me to thank you for the many kindnesses unmerited, which I have received from your hands, kindnesses which I shall never forget—the memory of which I shall ever cherish, go where I may.

“My brethren, what shall I say to you, to whom sympathy of feeling has bound my soul? Shall we now part no more on earth to meet? For you I am distressed. Very pleasant have you been to me. To me your love, your kindness, and sympathy, have been wonderful beyond experience. To you my soul has been and is still knit as David’s to that of Jonathan’s. But though it be, indeed, painful thus to part with you, I do, yea, and will, rejoice that in God’s kind providence, you have

counted me faithful, to send me to the distant isles of the ocean, there to endeavour to unfold the wonders of redeeming love—a work in which, above all others, by the grace of God, I would gladly spend and be spent. And yet in the view of the near approach of our departure, (while I here express my own sentiments and feelings, permit me also to express those of one near and dear, who, too, is about to leave kindred, country, and home,) *we* realize, as we never did before, the force of the precept, that he that hath, be as he that hath not, for to us literally the scenery of country and home, dear friends and loving kindred, illuminated by the sunshine of strong religious affections, and enlivened by those expressions of your confidence and your sympathy, are vanishing away. We dare not allow ourselves to think upon what is to be forsaken; but, keeping our eyes fixed steadily upon the duty and the reward, we would look forward with joyful anticipation to the arrival of that glorious morn, when departed friends in Jesus shall again meet no more to part. Till then, friends, it is yours to return to your dwellings in a Christian land, to enjoy the pleasures of social life—ours to go forth literally as strangers and pilgrims to the dark places of the earth; and while we go forth sorrowing upon the remembrance, that we shall not again see your faces in the flesh, we at the same time go forth rejoicing in the assurance, that we have an interest in the prayers of God's people whom we leave behind. In our behalf let the voice of prayer ascend in your closets, around your domestic altars, and in your social intercourse one with another. Entertaining this hope, fathers, brethren, and friends, I bid you all a Christian farewell."

CHAPTER II.

MRS. MATHESON'S EARLY YEARS.

MARY GEDDIE MATHESON was born at Pictou on the 18th October, 1837, so that at the time of her death she was in her 25th year. She was the daughter of Mr. James Johnston of that place, and the second of a family of one son and six daughters, of whom two died in infancy. All her relatives by the father's side were from Dumfries-shire in Scotland, and as might be expected of persons coming from a district, so redolent of Covenantanter memories, have always been thorough Presbyterians. Her maternal grandfather, John Geddie, Sr., emigrated from Aberdeen to Pictou in the early part of this century. He filled the office of Ruling Elder in Prince St. Congregation, in that town, and was long known and respected for his Nathanael-like piety. But he and his devoted wife are deserving of particular mention and the gratitude of our colonial Zion, as having in the spirit of Hannah, devoted to the missionary work, and trained for its duties, their only son, the Rev. John Geddie, the first Missionary to the heathen, from any Presbyterian church in the British Colonies, the first missionary to the New Hebrides, for whose labours and success in that arduous sphere of duty, our Colonial

churches have so much reason to bless the Author of all human gifts. Mary's mother had imbibed the spirit of her father and brother. She was distinguished by personal piety, strengthened and refined by long subjection to the fires of the furnace, and, like them, her heart was deeply interested in the welfare of the heathen.

In early life Mary was distinguished by a cheerful and buoyant disposition, or perhaps we should rather say, a wild spirit of mirth, which was ever ready to boil over in harmless fun, and perhaps sometimes even in actual mischief. But it required no deep penetration to discern beneath this effervescence of natural spirits, a wealth of affection, a vigour of thought and an energy of character, which might be expected in after life to make her influence felt in any sphere in which her lot might be cast.

Circumstances in the family history soon tended to develope all her thoughtfulness and to bring her mind to an early maturity. She was born with every reasonable prospect of worldly comfort, if not of wealth. But scarcely was her childhood past, till the shadows began to settle deep and dark around the family hearth. Troubles, into the particulars of which we may not enter, bore heavily upon that circle. We may say in general that they involved the heavy pressure of anxiety regarding the means of living, and that under circumstances the most painful to the affectionate heart.

At a period when most children are still engaged with their plays and their school tasks, she was called to face the stern realities of life. Very early she was called to render her assistance to her mother in bearing the burden of care, which rested so heavily upon her. Thus

the sorrows by which her young days were shaded, very rapidly developed the seemingly wild thoughtless girl into the thoughtful, careful woman.

When scarcely sixteen years of age she commenced a school, it being necessary for her to engage in some employment that would aid in the support of the family. She was always small, but at this time her face and figure were alike so girlish, that she appeared as one who would have been more in place with other children, gathering wild flowers or enjoying a good romp, rather than assuming the duties of their guide and instructor. In reality her heart was as truly girlish, or, we might say, childlike, as her face; and with all relish could she have entered into the sports of the playground. Indeed we almost imagine her sighing as she looked out on those so engaged, that she could not be among them. But how will she preserve the awful dignity of the school-mistress, and that in the presence of girls older and larger than herself? and how will she wield the ferule? and that affectionate heart, that gentle soul, that could have shrunk from wounding the feelings of the meanest of God's creatures, how will it administer that correction the due infliction of which was regarded in an age not long past, if indeed it is past, as essential to the communication of knowledge? Yet rule her school she did, and that by the influence of that loving and lovable face, the power of her winsome ways, and the might of an irresistible sweetness, to which even the boy, whose rising pride began to mount at the idea of being ruled by a girl, was constrained to yield. As a teacher she was successful. Entering into the minds of the young as one of themselves, she not only suc-

ceeded in communicating instruction, but won her way to the hearts of her pupils, so that they loved her while she was among them, followed her career in the missionary field with deepest interest, mourned her when she died, and still retain among their heart treasures the happy memories of their girl teacher.

"It is good for a man that he bear the yoke in his youth," and the trials of Mary's early years were doubtless the means, through the blessing of God, of moulding her character for good, and developing the strength and beauty which it manifested in after life. They drew tighter the cords of affection among the members of the home circle, so that even the erring shared in their sympathy and attention, if by any means such might be won by kindness. As the storms of adversity beat around the dwelling, the inmates nestled more closely together. Her own sufferings produced deeper sympathy with suffering in every form. They brought out a thoughtfulness and consideration, a maturity of judgment, a spirit of determination and energy, which many would scarcely have expected in the light-hearted and seemingly thoughtless girl of a few summers before. She herself afterward spoke of these trials as having broken her spirits and crushed her energies. Doubtless such a feeling of despondency must have often arisen in her mind. Discouraged she frequently was, and the heavy pressure of difficulties tempted her to a feeling of despair. But such a feeling was but temporary, and we believe that her trials really served to evoke her energies and to strengthen her character.

But especially did her trials lead her to her God and Saviour, and thus work in her the peaceable fruits of

righteousness. If they were not the means of drawing her heart to the blessed Jesus, (and we believe that they were among the means employed in Divine Providence for that end,) they certainly refined her Christian character and deepened all her Christian excellences. "At twilight," she writes in her diary one evening on Tanna, "this evening, my thoughts wandered back to childhood—when a cloud was passing over our dwelling, and the hand of our God rested heavily upon us—when he said, 'I love thee—pass under the rod.' And now I have seen the meaning of it, and why the furnace was needed." And in another place she says, "I have thought much to-day, I know not why, of years long gone by, and yet not with regret. It is rather with a tender feeling mingled with gratitude, for I have traced a Father's hand in all. Though some of the dispensations of his providence have been almost overwhelming—though often this heart has bled under severe trials—yet they have all been sent for one blessed purpose—to loosen the hold of my affections upon this world, to teach me early that this is not my rest, that to those to whom affliction is sanctified there remaineth a glorious rest. Oh, if it have accomplished these ends, how sweet to be afflicted, how delightful to be one of those of whom it is said, 'Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth!' Yes, let the world look coldly upon me, let friends forsake, I care not, I am rich. In possessing Jesus I possess all things. He is the friend that sticketh closer than a brother."

From her earliest years she had enjoyed the instructions and example of a pious mother, and circumstances in childhood brought her much into the society of her

excellent grandmother. At an early period she manifested a deep interest in religious truth. Around the fireside and in the Sabbath-school, and afterward in her pastor's Bible-class, she eagerly drank in divine knowledge. But early she began herself to adopt means to promote her spiritual welfare, not only taking pleasure in religious literature, but being much engaged in the careful study of her Bible. Morning and evening she not only regularly read her chapter, but carefully studied its meaning with such helps as she had, and even committed large portions to memory. Hence she manifested in after life a familiar acquaintance with the words of inspiration, and an extent of scripture knowledge, very uncommon in one of her age.

At what time she first experienced the saving grace of God we cannot exactly say. She was not very positive on the subject herself. "Am I a Christian," she says once in her diary? "If I am I do not remember any particular time in which I was converted, as people say. I know that once I tried to make myself one by good works, and by trying of myself to overcome all that was evil within me. Now I know I leave it all to Jesus and look entirely out of self." But she first made a public profession of religion in the autumn of 1855, when she was just 18 years of age. At that time her religious character was well established, and she exhibited a maturity of Christian experience, rarely seen in one so young. At that same period she commenced keeping a diary. This she did conscientiously, as a means of studying her own heart and securing her advancement in the divine life, and for the same ends she strongly recommended the practice to others. The first

entry we transcribe as it refers to her making a profession of religion.

"Dec. 8. Attended meeting and heard the sublime truths of the gospel declared by our minister. Oh what a mercy that I am permitted to enjoy that privilege! Oh may I practise the duties enjoined, and not be like the stony ground hearers, who receive the word with joy, but having no root, they endure but for a time, and when troubles arise fall away! But may I follow my Lord joyfully even unto death. May I glorify him here on earth. O, Lord, deliver me from the thousands of temptations that beset me at every step! Oh leave me not to my own wicked heart, but enable me to put my trust in him alone!

"Last Sabbath I publicly gave myself to God, and was permitted to commemorate my Saviour's dying love. Oh what a wonder, that I, the most unworthy of mortals, should be brought to the marriage supper of the Lamb! And what am I, and what is my father's house, that thou hast brought me hitherto! I have now made a profession of the Christian religion and given myself up to God in my youthful years. I have done it in the bloom of health, in the prime of my age. I trust I shall ever find satisfaction in what I have done. I choose to take up my cross and daily to follow the blessed Jesus, rather than indulge myself in youthful pleasures. Indeed I have not the least wish for the vain amusements of life. Religion only is capable of giving true happiness, which will remain, when every earthly comfort fails. If we are destitute of this we are destitute of everything, which can render us truly amiable in life and happy through death and eternity.

'Tis religion that can give
Sweetest pleasures while we live.
'Tis religion can supply
Solid comforts when we die.

When six days of labour each other succeeding
Have with hurry and toil my spirits oppressed,
How pleasant to think as the last is receding
To-morrow will be a sweet Sabbath of rest.

From the time of her making a profession of religion, and even we believe before, she began to manifest the reality of her religion by her efforts to promote the temporal and spiritual good of others. She took a class in the Sabbath-school, and devoted herself with much assiduity to its duties, preparing carefully the lessons, and striving both to communicate divine truth in a manner attractive to the young, and to impress upon their minds a sense of its importance. But not content with this, she sought to be a true missionary. With all the other claims upon her time, it was her ardent desire to labour for Christ and to do actual missionary work in bringing the outcasts into his fold. The town of Pictou being small, and the most of its inhabitants connected with some religious body, there was no such heathenism, or degraded class as is to be found in all large cities. Yet she found some neglected and wretched creatures, to whose spiritual wants she could minister. Among these she was a regular visitor, reading and explaining the scriptures, and circulating tracts, and also doing what she could for their outward comfort, if she had not the means of affording pecuniary aid, by sympathy and those offices of kindness, which to the wretched are often more precious than silver or gold. What a lesson to many whose time is so little occupied that they have to invent modes of wasting it. Here was a girl in her teens, obliged to labour for hours in her confined school-room, and other hours in plying her needle, or other household duties for the comfort of her father's family, yet as we shall see presently, finding time to read and promote her own intellectual improvement, and in addition under the feeling that she must do something for

Christ, going out into the highways to bring in the halt, the maimed and the blind to the gospel-fold;—and after all, such was her keen sense of duty, reproaching herself that she was not improving every moment, and lamenting that she was doing so little for her Saviour.

As to the results of these visits, we cannot exactly mention particular cases of conversion. But we know that among the class referred to, the visits of that little fairy figure with that lovely countenance, so cheery and childlike, with that sweet disposition and those winning ways, were as those of an angel of mercy. And He who said “Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye did it unto me,” has not forgotten her work of faith and labour of love.

While thus so occupied with exhausting labours for the present life, and striving at the same time to labour for Christ, she was diligent in seeking her intellectual improvement. She was an eager reader, and amid other duties she found some odd time in which to gratify her love of books. Her reading was of a varied character. Doubtless she read works of fiction to some extent; but some acquaintance with literature of this kind, is necessary to one's appearance with credit in general society. But novel reading was not the employment even of her leisure hours. It was not the food by which her intellect was nourished. She sometimes lamented afterward that her reading was not of a more solid character. But most young persons would have thought it solid enough. Not only did she peruse works of history, biography, and travels, as she had opportunity, but she even read with attention works of science and theology.

In poetry however she took especial delight. There

was much of the poetical in her composition. She looked on nature with a poet's eye, and one of her chief earthly pleasures was found in the contemplation of the beauties of the physical world. She was given to quiet musing, and inclined to give herself to the flow of free-coming fancies. But with the stern calls of duty, and in the solemn views of life, which she had learned under the inspiration of love to God, and by the schooling of his providence, she afterward frequently condemned herself as "dreaming away life." Of the poets Tennyson became her favourite, the mingled purity and grace of whose lines accorded so well with her spirit. But she was especially familiar with the best hymns in the English language, and took great delight in singing them, being passionately fond of music and having a sweet voice.

But while diligent in reading she made much use of her pen. We find a sort of scrap-book filled with extracts from her favourite authors, but she also employed herself in original composition, both in prose and rhyme. The latter seemed her favourite exercise. On every subject which interested her, she was apt to give expression to her feelings in verse. It was a sort of pleasant amusement for her in her leisure hours to allow her pen freely and without an effort to catch the thoughts and fancies as they flitted through her mind; and if she did not, like Dr. Watts, "lisp," she very early thought and wrote, "in numbers, for the numbers came."

As she never intended any of her poetical pieces for the press, but as she said, "only rhymed to amuse herself"—as they were hastily written, and that before she had passed her 21st year, and never received those finishing touches, an author is expected to

give to his productions, we have hesitated about publishing any of them, lest we should do injustice to her powers. However, we give two specimens.

EMILY, OR "LOOKING TO JESUS."

WRITTEN AT SYDNEY, UPON READING A SMALL BOOK WITH THE ABOVE
TITLE.

" 'Twas midnight :—at a dying bed,
A mother watched with eager care,
To see if life's last sands had fled,
Or was the spirit lingering there ?

" And oft she breathed the silent prayer,
That God would spare her only child,
Or teach her gently how to bear,
And make her spirit reconciled.

" The dying saint in gentle tones,
That well nigh wrung that parent's heart,
Said, ' Mother, I am going home,
I feel 'tis better to depart.'

" The morn scarce dawned—a deep-drawn sigh
Issued from out that heaving chest,
A gentle sob, she closed her eye,
And sank to an eternal rest.

" No arms escutcheoned mark the spot,
Naught save a simple lowly stone,
Where Emily's laid—forget her not,
But make her virtues all thine own."*

* Written to keep in remembrance this sweet story.

WORK FOR THEE.

WRITTEN AT SEA, FEB'Y 24, 1858.

" When the paly moon with silvery light,
Dispels the darkening shades of night,
When the crested foam is on the tide,
And the heaving billows swiftly glide.

- “ When the twinkling stars with joyous glee,
Reflect their beams on the deep blue sea,
'Tis then this heart by sorrow riven,
Steals away from earth and soars to heaven.
- “ Oh, ye departed spirits blest,
Say is your heaven a heaven of rest ?
I have often heard that sorrow or care,
Sickness or sighing ne'er enter there.
- “ This sin-wrapt soul would fain be free,
Though earth has charms, they are not for me.
I long to soar to the mansions above,
And bask in the rays of undying love.
- “ Methought as I gazed on the azure sky,
An angel came from the realms on high.
With silvery wing and noiseless tread,
Down to this lower world it sped.
- “ It spake with a sweet melodious voice,
Whose tones bade this saddened heart rejoice,
'Wouldst thou from this sinful world be free ?
Know thou, thy Saviour hath work for thee.'
- “ I thought as I gazed on the seraph face,
Beaming with love and kindly grace,
It arose with pinions of beauty dight,
And soared away to the world of light.
- “ The vision has fled, but the impress remains,
And often when fettered by dark sorrow's chains,
And troubles roll o'er me like waves of the sea,
It whispers, 'Thy Saviour hath work for thee.' ”

But her soul was at the same time given to deep communings with her Maker. Afterward, and we believe at that time, she endeavoured to devote her twilight hours to religious meditation. In her private devotions and the study of God's word she was regular

and frequent, and her diary, which at this time however contains records only at intervals of some days, affords specimens of sincere self-examination, and generally take the form of earnest prayer for that perfection, after which she was striving, and the want of which she mourned as the result of her deep searchings of heart.

As a considerable portion of her diary during her 19th year, has been preserved, we shall give extracts from it, as showing the struggles through which she so rapidly advanced in the divine life.

"Dec. 16, 1855. Do thou, O Lord! make me feel more deeply my utter unworthiness and inability to do what is right. Oh, perfect thy strength in my weakness, and make thy grace sufficient for me! Glory be to thee, my blessed Saviour, that thou hast not given me up yet, and suffered me to run into destruction in my own ways. Oh, be pleased to restrain me evermore, and whenever I am in danger of sliding into the broad way, let me not rest till I am brought back, though it be through the briars of affliction!

"Dec. 23. Oh, for humility! Lord! give me a truly humble heart, root out all pride, vanity, haughtiness, and such like. Subjugate all evil passions. Lord! renew my heart.

"This world is replete with changes, misfortunes, separations, sins and troubles. Some are dying, others are introduced into this unstable state to fill up the vacancies. Some are pining on beds of sickness, others surfeited with exuberant health; some soaring to honours and emoluments, others verging to the deepest obscurity. Some are glorying in the most consummate wickedness, without one relenting sigh, or one foreboding fear, others there are groaning under the burden of their guilt and bondage, ready to despair of mercy, and others exulting in the superlative love of Jesus, and as it were transported to the third heavens. Oh, that my head were waters, and mine eyes a fountain of tears, that I might weep day and night over my wretched unbelief, obduracy, pride, ingratitude, and every evil of my heart!

Blessed be God, for Jesus Christ! One drop of that precious blood, which he voluntarily shed on Calvary, can wash the stain away. Oh, the height, the depth, and the length of the love of Christ!

"30. This year is now drawing fast to a close. A few fleeting moments, and if God spare me, I shall enter upon another year. When I look back upon the past, there is nothing I have done. Truly my life has been spent as a tale that is told. O Lord, if it be thy will to spare me to behold the commencement of the coming year, may I endeavour to live a life of faith on the Son of God, a life devoted to thy service! May I not be a stumbling-block or an offence to any. May I not dishonour his name. Oh may I be enabled to hold fast the profession of my faith without wavering! Put thy fear in my heart, that I may not depart from thee. Strengthen me in the fulfilment of every duty. And if it be thy will not to spare me to the close of another year, oh take me to thyself, vile though I am! Jesus died for the chief of sinners, but whether I live or die, may I be the Lord's!

"Heard this day a very impressive sermon on the uncertainty of life.

"Jan. 6, 1856. I have entered on another year. So have millions whose eyes will be closed in the sleep of death before its close. Dear Lord, if it is written in the book of thy decrees of me, 'This year thou shall die,' oh wilt thou graciously fit me for the event, enable me to grow in grace, and oh give me a meetness for glory! (Here follows the same form of dedication adopted by Mr. Johnston, page 42.)

"O Lord, if I should be spared this year, or a part of it, do not let me spend it in sin and carelessness, but in thy service, in glorifying thee! Oh wilt thou lead me, instruct me, and keep me in the way wherein I should go, and throw light upon thy sacred word, that to me it may be sweeter than honey or the honey comb!

"Jan. 13. 'God be merciful to me, a sinner.' Oh how different Christ's love to us from ours to him. We have not to ask him if he loves us. He bears on his body the marks of his love to us. But what have we to point to, as proofs of our love to him? What has it done for him? What suffered?

Oh the contrast! His love so strong, ours so weak. His so ardent, ours so cold. His so constant, ours so fickle. So high so deep, so long, so broad his love, its dimensions cannot be comprehended. It passeth knowledge, while ours is so limited and so minute, it eludes research.

Dear Lord, and shall we ever live
At this poor dying rate?
Our love so faint, so cold to thee,
And thine to us so great.

"20. 'He that eateth aught and giveth not God thanks is as though he robbed God.' O Lord, this I ask above all things! Deliver me from the world and give me to think and speak and live in holiness, as thou didst when on earth.

"I resolve every morning to spend the day in a godly manner, but at night I find I have not carried out my resolutions. Help me, oh holy Father! I am a lost sheep, bring me into thy fold. Jesus is the way, the Lamb that beareth the sins of the world, and the true shepherd.

"I see daily more of my sins. God help me. I have much need of meekness and kindness. Oh, for a gentle disposition!

"Feb. 3. Confessing Christ requires not great learning. Everywhere there is an opportunity of confessing him. What ought I to do then? Believe in my heart, not be ashamed of the gospel, avail myself of every opportunity of confessing him, pray to God in spirit and in truth.

"The number of my sins is great. What anger, falsehood, and evil lusts are in me! O Lord, how unworthy am I to be called thy child! Yet have mercy upon me. My hope is in thee. With thee is salvation.

"10. Detach my heart, O Lord, from the things of this world, and oh, may my affections be riveted on thee! Make me feel my own weakness and depravity more and more. Show me my heart; make me feel my dependence upon thee; fill me with love to thee; open thou my lips, and my mouth shall show forth thy praises. Set a watch upon my lips; keep the door of my mouth for Jesus' sake. Amen.

"17. How comfortable is it thus to enjoy my Saviour! How

much more satisfactory and substantial this bliss than that to be gained by a few minutes' idle conversation, or those trifling employments which have before occupied my mind! Lord, show me more of the vanity of this world, and my great need of thee. 'Thy vows are upon me, O God! I will render praises unto thee.'

"Another communion season is fast approaching. O Lord, fit and prepare me for that solemn occasion! Oh, may I be clothed in the robe of Christ's righteousness—may I have on the wedding garment! 'Search me, O God, and know my heart; try me, and know my thoughts, and see if there be any wicked way in me, and lead me in the way everlasting!' Keep my mind set on thee. May I meditate much on spiritual things. I have need of thy grace. Quicken me, O Lord, according to thy word. May I glorify thee here on earth, and acquire a meetness for the kingdom of bliss.

"18. Felt an amount of joy to-day beyond expression. Oh, let me not say peace, peace, when there is no peace; but give me that peace which passeth understanding! Oh, that every day of my pilgrimage might be spent as happily as this! Lord, how sweet is it to commune with thee! O blessed Saviour! what am I that thou art mindful of me?

"23. Dear Saviour, oh, fit and prepare me for the duties of the coming Sabbath, not only by making me truly a partaker of the graces, which are necessary for profitable communion with thee, but also by quickening them and drawing them forth into lively operation! Give me thy Holy Spirit to assist me in my exercises at thy table. Oh, may I enjoy a time of spiritual refreshment and soul-enlivening fellowship with the Father and thee; and oh, accept of my person and services through thy blood, which thou hast so freely shed for me!

"24. Sabbath. O Lord, remove all worldly thoughts entirely from my mind! May Jesus reign in my heart. Oh, expand my heart with love to thee! Assist me, my Saviour, in commemorating thy death this day. What love! What mercy! What compassion!

"Oh, blessed Saviour, I would lift up my heart to thee in gratitude and love for thy great mercy in permitting me to enjoy such sweet communion with thee in thy ordinances, unworthy

mortal that I am! Why is my love so cold to thee, while thine passeth knowledge? Bless me, keep me in thy fear, enable me to walk worthy of the vocation wherewith I am called, and to hold fast the profession of my faith without wavering.

“March 9. Heavenly Father do thou forgive the sins of the past week. Since I have twice lately commemorated the death of my Saviour, oh, enable me always to bear about with me the dying of the Lord Jesus! and to have a conversation becoming the gospel. Oh, let me not mix with vain and trifling companions, but may I place all my delight in the excellent of the earth!

“Better is it not to vow, than to vow and not pay. Oh, may my daily study be to grow more humble, meek and mild! Keep me from my besetting sins. O Lord! let me never so far forget thee as to join in the sinful pleasures of this world—dancing and such amusements as would lead my heart from thee, but may all my pleasures be ordered for thy glory. Let my treasure be in heaven, and there will my heart be also. Forgetting those things which are behind, may I press forward to the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus!

“23. Heaven is a place of pure enjoyment. It is full of brightness and of pleasure, without pain or anxiety. Grief and sin are neither seen nor felt in that blessed place. There God reveals himself in his glory, there Jesus our advocate and intercessor sits in the chief place of honour, authority and power, there the pure and sinless angels rejoice and sing to the glory of God, without weariness or intermission, there are those whom Christ has purchased by blood, and there are the glorious abodes which continue for ever, which our Lord has procured and made ready for all those that believe in and receive him as their Saviour. Give me wisdom, O Lord! to guide me through life, and that wisdom which will prepare me for my eternal home.

“O Lord! enable me always to prefer heaven to earth, not to put value upon the things of the world, nor look for complete happiness anywhere but in heaven, where there is no sin. May I constantly delight in showing forth thy praises. May I desire the company and conversation of thy people, and be enabled to live as a stranger and pilgrim on earth. Let not any worldly ob-

ject occupy the place which Jesus should have in my heart. Let me not serve him with half, but with my whole heart and soul.

"During the past week my heart has wandered much from thee. O my God! bring back thy wandering sheep, keep me in thy fold, remember that I am dust. 'Correct me but with judgment, not in thine anger, lest thou bring me to nothing.'

"27. A friend called from earth to heaven, after a long and painful illness. She sleeps sweetly in Jesus. 'Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like hers.' Let me never stray from the right path. Let me think that her spirit is watching me. I shall never forget her. Oh, heavenly Father, let me live to thy glory; let me not trifle away my precious time!

"30. Lord! all my desire is before thee. Teach me thy way, O God! I will walk in thy truth; make my heart to fear thy name. Encouraged by thy blessed word of promise, O Lord! that before men call thou wilt answer, and whilst they are yet speaking thou wilt hear, (Isa. lxxv. 24,) I now draw nigh to thee, and present my supplications before thee. Teach me by thy word and Spirit the things of my everlasting peace; manifest thyself to me, as thou dost not to the world—restrain the impetuosity of my temper, that I may in all things act deliberately as becometh one that feareth alway—that is ever looking unto thee for aid and direction. Lord! preserve me calm in my spirit, gentle in my commands, and watchful that I speak not unadvisedly with my lips, moderate in my purposes, yielding in my temper, where the honour of my God is not immediately concerned, and ever steadfast when needful. I am too light and trifling in my manner. Lord! keep me from such levity. Oh, make me firm and steadfast, gentle and humble! I thank thee for the kindness which thou hast bestowed on me this day—for the love which thou hast shown unto me. Let me feel, O God! how sweet it is to meditate upon thee; preserve me through this week; let me not wander from thee; let all my thoughts be of thee; let them not be taken up with the things of this world."

In reference to a portion of the last entry, it may be observed that her natural cheerfulness never forsook her. She was always fond of society, and long after,

her spirits would in company break forth in a playfulness of manner, for which she sometimes blamed herself. In consequence of this, many seeing her in such circumstances, would not have been aware of the treasures of deep and even sad emotions hidden' beneath. "I am," she says, in her diary, "a strange mixture of the grave and the gay, the joyous and the sorrowful. Indeed I do not know myself." This she refers to in some lines of poetry written at Sydney, two years later.

They think me gay—when in life's joys,
I seem to take a part.
They little know the hidden grief
That lurks within my heart.

When far from home and kindred ones,
Oh! what the soul can cheer,
Like loving words from trusting hearts,
Breathed softly on the ear?

As twilight dimly o'er the plain,
Its sombre aspect steals,
So on the saddened countenance,
The heart its tale reveals.

The trembling lip—the downcast eye,
The heaving bosom's swell,
Bespeak in language clear and deep,
What words may never tell.

"April 6. O Lord! I thank thee for the gospel's joyful sound. Open thou mine understanding, that I may know the Scriptures. May I make them the men of my counsel, and the guide of my life. O Lord! let me not wander from thee; make me meek and gentle, mild and affectionate; give me that peace which passeth all understanding. Bless the duties I have been engaged in this day in church and in Sabbath school. Blessed Jesus! let me do all to thy glory; let me live to thee.

Give me a calm and thankful heart,
 From every murmur free,
 The blessings of thy grace impart,
 And make me live to thee.

Give me temporal wisdom to guide me through life, and spiritual wisdom which will prepare me for bliss hereafter.

At night we pitch our moving tent,
 A day's march nearer home.

"13. O God! when I contemplate thy wondrous love, I am ready to sink. What a base, vile, ungrateful wretch must I be. Oh, let me no more trifle with that love! O God! thou knowest my heart; is it sincere? I think I do love Jesus above all. Oh, let no worldly object have any place at all in my heart! Let my life be devoted to thee; let me live to thy glory. Be with me through the coming week. Keep me in thy fear, O my God! May I make much improvement, and at the close, may I be enabled to say this week has not been spent in vain.

May 11. I long to be with Jesus! where there is no sin, no sorrow; where all is love, purity and peace. Why is my love so cold, and why am I not doing more for the glory of God, and the benefit of my fellow creatures? Oh this hard heart! Thou alone, blessed Jesus! canst melt it and mould it to thy will. Would that I had a meek and mild, forbearing, and gentle disposition."

"18. 'Forgive us our debts as we forgive our debtors.' O, heavenly Father, bestow upon me a gentle and forgiving spirit! Let me bear ill will to none, and speak evil of nobody. O, Lord, may I count all things but loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus the Lord!

"June 1.

'I would not live alway, I ask not to stay
 Where storm after storm rises dark o'er my way.'

One after another is passing away to that better land to be with Jesus. Since the beginning of this year how many have gone to their long home—to be with Jesus. Sweet thought, glorious,

happy thought! where all is love. Why are our affections so riveted on this world and the things of it? Why averse to such blessings as Jesus alone can bestow? None but the true Christian finds Jesus precious. Am I a true Christian? God is my judge. One thing I know,

‘That thou art precious to my soul,
My transport and my trust.
Jewels to thee are gaudy toys,
And gold but sordid dust.’

“8. How weak am I and prone to wander from the right way. Leave me not to myself. Lord Jesus, wash and purify me; inspire me more and more with a deep conviction of the necessity of holiness and of being near to thee in faith and love. Oh may I never give way to spiritual sloth! Let me never weary in well-doing.

“16. Next Thursday is our fast, and next Sabbath our communion. What have I done since the last? Have I lived for the glory of God? Am I growing in grace, or is my love growing cold? Are my thoughts more of heaven and less about earth?

“22. This day have I commemorated the death of my Saviour. How boundless is his love! Why is my heart so cold, and why am I so prone to wander? Let me not backslide. Let me never for a moment forget thee, thou Father of mercies, but teach me to adore thy name for thine inestimable gift. Bless to my soul what I have this day heard; let my memory retain it.

“July 13. I have not made such progress in the divine life lately as I should wish to have done. Why not more instant in prayer? Prayer makes the Christian armour bright. We must pray without ceasing. The Lord is bestowing mercies upon us. If we would speak of them they are more than can be numbered. How shall we render thanks unto the Lord for all his kindness shown? Lord, lift thou upon us the light of thy countenance. Oh still visit us with thy mercies; with what thou seest to be good for us! Keep me, O Father, from vanity and lightness, from pride and haughtiness! Why should such worms

of the dust be proud? What is this world, the wealth or the pleasures of it, compared with our immortal souls?

"27. I am very vain, frivolous, and trifling in my manner, and I have reason to deplore those sins and mourn deeply over them. Jesus alone can wash me and cleanse me. Lord, I am filthy, and vilely degraded by sin; a child of Satan. But thou art the Lord of heaven. Oh cover me with thy spotless robes that my shame may not appear!

"Sept. 21. I wish I could ever keep in view the vain and transitory nature of all earthly enjoyments. I am often taken up with the world; my heart is too much upon it. It makes my thoughts wander from thee, oh, my blessed Saviour! Oh for wisdom and knowledge, and oh for a way of imparting it! Why is my heart so cold? I do not adorn the doctrine of my Lord and Saviour. Could any take knowledge of me that I had been with Jesus? Are not my actions like those of the worldling? Oh for conformity to thy will! I can do nothing. I give myself to thee. 'I am weak, but thou art mighty; lead me with thy powerful hand.'"

The original vigour of her mind and its early maturity strikingly appeared in the position which she took, and which was freely accorded her in the family. She was not the first-born, but naturally and without effort she took the place of an eldest daughter, exercised a power which only in rare cases is even an eldest daughter permitted to wield. This she did not as assuming any airs of superiority, but as if in her natural position; and her influence was gained and retained in the exercise of a loving gentleness, which won all hearts in the household. Her mother leaned on her as her chief earthly prop. In every burden she was called to bear, she was sure of Mary's ready help. In perplexity she found in Mary, young as she was, a prudent counsellor. When cares were many, Mary's cheerful

spirit chased the clouds from her brow, or when the mother's heart was sinking Mary was the comforter, pointing her to brighter scenes beyond. "She is such a blessing and comfort to me," wrote her mother, "that at times I feel her almost necessary to my existence. Oh, forgive me if I sin in thinking too much of her! She is so dear to us all." It was wonderful too to see the influence which that young creature, with her petite figure, her childlike grace and freedom of movement and manner, her affectionate disposition and sweet ways, exercised over that little circle. The others looked up to her as to a mother, and she filled a mother's place to them, receiving into sympathizing ears the tale of juvenile joy or sorrow, ministering to their comforts, on week days endeavouring to lead them in the paths of mental improvement, and on Sabbaths gathering them around her to read and to converse on spiritual things, "to hear of heaven and learn the way;" while that joyous spirit, which suffering could not eradicate, but had toned down to a serene cheerfulness, made sunlight through the dwelling, "even in the cloudy and in the dark day."

For about three years she continued to teach school, and to employ herself as already described. She was never very robust, but had hitherto enjoyed good health. The close confinement of her school-room, and her other labours began to tell upon her health, and principally as the result of them, she was, in the autumn of 1856, laid aside by severe illness. During the succeeding winter she was confined to the house, and much of the time to her bed. For some time it appeared to all that she was in settled consumption, and scarcely a

hope was entertained of her ultimate recovery. She was then brought face to face with death. Eternity seemed near. With a godly jealousy, lest she should have been deceiving herself, she studied carefully the question whether she was the child of God, and was enabled calmly to repose on the Saviour, in the assurance of his love.

Naturally she possessed a sweet and amiable disposition. She says indeed in one portion of her diary, "I have an abominable wicked temper." We are unwilling to contradict thee, sweet one, but it is useless to set up your opinion of yourself against all who knew thee. Would that ourselves and all others had such a temper, or had it under such control. And now under this new form of trial, she manifested not only the sweetness of her natural disposition, but the power of religion, by her entire submission to the Divine will, by her unselfish consideration for others, by a quiet repose of spirit, and even a cheerfulness and joy of heart, of that nature which the world can neither give nor take away.

During her sickness, there are not many entries in her diary. We subjoin the principal of them with slight abridgements.

"Oct. 19. To-day the sacrament of the Lord's Supper is dispensed in our church, and I am not able to be there. Oh, that this may prove a solemn and impressive warning to me of the shortness and uncertainty of time!

"Yesterday I was nineteen years old. Oh, to be so vain and so trifling—to have so little knowledge, wisdom, and prudence! Youth is the time to store the mind with truths. Oh, that the word of Christ might dwell in me richly with all wisdom! Lord, if it be thy holy will to spare me long in this world, let me lead

a useful life, let it be to thy glory, and O Lord, if it be thy will early to remove me, fit me for this—for a dwelling-place in heaven! Let me see thee, oh, blessed Jesus, as ‘the chiefest among ten thousand and altogether lovely!’

“Nov. 2. Heaven! what a blessed thought! Shall I ever be there? If I am it will be all of grace. Oh, to be with Jesus!

“Feb. 22, 1857. Lord, in thy great mercy, thou hast been pleased to afflict me. It is good for me that I have been afflicted. Before I was afflicted I went astray; enable me now to keep thy word. Lord, may I come out of the furnace as gold purified. I have begun another year. Oh, whether my life be short or long, may it be devoted to thy service! Oh, may I grow in grace, may I press forward to the mark! Make me, Lord, more watchful and careful. Make me to see more of myself—to feel the depth of the iniquity that is in my heart. Give me thy grace. Of myself I can do nothing.

“25. Why is it that I have been spared when so many are taken away? Oh, it must be for some wise purpose! I think that by the grace of God, I have been enabled to overcome a few of my many evil habits. Lord, I look to thee; leave me not to my own wicked heart. Oh, may I press forward to the mark, for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus! May I not be conformed to this world. Oh, that I might live above it! Be it unto me according to thy will!

“March 1. The Sabbath. When shall I learn to spend this day as I ought, to improve every moment? I have this day felt happy, while reading God’s word. Oh, may I prize it more, and love it more than I have ever yet done! May it be a light to my path. Open mine eyes that I may understand the Scriptures.

“What a lovely sunset! It makes me think of heaven. What, oh, what must heaven be when earth is so beautiful? But earth is not my home. Oh, set my affections on things above, where Christ sitteth at the right hand of God!

‘Who, who would live always away from his God,
Away from his heaven, that blissful abode?’

“O Lord, if I be permitted to mix again with the world, may

I not conform to its habits! Oh, may my conversation be such as becometh the gospel of God! May my example be such that men may take knowledge that I have been with Jesus and learned of him.

"8. Oh, thou Father of mercies, I would endeavour to thank thee for thy mercies to me! Accept of my humble gratitude.

"Suffer me not to fall into those snares and sins, which in time have been so injurious. May I not return to sin and folly. Oh, do thou hold up my goings in future, that my footsteps may not slide! I think I have reason to hope that this affliction has humbled me, in particular by affecting me with a sense of my depravity. Show me more of this deceitful heart, O Lord!

"15. Am I a child of thine, oh, my God? Thou alone knowest my heart, thou knowest my foolishness, and my sins are not hid from thee. Oh, my heavenly Father, let not my besetting sins have dominion over me! Oh, if I could always be gentle and mild, meek and charitable! I am too grovelling, too worldly in my disposition. Oh, that my affections were more set upon things above; then my mind will be less easily ruffled!

"22. I find in looking back that I expressed a wish that I might never again join in a dance, and I know that since that I have danced. This shows me how weak I am, and unable to do what is right. What would I be if left to myself? I must not do wrong, if others do it. Let me not look upon their faults, but rather emulate their good qualities. I do not think that members of Christ's church should dance.

"Who has more reason for gratitude than I? I am sure no person, and who so thoughtless and ungrateful. When I was wandering like a sheep away from the fold, I was gently brought back by the good Shepherd and Bishop of souls. Oh, my God, let me ever praise thee for this affliction! I hope it has been sanctified to me. Would that I might see God's hand in every trouble. Great are thy mercies unto me, oh, my Father! They are new every morning. I know that my conversation is light and trifling. I do not adorn the doctrine of God my Saviour in all things.

"29. Heb. xii. 11. I know and feel that if it were always sunshine with me, I would be apt to forget God. It is well that

these little trials come to make me feel my dependence upon him. Oh, that when I wander, he would ever bring me back ! Of myself I cannot think one good thought, or do one good act. Oh, assist me by thy grace, and giye me thy Holy Spirit to direct me in the path of duty ! Oh, my Father, thou knowest what is best for me ! Enable me to say at all times, it is the Lord, let him do what seemeth good. If we could thank God for adversity as well as prosperity, how happy we might be. Let me ever bear in mind that whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom he receiveth.

"April 5. Is the native pride of my heart, both with respect to God and man, in some measure subdued ? Are my thoughts oftener of heaven and less of earth ? Oh, let me ask myself these questions ! Do I feel that I am growing in grace ? Oh, that thou wouldst incline my heart to keep thy law ! Oh, that my heart might be moulded to thy will !

"It is from thee, O most merciful Father, that every good gift cometh ! Oh, that I might see the hand of God in every thing ! Thou knowest what is before me. O Lord, fit and prepare me for every duty, and leave me never to my own wicked heart, but assist me by thy grace !

"I have this day walked before the door, and enjoyed for a few moments the fresh air and warm sunshine. Oh, that I could value health while I have it ! May I never be permitted to wander in the paths of folly. May I daily grow wiser and better.

"12. Have I spent this day as I ought ? Has the Sabbath been to me a delight ? I know my conversation has not been what it should. Oh, this evil heart ! I see nothing but guilt and depravity if I look within ; but if I look to Jesus, I find a compassionate and forgiving Saviour.

"I must feel that I can do nothing, and learn to place my hope and trust in Jesus. Oh, that I might live above the world—that I might not be conformed to its maxims and rules ! O Lord, guide me—let thy word be to me a light ! Give me wisdom to guide me through life, for Jesus' sake.

"19. To-day the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper was dispensed in our church. I am not able yet to attend church.

Lord, it is thy will. May I endeavour to improve my time. O Lord, may this affliction be blessed to me! Do thou give me a meek and humble disposition. Assist me by thy Holy Spirit. I can do nothing of myself. O Lord, direct what I shall do or say this week! Let me not go astray. May thy blessing rest upon me. Give me a grateful heart.

“May 10. I have this day been permitted to worship in the courts of the Lord. I heard a sermon preached this afternoon from the text, ‘Be ye also ready.’ O Lord, give me an understanding heart—direct me in the path of duty! O Lord, I would desire to commit my way unto thee, and to trust in thee! What am I, that thou rememberest me at all—that thou hast favoured me so highly? Oh, give me a grateful heart!

“June 7. Sometimes my heart is so taken up with the things of this world, that I seem to forget God. Oh, that I could say, Whom have I in heaven but thee, and there is none upon the earth that I desire besides thee! I have had much to wean my affections from the world, yet it occupies a large share of this heart. Oh, my Father, in trouble or prosperity may I be enabled to look to thee, and see thy hand in every thing! It seems to me that I have been spared for some useful purpose. Then why so worldly and grovelling? Since thou hast been pleased to spare me yet a little longer, let the remainder of my days be devoted to thy service. Oh, let me not be a cumberer of the ground!”

To the surprise of all, however, toward spring she gradually recovered; and through the summer, by change of scene and country air, her health was in a great measure restored, though she was still delicate.

With the summer came the proposal from Mr. Matheson to share with him the labours and the perils, the toils and the triumphs of missionary life. From her earliest years she may be said to have breathed a missionary atmosphere. When she was nine years of age, her uncle had left Nova Scotia as a missionary to the

heathen. For a year previous, during which he was preparing for his departure, he had resided principally in her mother's family. Mary was thus brought into free and frequent intercourse with him, and could scarcely help imbibing an interest in missions. The preparations for his departure must have engaged much of her attention, while her affectionate heart was bound to him and to his work by her attachment to his family, the eldest of whom especially, was, during those months, her frequent playmate. After Mr. G.'s departure, his work was the constant theme in the household, particularly with her mother and her grandmother, whose hearts followed that son and brother to his distant island home, and sympathized with him in all the lights and shadows of his undertaking. Thus her early interest in missionary work grew with her growth; and when she experienced the pardoning grace of God, it became an interest in the work from the real love of souls. We have seen that she had already shown her missionary spirit by her efforts to do good to others at home; but the work among the heathen was the object of an increasing attachment. It had long been her desire to labour for Christ, and when the proposal was made to her to go as a missionary to the heathen, nothing could be more in accordance with her feelings.

Still, knowing the place which she had held in the family at home, and believing that her first duty was to them, she would not go without her mother's free consent. Circumstances in Providence seemed to both clearly to indicate that this was the sphere in which her great Master would have her employed. Her medical adviser cautioned her against spending the following

winter in Nova Scotia, but at the same time stated that her constitution was peculiarly adapted to a tropical climate—that she would never have fever and ague—a prediction which was afterward entirely fulfilled. With such an invitation, then, so entirely in accordance with her own feelings and the longings of her heart, with God's providence thus seeming clearly to point her way, she could not doubt as to the path of duty. Few have had stronger affections, and could have felt more keenly the pangs of separation from home and kindred. But she was able, in the true spirit of Him who left his Father's home to bleed and die for us, and from love to him and the souls whom he came to redeem, to say that she loved the heathen field with all its privations, more than home with all its endearments, and cheerfully to part with them all, to tell to degraded savages the story of a Saviour's love.

From this time till her departure there are few entries in her diary, and only one or two referring to this event. As she destroyed her subsequent diary for some time, we give these few nearly entire.

“June 7. ‘Dost thou believe on the Son of God?’ ‘Unto you which believe he is precious.’ ‘For I know that my Redeemer liveth.’

“My Father, show me the path of duty. I know not in which way to walk. Yes, I would willingly give up all for Jesus' sake, but who will take my place with regard to mamma? Oh, I must leave her and the dear children, in the hands of God! He will take care of them. If that privilege and honour is ever conferred on me, oh, may I be fitted and prepared! I can do nothing. Assist me by thy grace.

Guide me, Oh thou great Jehovah,
Pilgrim through this barren land,

I am weak, but thou art mighty,
Lead me with thy powerful hand.

"14. O Lord, do thou make me to feel my constant need of a Saviour! Oh, do thou guide me, do thou lead me in the path of duty! Every thing seems dark and incomprehensible before me. Do thou lift upon me the light of thy countenance. Hold up my goings, and I shall be safe. Direct us, O Lord! Let thy blessing rest upon us as a family. Oh that I could be always cheerful, without giving way to lightness!

"July 12. I was permitted to attend Sabbath-school to-day, after an absence of about nine months. O Lord, how shall I speak of all thy mercies to me! They are more than can be numbered. Give me a heart to acknowledge them. Oh, make me to see more of my vileness and inability to do what is right! Oh, my Father, show me the path of duty, and enable me to walk therein!

"19. I have this day been permitted once more to approach the table of the Lord. Oh, my Saviour, how can I thank thee for the blessing which thou hast permitted me to enjoy! How sweet it is to commune with Jesus.

"It may be the last time that I shall sit down at the table in the same place. Oh that thy presence might ever go with me! Dwell with me where I dwell. 'Remember me with that love which thou bearest to thy own.' May I go forward in thy strength, making mention of thy righteousness, even of thine only, and to thee shall be the praise.

"26. O Lord, how unspeakably great are thy mercies to me! As week after week passes over my head, some new comfort or blessing is descending upon me. Fit and prepare me for future usefulness. Bless us a family. Oh, my Father, guide me throughout this week; let me not once bring dishonour upon thy name, let me not be a stumbling-block or offence to any, but let me walk worthy of the vocation wherewith I am called, in all meekness, holiness and humbleness of mind! I can do nothing of myself. Oh, assist me by thy grace!

"Sept. 23. Oh, my heavenly Father, guide me with thy counsel, assist and direct me! Let my conduct and conversation correspond with my profession. Fit and prepare me for every

duty lying before me. Enable me cheerfully to give up all for the cause of Christ, and oh may I be made an instrument in thy hand, of turning many from darkness to light, and from the power of sin and Satan to serve the living God."

The marriage took place in Pictou, in the month of October, and the next few weeks were spent in all the bustle of preparation for leaving her native shores. Mrs. M.'s departure to mission work among savages excited deep interest wherever she was known or had an opportunity of visiting. To see one so young, and seeming younger than she was, with that form so delicate and fragile, that wax-like figure, so graceful and neat, and that face, beautiful indeed, but more lovely, with an expression more of heaven than of earth—an expression which no photograph could represent—an expression which it is scarcely figure to call angelic—an expression of mingled purity, sweetness, and peace, though with a few lines, indicating not exactly sadness, but something like it, perhaps, marking the traces of past sorrow, or of such sadness as blessed spirits might feel when passing through the scenes of sorrow of our sin-vexed world—in short, something of that expression oftener seen in childhood, which marks its possessor as in this world a temporary visitor from a fairer sky,—and then to think of her going forth to toil and danger, among some of the most degraded savages of the earth, awakened sympathy in the coldest heart.

The poignancy of her feelings at leaving none may know. But she exercised a surprising control over an expression of them. On the night of the farewell meeting in Pictou, she sat with the choir of which she had been a member; and in the farewell missionary hymn,

her voice, so melodious and rich, could be recognized throughout. And though her own heart was breaking at parting from her friends, yet she strove to appear cheerful, and to comfort them. "Never," wrote her mother, "shall I forget her last night at home—her struggle to be cheerful. She said, if God removes me to a better work he will raise friends to supply my place—that is what no earthly friend can do."

CHAPTER III.

FROM NOVA SCOTIA TO THE NEW HEBRIDES.

ON the 22d of November, Mr. and Mrs. M. embarked at Halifax, in the steamer Niagara. On the evening of that day, a number of Christian friends met with them at the house of Mr. C. Robson, Dartmouth. After some time had been spent in social intercourse, the 125th Psalm was sung, the 91st Psalm was read, after which they were commended in prayer to the keeping of the great Master, in obedience to whose commission they were about to leave their home and friends. About 11 o'clock they went on board, being accompanied to the steamer by kind Christian friends, who there bade them an affectionate farewell.

They had a pleasant voyage across the Atlantic, Mr. M.'s health being better than it had been for some time previous, and arrived at Liverpool on the 9th day after their departure. Thence they proceeded to London, where they met with every kindness from Dr. Tidman and other friends of the mission. At that port they took passage in a vessel bound to Sydney, in the hope of meeting the John Williams there. They had an exceedingly pleasant passage of eighty-six days, and reached Sydney on the 3d March.

As we are now about publishing a portion of Mrs. M.'s correspondence, it is necessary to observe that not only were none of her letters intended for publication but she was very averse to have them appear in print. She said she could not write "stiff" letters, that she wished to unbosom herself to her friends without restraint, which she could not do, if she had the prospect of seeing what she wrote appearing in the publications of the church. Still there was no reason to be ashamed of them, either as to their style or contents. We have been surprised at the accuracy of her composition. We have scarcely met with a sentence in which there is even a slip to be corrected—this although they were often written hastily and under the most unfavourable circumstances. Of course much of their contents is private, and unsuitable for publication, but we have not seen one expression which would wound the feelings of a single human being,

One line which, dying, she would wish to blot.

And we doubt not that what she has written will appear all the more interesting as the unstudied effusions of her heart.

Of her voyage she thus writes on board the vessel:

TO MRS. R——.

"Jan. 29, 1858. Time is wearing on, and need I say that I long to hear from you, but much more to see you. Yes, I may long for C——'s face. I may not see it save in imagination, and I assure you it is often there, especially when gazing at the moon, or watching the stars as *we* used to. There is no time I enjoy like a still moonlight night. I generally fall into a reverie, and find myself at home, when a touch on the shoulder, and 'do you know how late it is?' tell me that I was only in dream-

land. This voyage is very pleasant. I am never lonely, always finding something to admire.

“Our doctor died a few days ago. He came on board in bad health, but in hopes that this voyage would restore it, and he seemed to get better every day, while we were within the tropics. He was only confined to bed for a week. I had some pleasant conversations with him. It was sad to see him wasting away among strangers, and heart-rending to hear him speak of his mother, of whom he seemed passionately fond. On Tuesday, I read to him the 17th chapter of John, and the last paraphrase. On Wednesday morning about five o'clock, he asked for me. The steward, thinking it was too early, did not call me. I regret this so much, for when I saw him again, he was not able to speak. On Thursday morning he breathed his last, very gently—without a struggle. Oh, it was sad to see him die among strangers! At 12 o'clock, Mr. M. read the service, and his body was committed to the deep, there to remain until the sea shall give up its dead. He was only twenty-three, and such excellent company.

“The weather is not so pleasant since we left the Cape. Still I am on deck the greater part of the day. I employ my time chiefly in reading, sewing a little, and for variation, sometimes take the sun, make lunar observations, and indulge in other little improprieties I would not be guilty of, were there any ladies on board. I have been reading Dr. Livingstone's travels, and find them exceedingly interesting.

“I find it so hard to write, as the vessel keeps up a continual rocking from side to side, and I have to hold on with one hand. She is a large vessel, with excellent accommodations, and we are blessed with an exceedingly kind steward, which is no small boon, as you will discover, if you are ever three months on the water.

“We have had some splendid sunsets, more beautiful than you could imagine, with all your powers of imagination; and it would take me too long to tell you of the whales, sharks, and innumerable other ‘monsters of the deep.’ So forgive me if I assume the egotist, and tell you only about myself.

TO HER MOTHER.

"Feb. 3, 1858. How the sound of your voice this morning, or one peep at your gentle face would cheer me, but I find that I must content myself with thinking of you, and writing to you, not that I am dull; oh no, I have everything I could wish to make me happy, and every comfort is to be obtained on board this ship, so far as that is concerned. It is the thought that every breeze is wafting me farther from you, and that I may see you no more, at least for a time. I feel that we have been too much bound up in each other, and I often think of you as grieving for me, but I hope you are not.

"My health is excellent; indeed, I never was better; and this voyage has been very pleasant to me, perhaps more so, because we have few passengers, and I being the only English female, feel perfectly at ease, and do just as I like. Our passengers are from France, four priests and three sisters of charity, bound for the Fiji Islands, with three others, who say they are 'Catechists,' if you know what that means. We get along very well. They are very polite and civil to me, which I am very sure I do not deserve, as I have many a laugh at their expense. They are very devout, and are generally studying; if not, they are crossing themselves, or counting strings of beads.

"You will wonder how I employ my time. Well, I do very little of anything. You cannot imagine how quickly the time passes at sea. We breakfast at nine, then I arrange my room, and generally 'make for the deck,' where I sew and read until one. Then we have a luncheon. The afternoon passes much in the same way, until 4 o'clock; when we have dinner. From that time I feel privileged to be idle, for some of our evenings are delightful. We are now far South, and the weather is cold. I have not realized that Christmas and New Year's day are past. We were then in warm weather, and crossed the equator on New Year's day. We have not had what they call storms, but we have had some pretty rough weather. Day before yesterday, our topsail-yard was carried away, and one of the sails torn to pieces. I stood watching it, and the sea rolling almost mountains high. I have not had the slightest fear.

"The captain is exceedingly kind to me. He is from Aberdeen, and quite a gentlemanly person; indeed, I shall never forget him.

"There is nothing I enjoy more than a few minutes writing, and by *way of diversion*, I have commenced writing little scraps of poetry; but that I shall never excel in, and only do it to amuse myself."

Of the approach to land and her arrival in Sydney, she thus writes :

"23. Imagine if you can, dear C——, my delight, when I heard myself called at half-past five this morning to see land. I was not long in making for the deck, and sure enough, away in the distance were the blue mountains of Van Dieman's Land. How lovely they looked, and I stood watching them until I heard the cry of about ship, as it was owing to head winds that we were there. The weather is again delightful, the air so soft and balmy, but to-day I realize more fully than ever that I have left home, and do you know that seeing land to-day, brought tears of sadness rather than joy.

"March 2. We have a fair wind to-day, after four days of head winds, and are sailing beautifully along in sight of land. Opposite us just now is Mount Dromedary, a very high double mountain, and so called by Capt. Cook, on account of its appearance. We may be in Sydney to-morrow. Won't it seem strange to be on land again, after being three months on the water, and how these three months have flown?

"Safe in Sydney, dear ma, and I prefer staying in the vessel to write to going on shore. This is a magnificent harbour. It is allowed, you know, to be the second best in the world, Rio Janeiro being the best. The scenery is grand and picturesque, but oh, the heat is terrible!

"I felt very sad all the morning, feeling that I was about to part again from friends, and again meet strangers; and as I was sorrowfully packing up in my room, what should I hear but voices inquiring for us, and who do you suppose it was, but the captain of the 'John Williams' and a Rev. Mr. Lockhead, a

minister belonging to Sydney. He and I sat down together and spent the most delightful half hour I have enjoyed since I left home. Word had been sent by mail from London that we were coming, and it was to this we owed our friendly welcome. Just as we anchored they came in a boat rowed by three natives of the South Sea Islands. They are of a lighter complexion than we imagined, but if I may say it, their features are decidedly ugly. We were informed by our visitors that the John Williams sails in about three weeks. We are to have for company the Rev. Mr. Creagh and lady, (for he married a few days ago in Sydney, a daughter of Mr. Buzacotts,) Mrs. Gill and family, Mr. and Mrs. Murray, and others whose names I forget. Oh, have we not indeed been signally blessed, to find that vessel here, and that we are to remain here such a short time on our way! We shall visit a number of the islands, and probably will not reach Aneiteum for five months. I am almost eaten up with flies, and must stop for a little while. The captain of the 'J. W.' tells me that Mr. Gordon has gone to Erromanga, and that Tanna is not now open for missionaries as it was a year ago. I was sent for to spend the first day with one of the first families here. Mrs. Gill called to see me. She is a lively little body, not any taller than myself. I was introduced to Mr. and Mrs. Creagh last night. (The people here pronounce it Cray.) Yesterday Mr. Mills, who was formerly missionary on Upolu, but had to abandon the work on account of his health, and now resides a little out of Sydney, called upon us, and engaged us for to-morrow. I have had a number of visitors. The people here are exceedingly kind and wealthy. Some of the 'convicts' have splendid mansions, and do not know what to do with their money.

"I fully expected to have had letters awaiting me here, and you can imagine my disappointment on finding there were none. And if none come by next mail, it may be a year before I shall hear a word from home.

"Persons here think I look very young to engage in the arduous duties incumbent upon the wife of a missionary, and a clergyman said to me to-day, that my mamma should have kept me at home a little longer. However, the missionaries with

whom we have met think differently, as the languages are much more readily acquired by young persons.

"You have no idea what a lovely place Sydney is. I cannot describe its appearance, as I have not yet been on shore. The arrival of our vessel seems to have occasioned a general rejoicing. A number have been on board. This is a magnificent harbour, in some places sloping down in green banks, and in others bound by bold rocky cliffs, against which the spray foams and dashes; and as we sailed up we saw a number of splendid-looking houses.

"8. We met with a very warm reception from friends here. I was sent for on board the vessel to spend the day at a Mr. Foss's. Mr. M. had promised I should go, so there was nothing to be done but march off. I was shown every attention, and Mrs. F. said they were to have a Dorcas meeting in the afternoon. I was a little surprised, when I discovered that the Governor's lady, Lady Dennison, was the first to make her appearance. I thought how different this was from home.

"I went yesterday (Sabbath) to hear the venerable Dr. McKay preach, and heard good old Scotch music, in which I could join for the first time since I left. I went in the evening to hear Mr. Cuthbertson (Independent) the great lion of the day here, almost a second Spurgeon. They have enlarged his church. Still I believe that not more than half of the people attempt to get in. It was through the exertions of a friend, that we obtained a seat. The congregation is wealthy. You can imagine so, when I tell you that they took fifteen hundred pounds (\$7,500) at a Sabbath collection to assist in enlarging the building."

When Mrs. Matheson entered upon her missionary career, it was with the brightest prospects. Not that she was at all carried away by any romantic idea regarding her work. She had as just an idea of the realities of missions to the heathen, as a person who has not actually seen them can be expected to have. She had fully counted on toils and privations, and even dangers, and was able not only to say, "None of these

things move me," but even to rejoice in being counted worthy to suffer such things for Christ's sake. But the history of the New Hebrides' mission for some time had been such as to encourage the highest hopes regarding its future progress. Mail after mail had brought tidings only of the work of the Lord advancing, until scarcely a vestige of heathenism remained on Aneiteum, while other islands were calling for missionaries and teachers, partly induced to this by hearing of the great change that had taken place on that island. The general expectation was that the breach being thus made upon heathenism in the group, the progress of the gospel would be still more rapid upon the remaining islands of it. It was naturally supposed that the effects of Christianity on Aneiteum would produce such an impression on the inhabitants of these that they would almost at once cast away their idols. This would only have been in accordance with what had taken place in other parts of the South Seas. We had learned too to estimate lightly the dangers to which missionaries are exposed among so savage a people. Mr. Geddie had for years been preserved safely in circumstances more unfavourable, when he was the only missionary on the group, and entirely isolated from the Christian world, though, from a desire not to distress or alarm the Church, we believe he never fully informed his friends of all the perils through which he had passed. It is not wonderful then that we looked forward to Mr. and Mrs. Matheson's missionary career with the brightest anticipations.

None could have foreseen the painful events by which it should please God to try the faith and obedience of

the supporters of the New Hebrides' Mission. Little idea could Mrs. M. or any of her friends have of the almost uninterrupted trials through which she was to pass. Her voyage was not past till they commenced in a way that must have given her some sad forebodings for the future. When she had agreed to unite her fate with Mr. M. she never supposed anything else but that he was a healthy man. During the summer previous to their departure, she had observed his cough, but supposed it to be only a temporary cold, brought on by travelling, which might be expected to be removed by rest and sea air. Instead of this he was so unwell during the whole voyage to Sydney, that she never during that time slept in her berth, but lay down on a couch in front of his, that she might be ready to minister to his wants. She did not inform her friends of this at the time, but it must have occasioned her some painful forebodings.

On their arrival in Sydney he was suffering from severe pain in his chest and side, accompanied with cough. He was examined by a medical man, who pronounced one of his lungs to be seriously affected, and forbade him to preach at all for some time. Yet Mr. M. could not see his danger, and even undertook to supply Dr. McKay's pulpit, who was about to visit Scotland.

Mrs. M's. diary during this period of her life was destroyed by herself, with the exception of a few scraps, principally of her Sabbath meditations. These we here insert.

"Dec. 25, 1857. My first Christmas from home, and I am on the water. Oh, how my heart clings to home and loved ones, espe-

cially on a day like this, when we were wont to give and receive our little presents. Yes, I know their thoughts will be of the absent one. We have enjoyed a pleasant passage so far, yet how vile and undeserving am I of all thy mercies. How light and trifling is my conduct. I have reason to mourn over my sins. This time last year I was very ill. Why was I spared, surely not to be a cumberer of the ground? Oh, my heavenly Father, I desire to live to thy glory! I desire to spend my life in thy service; fit me for a life of usefulness.

"27. How still and peaceful Sabbath is at sea, yet it does not in a manner feel to me like Sabbath. What would I not give to spend a Sabbath at home? Yet it may not be. But God is here as well as at home, and

"Where'er we seek him, he is found,
And every place is holy ground."

I must endeavour to devote more time to reading the Scriptures and meditation. Oh, I am a vile backslider! My heart is apt to be engrossed with the things of time. O Lord! hold thou me up and I shall be safe. I resolve to read a chapter in the New Testament in the morning, and one in the Old in the evening, with Jay's Exercises. Let thy blessing rest on me, O Lord! Though I have always read morning and evening, I have, since I left home, got out of my usual way of reading; but have commenced again, and feel much more pleasure in reading now. Oh, for sweet communion with Jesus! for a heart filled with love to him!

"Feb. 7. Sabbath. I know from sad experience that there is no happiness out of Christ! How can there be if our minds are not at peace with him? And can we be at peace with him if our hearts are wholly engrossed with the things of this world? Oh, no, we cannot serve two masters! We cannot love Christ and the world. I do not understand how my mind can be content to grovel here, when it might be soaring to something nobler, something purer, and something that can give real satisfaction.

"14. Sabbath. Let me for one moment contemplate that love which passeth knowledge! Was there anything desirable

in us or about us that could induce the Lord of glory, the mighty maker of heaven and earth, to leave his blessed abode, come down to this vile earth, endure sufferings which humanity would sink under, bleed and die on the accursed tree, and all for us—for us—who spurn his offered mercy, and daily, with our hearts, if not with our lips, say, ‘We will not have this man to reign over us?’ Think too of his loving words: ‘Come unto me all ye that labour and are heavy-laden, and I will give you rest.’ What a rest for the weary soul. What a loving bosom upon which to lean the aching head! What a balm for the wounded conscience! Oh, if Jesus is precious to us in prosperity, is he not surely ten times more so in adversity? Is it not sweet to feel that we have a friend that sticketh closer than a brother? One to whom we can repair at all times. Oh, for a heart to seek him! for lips to praise him!

“21. Sabbath. Another pleasant day. Lead me in a plain path, O God! and teach me. I am too prone to enjoy thy gifts and forget the Giver. Oh, that I could continually bear in mind that this is not my rest—that here I have no continuing city; fit me, for the duties of life before me; prepare me for trials and difficulties!

Let the sweet hope that thou art mine,
My life and death attend,
Thy presence through my journey shine,
And crown my journey's end.

“28. Sabbath. Is my religion all a form? Is it a dream? Indeed, I oftentimes wonder if in reality I am a Christian. I feel that I do love Jesus! that he is precious to my soul. I feel too, my utter inability to do what is right, and my entire dependence upon him. But oh, the flesh is weak, and I am ever yielding to temptation! Why do I not pray without ceasing? Will not Jesus lend an attentive ear to the breathings of my soul at all times, as at stated seasons? O blessed Jesus! thou that by a word formed this mighty universe—that painted the flowers of the field with their brilliant hues—that spangled the blue expanse with radiant orbs—thou Almighty Saviour! that art the Creator and preserver of all things; wilt thou not, for

thou canst, purge away my dross, and make me clean and pure? I often look forward with joy to that 'rest which remaineth for the people of God!' but shall I ever partake of it? Shall I cast my crown at the feet of my Redeemer! and be permitted to join with an innumerable company of angels and redeemed spirits, in singing the song of Moses and the Lamb? And shall I be permitted to see Jesus? to bask in the rays of his love? With rapture should I shout, 'Thou hast redeemed me with thy blood. Worthy is the Lamb that was slain, to receive power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honour, and glory, and blessing.'

"Wednesday, March 3. We have been singularly blessed. The way has been made perfectly smooth. O Lord, our ways are not as thine! Thou knowest what is best for us. And have I indeed left the dear 'Omar Pasha?' Oh, how many happy hours have I spent in her—my home for three months! Friends were kind, and we perhaps may not meet again. My earnest desire is that they may ever be wafted in safety across the mighty deep, and may God prosper them in all their ways. If we meet not here, may we meet in heaven, where parting is unknown.

"Sabbath, March 21. This morning heard Mr. Murray preach from Heb. iv. 16. He is certainly a very pious man. Read 'Victory won.' In the evening heard Mr. Smith of the church of England; a solemn and impressive sermon from Amos iv. 17. O Lord! am I prepared to meet thee? Am I living as I would wish to die? Show me this heart, let me not deceive myself.

"Oft has the well accustomed bell
 Noted the sacred hour of prayer,
 A sound, an hour, I loved full well,
 And cheerful steps oft led me there.
 Yet still that sacred bell may chime,
 Its sounds meet not my longing ear,
 I'm hastening to a heathen clime,
 Farewell! sweet tones, to memory dear."*

* These lines seem to be original.

From Sydney Mr. Matheson thus wrote under date 22d March.

“ *Sydney*, March 22, 1858.

“After a very pleasant passage of eighty-six days from London, we arrived safely in Sydney on the third of March. Scarcely had we anchored in the harbour, when to our great delight who should come on board inquiring for us but Captain Williams, who has been here since the middle of January, and was nearly ready to sail on the first of March, when he received a letter from Dr. Tidman, instructing him to remain until after the arrival of the Omar Pasha. Fortunately the missionary boxes were among the last articles of freight put on board the ‘Omar Pasha,’ and, as they are now busily engaged discharging her cargo, they will doubtless have the mission goods transhipped to-morrow or next day, immediately after which we shall get under way. There are a number of passengers going down to the islands in the ‘John Williams,’ among them a young gentleman from Melbourne, who intends visiting the different islands with a view of ascertaining the one upon which he could, with the greatest prospect of success, enter into mercantile business. Among the crew are three Raratongans, and seven from the island of Maneki, all of whom can speak English tolerably well. In personal appearance and amiableness of disposition the latter are much superior to the former, though in stature they are much below the usual standard, being in height from four feet nine inches to five feet—heads much larger than that of the European—hair jet black, straight and glossy—faces round and plump—skin not so black as that of the negro—hands and feet very small and long—teeth small, long and white—eyes gray—nose very broad and flat, and when rowing they extend their nostrils some three or four inches and snuff up the air similar to a horse snorting when suddenly affrighted. Their eyes also glare like balls of fire, which causes them to look extremely fierce when busily engaged in any work requiring great exertion; but the moment that duty is performed they again assume their former pleasant appearance. On Monday evening there was a very interesting missionary meeting held in Pitt Street Chapel, which, though

the largest in the colony, was so crowded that many were obliged to stand during the proceedings. There is to be a valedictory missionary meeting to-morrow evening, after which we all go on board the 'John Williams,' to sail next morning, wind permitting."

They left Sydney on the 29th of March, and after a pleasant voyage of thirty-two days arrived at Tahiti on the third of May, the only drawback to their pleasure being the state of Mr. Matheson's health. He was so delicate during the passage that the missionaries did not once ask him to conduct morning or evening worship. From this place he thus wrote under date 4th May.

"The mariners often encounter tremendous storms in those seas. Our voyage has hitherto been very favourable, having experienced no rough weather, and had we not been detained two or three days by variable winds and calms off New Zealand, nothing seemed wanting to render our whole voyage a splendid pleasure excursion. We generally remained on deck the greater part of the day, enjoying the warm sunshine and the fresh balmy breeze, associated with companions the most agreeable. On Sabbaths we had service morning and evening—prayer meetings every Saturday evening, and a missionary prayer-meeting the first Monday night of every month. There are also several natives on board, to whom Mr. Creagh read occasionally, being the only passenger sufficiently acquainted with their language to be by them perfectly understood. Shortly after leaving Sydney, the Rev. Mr. Murray kindly presented me a Samoan Testament, in the perusal of which I have spent as much time as possible, and have made considerable proficiency (all things considered.) We spent yesterday on shore, enjoying the hospitality of the Rev. Mr. Howe, who has been here about twenty-two years. Tahiti appears to be a lovely island, about thirty-two miles in circumference and situated in lat. 17°, 29', 15'', 149°, 28', 45''. It presents the appearance of an elongated range of high land,

which, being interrupted in one part, forms an isthmus about three miles in breadth, which connects the two peninsulas. From a low margin of sea coast the land rises to a very considerable height on both extremities of the island, while some highly fertile plains or valleys intersect the range in different parts. The loftiest mountain in the northern peninsula (called Mount Anai) is said to be about 7000 feet. In the southern peninsula there is also a very lofty mountain, said to be 8,500 feet above the level of the sea. This latter is the highest in the island. From these two peaks diverge ridges to all parts of the coast, all of which are very precipitous and generally narrow. Of late years the low lands of Tahiti have undergone considerable change by the introduction of a shrub from Norfolk Island, called by the natives Guano, which grows to a large tree, and has now usurped the soil to a great extent for miles. The woodlands and bush are composed almost entirely of this shrub, which bears a profusion of large and delicious food. There is a pretty good road round the greater part of the island, all of which is overshadowed with trees, thus affording a delightful means of visiting the different surrounding settlements. In the code of laws adopted by Queen Pomare the punishment inflicted upon all persons found intoxicated consisted of making one or more feet of this road.

“Outside the low belt of land at the foot of the mountains, a coral reef encircles the island at the distance of two or three miles, and within this rocky bank are several excellent harbours where the sea is constantly tranquil, not a ripple to be seen upon its surface. The appearance of the mountains when seen looming far in the distance is magnificently grand, some of which are sufficiently high to be seen from the ship's deck fifteen or sixteen leagues distant.

“We sighted the land on Friday evening, but as we were nearly becalmed till Sabbath morning we made but little progress towards the island. Early on Sabbath morning we were favoured with a fair wind, but the immense number of clouds hanging over the high land and a haziness about the horizon, partially obscured our view for some two or three hours. At length, however, about 9 A. M., as the sun rose higher, the

clouds gradually vanished away, and as they rolled along the grandly formed mountains, high, sharp, irregular peaks and huge masses of rocks appeared between the mists and were again hidden in deep valleys or glens, as if almost denied the light of day. Strikingly different in appearance were the lower hills, dales and richly wooded land at the sea-side. There the bright sunshine heightened the vivid and ever varying tints of a rich verdure; the beautiful alternation of light and shade, each moment changing as the flitting shadows passed over every kind of green—the groves of graceful palm trees and the dazzling white foam of the breakers on the coral reefs contrasted with the deep blue of the sea, combined to form a most magnificent view.

“At a distance of three or four miles to the West showed the island of Eimeo, which presented a very picturesque outline and added much to the beauty of a scene far surpassing that of which I had any conception. We purpose leaving for Huahine to-morrow, thence to Raiatea, Mangaia, Raratonga, and Samoa, from whence we proceed to the Western Islands, which we hope to reach in July.”

Their farther progress is thus described by Mrs. Matheson :

“*Malua, Samoa, June 9, 1858.*

“My last letter was written from Tahiti, and you will see by this that I am not yet *at home*. Our visit to the different islands was very pleasant, as it gave us a little insight into missionary labour; and we have met with much kindness from the missionaries. Our next resting-place is Aneiteum. I can scarcely realize it.

“The weather here is intensely hot. Sometimes a feeling of languor steals over me, but I try to overcome it. It agrees very well with Mr. M. He has not been so well since we left home as at present.

“This (Upolu) is a lovely island. Every tree, shrub, and plant seems to arrive at perfection. There are a number of shrubs that bear bright red flowers, forming a striking contrast

with the brilliant green of the leaves. The young cocoanut is a most graceful tree. It grows to an immense height here. But I must tell you something of our voyage.

“We spent a few days at Raiatea, and called upon Queen Pomare, who is there at present at the marriage of her son, who is king of that island. Mr. Chisholm invited her to dinner, as all were anxious to see her. She has rather a pleasant countenance, but is an immensely large woman. She conducted herself very nicely in company, and is very intelligent. She came dressed in a very handsome loose gown of pink silk, trimmed with a profusion of blond lace.

“This being the time of their ‘May Meetings,’ we went to chapel and heard a number of addresses from the natives, the king being *chairman*. Unfortunately for me, I could not understand what they said. They then gave in their donations. The sum amounted to £52 (\$260). This they send home to the L. M. Society.

“We were much pleased with our stay at Raratonga. The situation of Mr. Buzacott’s house and the scenery around, is, I think, unrivalled. It stands quite at the foot of a mountain; and the tall cocoanuts, waving their tops over it, together with orange trees, and a hedge of trees in front, make it quite picturesque.

“The first of the Samoan group we touched at was Manua. There was no missionary there—only a native teacher. There being a very heavy sea, we could not land near the teacher’s station, but went some miles farther down. Mrs. Creagh and I thought we should like to go on shore, notwithstanding the walk over the mountain under a broiling sun. We arrived at the teacher’s house after a succession of climbing and leaping, and after having dined on taro, fish and other native preparations, which we partook of in rather a *primitive style*, there being no knives and forks, started for the vessel, and left the island in the evening. Having rough weather, we did not land again until we arrived at this island. We anchored at Apia, and spent the first two days at Mr. Murray’s; then left for this station in a boat. It was a very pleasant sail inside the reef. The missionaries are all to meet at Savaii next week. They hold a con-

ference meeting every six months, and the vessel remains until the meeting is over.

"I hope, dear mamma, that you have received some of my letters. It seems a very long time since I heard from you. I do not know how you all are, and can only think of you as I left you.

"Remember me to Mr. and Mrs. B., Miss M., my Sabbath scholars, and to all inquiring friends. Tell them I am very well, and long to be at work."

On the 8th July, after a pleasant voyage of nine days from Samoa, the John Williams cast anchor in the harbour of Anelicaumat, on the south side of the island of Aneiteum. "You can easily imagine," says Mrs. M. "with what joy we sighted Aneiteum, and how tantalizing it was to be becalmed within a few hours' sail of it. Some canoes coming off to us, we sent a note on shore. Uncle and all the family had gone round to Mr. Inglis' side of the island the day before. The note went round there with all speed, and they arrived a short time after we had anchored in the harbour. Mr. and Mrs. Inglis came also. I like them very much, they are thoroughly Scotch."

The young missionaries were received with a hearty welcome from those already on the field. Mr. Geddie thus writes: "I need not say how much pleasure it gave us to see Mr. and Mrs. Matheson in here. The only alloy to this satisfaction was the delicate state of Mr. Matheson's health, but I trust that he will soon feel the benefits of a short residence in this mild climate. His case has been minutely studied by Dr. Lawrence, of H. M. S. Iris."

From Aneiteum Mrs. M. thus wrote:

"I like Aneiteum very much. It is a pretty island. The mountains are high and varied. It has a fine harbour, and there are always vessels here. At present there are five.

"The natives are not such a fine race as on some of the other islands, but they seem manageable and affectionate. I admire the women's dress very much. They wear their native *enlepes** and many of them a calico skirt above, with a loose jacket or roundabout. Their dresses stand out nicely, the *enlepes* quite serving the purpose of crinoline. They also wear bonnets, and their taste is not so gaudy as on some of the other islands. I think the language odd but pretty.

"I am very well indeed. At Samoa I had a little cough, but there the weather is so hot, it is almost impossible to avoid taking cold. Here it is very pleasant in the cool season. Now we require fire night and morning. We are all to go round next week, to Mr. Inglis' station, to be present at the sacrament of the Lord's Supper. The little John Knox leaves for there. She is a nice little vessel, and a very good sailer, but such a tiny thing. She looks like a duck on the water."

Mr. M. thus described in a letter to the secretary of the Board what followed his arrival:

" *Aneiteum*, Aug. 21, 1858.

"On the following morning the brethren of the New Hebrides' mission met for consultation, respecting our location, in which the deputation of the L. M. S. there present, were invited to correspond. After mature deliberation, it was unanimously agreed that we should remain at Aneiteum, until the arrival of the Rev. Messrs. Copeland and Paton, of the Reformed Presbyterian Church of Scotland, who are expected about the latter end of this month.

"We spent the Sabbath at Aneiteum. In the morning Mr. G. preached to some four or five hundred persons in the native language. After that there was an English service, which was attended by the foreign residents. And in the evening Mr. Inglis preached on board the 'John Williams.' On Monday

* A sort of shirt.

afternoon there was a missionary meeting held in the church, at which the Rev. Geo. Gill of Raratonga, and the Rev. Geo. Stallworthy of Samoa, gave a short account of the state of the mission in their respective islands. In the centre of the church stood an immensely large heap of mats, native dresses, and cloth, &c., for the native teachers who had previously been placed upon the islands of Tanna and Fotuna: and also for those about to be located upon the island of Niua, where teachers have never before been stationed.

“On Wednesday the wind being favourable, we left for Fotuna, which we sighted during the night, after which we were obliged to shorten sail, to prevent our approaching the shores before the break of day. As there is no good anchorage at this island, immediately upon our nearing the coast, Capt. Williams lowered his boat in which we proceeded to the shore. On landing we were instantly surrounded by some 150 or 200 natives, many of whom were armed with clubs, spears, bows and arrows, hatchets, and muskets. After spending a few minutes upon the beach, we ascended a rugged mountain and walked a considerable distance inland, to a house occupied by one of the Aneiteum teachers. There are at present four teachers on the island, with three of whom we met, and received from them a very satisfactory and interesting report of their trials and success, since last visited. They also reported very favourably, respecting the station at which the other teacher resides, and the natives appeared very anxious, that a missionary should come and remain with them. Upon this request being made, Mr. G. inquired of them if they would be good to a missionary, if they would protect him, if they would prevent the natives from killing him? To the former questions they replied in the affirmative, but appeared rather indignant at the latter, and said, No, no, no kill him missionary. You know your teachers are here and we no kill them; you know too that you come here, and if we want kill him missionary, we could have killed you plenty time long ago. While on the island, Mr. G. delivered a short address in the Aneiteum language, to which several of the natives paid particular attention, at the close of which we returned to the boat, went off to the ship, and set sail for Tanna.

“On the following morning we arrived safely at Port Resolution Bay, where we found lying at anchor the missionary vessel, ‘John Knox,’ which, has since her arrival here last year, proved of invaluable benefit to the mission. We went on shore to select a site for the erection of the building, and succeeded in obtaining and purchasing from the chief the plot of ground formerly owned by the Rev. Messrs. Turner and Nisbet.

“The following day Mr. Turpie, the chief officer of the ‘John Williams,’ together with several of the crew, assisted in preparing a suitable foundation, upon which they afterwards commenced to erect the house, which Mr. Geddie intends to have completed as soon as possible. The chief Miaki who is said to be a very influential young man, seemed delighted with the prospect of a missionary going to reside with them, and said to me, No fear of missionary here now, if you come and live with us I’ll protect you, I’ll build my house beside yours, and you are safe—we all same as Aneiteum people upon my land, and no fight as we used to do. On Sabbath Mr. G. preached on shore, in the morning and evening, (the former discourse was interpreted by Nohoat, the Aneiteum chief.) There were about 70 persons present, all of whom listened very attentively to the words spoken. The next morning we weighed anchor and set sail for Niua, which is a small island, $14\frac{1}{4}$ miles from Tanna, and is supposed to have a population of 400 or 500 persons. Here we stationed two teachers from Aneiteum, being the first ever located on this island. The natives were very anxious for a white teacher, but having none for them, they said Aneiteum ones do very good. Having little business to do at this island, we left for Erromanga in the evening, and arrived there the following morning, where we were much pleased to meet brother Gordon and his amiable lady, in the enjoyment of health and strength. In the forenoon we all went on shore, and our feelings may be better imagined than expressed, when treading the place once trodden by him, who fell a martyr to missionary enterprise on this island. In the afternoon we met on board the ‘John Williams,’ to consult with Mr. Geddie respecting the state of the mission and also the locating of teachers.

“On Thursday afternoon we left for Aneiteum, in the ‘John

Knox.' During the evening we observed in the distance two of those singular phenomena, called waterspouts, which are of frequent occurrence in these seas, and on the following day, between the hours of 1 and 4 P. M., we observed no less than eight, one of which caused us no little alarm, it being so near, that to avoid encountering it we were obliged to tack ship and sail in a different direction. Though nearly calm when first observed, during its formation it became quite wet and squally. It was followed by heavy rain and strong wind, which set the sea in such an awful commotion, that we were obliged to put back for Dillon's Bay, Erromanga, where we remained until Monday morning.

"On Sabbath morning Mr. Gordon preached in the native language, to about forty of the inhabitants of that still dark island, after which Mr. Geddie preached an English sermon to the foreigners. In the afternoon Mr. Gordon dispensed the ordinance of baptism to a young man whom he called Mana. He had been to Samoa some time ago, where he became seriously impressed, and ever since his return to Erromanga, his conduct has been such as to leave no obstacles in the way of his being admitted a church member. To Mr. Gordon he has been of invaluable service, as a teacher and interpreter. After the baptism of Mana, the sacrament of the Lord's Supper was dispensed for the first time on that island. Around this table were assembled with us the natives of Aneiteum, belonging to the 'John Knox,' the native teacher of Erromanga, together with Mana, who may be said to be the first convert to Christianity, on that island. On Monday we left and arrived safely at Aneiteum the following Wednesday."

From the time of the arrival of the John Williams at the Samoas, Mr. M.'s health was better, but he was still delicate. He however seemed to improve by residence on shore. A medical gentleman on board one of H. M. Ships, having carefully examined his case, earnestly recommended rest and attention to his health for a time, and gave it as his opinion, that in this way he might

yet become a vigorous man. The missionaries were therefore anxious that he should remain for a time on Aneiteum, before undertaking the toils of a new mission. But Mr. M.'s ardent spirit could scarcely brook any delay in entering upon his work, while in the general spirit of the consumptive, he could not perceive his danger, and was unwilling to hear it spoken of, so that when Messrs. Paton and Copeland arrived, two or three weeks after, arrangements were made for the location of Mr. M. with them upon Tanna, though in consequence of the state of his health, the other missionaries only assented to the step in compliance with his own urgent wishes.

After consultation it was resolved, that the two former should be stationed at Port Resolution, that Mr. M. should take up a new station on the south side of the island, about fourteen miles distant, called Umai-rarekar, and that Mr. Copeland should visit his station from time to time, to render such aid as occasion might require. The frame and materials of a house were prepared on Aneiteum, and in October they all sailed for their destination accompanied by Mr. Geddie.

When about leaving Aneiteum, Mrs. M. thus wrote :

“*Aneiteum*, Oct. 26.

“I should like to have been settled in my own house on Tanna before writing at this time, that I might have been able to give you a description of it, and also of our prospects; but as the vessel leaves very shortly, I shall not be able to do so. We expect to leave here day after to-morrow for Tanna. We are appointed to the south side of the island, and Mr. Paton to the harbour, as missionaries from our church occupy two harbours.

The only difference is the difficulty of landing anything at the south side. In other respects it is preferable. As our house is not quite finished, we shall have to live in a grass one for two or three weeks. I have a very nice native man and his wife from this island to accompany me. Their names are Matthew and Singongo. I have had no intermittent fever as yet, for which I feel very thankful. You need never feel uneasy or anxious about me, dear mamma, for I have many comforts, and much to be thankful for. The principal food for missionaries on these islands, as you are aware, is pork and fowls. I am going to take some salted pork with me from here, also some fowls and goats; and if I prove a good housekeeper I shall get along very well.

"I shall not be able to write during the hurricane months, and perhaps will feel a little lonely, not hearing from you."

From the time of their arrival in Sydney, till their settlement on Tanna, the only item of Mrs. M's. diary preserved is the following:

Aneiteum, Aug. 1st, 1858.

"Sabbath. I have very much neglected my diary lately. What with sewing, bustle, and excitement, I have scarcely found time. Oh, may the world never come between my Saviour and me! I thank thee, O God, that thou in mercy hast permitted me to visit this island, once sunk in heathenism, and to behold the wonders thou hast wrought! Oh, let my life be one of continued praise—let me be devoted to thy service, unworthy though I be! Oh, my Saviour, I desire from my heart to be thus engaged! Thou hast seen fit to lay thine afflicting hand upon my dear husband on our arrival here. O God, thou knowest best! We desire to submit to thy will. Father, guide our footsteps. Let us not stray from thee at all. Not able to attend native service to-day, as Mr. M. is so poorly. O God, send down thy Spirit upon thy ministers this day! May they be enabled to speak a word in season to many souls. O Lord, look in mercy upon my native land! Send down times of refreshing from the presence of the Lord. Awaken many careless hearts. Stir up

lukewarm Christians, and oh, may the peace of God rest upon them as a people ! Bless me, even me, oh, my Father ! Remember not the sins of my youth, nor my transgressions. May I keep a strict watch over my lips, that they offend not—over my thoughts and actions. Keep me from secret faults, and all presumptuous sins.”

CHAPTER IV.

THE TANNESE.

IN the Memoir of Mr. Johnston we gave an account of the island of Tanna, but reserved a fuller notice of the inhabitants for this place. The fullest account of them that has yet appeared is by Dr. Turner, which we give with some slight abridgement.

“The population of the island cannot, I think, be less than ten or twelve thousand. They are under the middle stature. There are some fine exceptions, but that is the rule. Their colour is exactly that of an old copper-coin. You see some of them as black as the New Hollanders, but it is occasioned by dyeing their bodies a few shades darker than the natural colour. They have less of the negro cast of countenance than some of the other Papuan tribes we have met with, and if they would only wash the paint off their faces, and look like men, you might pick out from among them a company of good-looking fellows. We often said to each other there is so-and-so, the very image of some old friend or fellow-student.

“Red is the favourite colour of paint for the face. It is a red earth, which they get principally from Anei-teum. They first oil the face, and then daub on the dry

powder with the thumb. Some of the chiefs show their rank by an extra coat of the pigment, and have it plastered on as thick as clay. Black is the sign of mourning. This they manage with oil and pounded charcoal. Some make their faces glisten like the work of a shoe-black. Others seem as if they had first oiled their faces, and then dipped them into a bag of soot.

“Their hair is frizzled, and often of a light brown colour, rather than black. The women wear it short, but have it all laid out in a forest of little erect curls, about an inch and a-half long. There is something quite unusual in the way in which the *men* do up their hair. They wear it twelve and eighteen inches long, and have it divided into some six or seven *hundred* little locks or tresses. Beginning at the roots, every one of these is carefully wound round by the thin rind of a creeping plant, giving it the appearance of a piece of twine. The ends are left exposed for about two inches, and oiled and curled. This curious collection of six hundred locks of hair is thrown back off the forehead, and hangs down behind. The little curled ends are all of equal length, and form a semicircle of curls from ear to ear, or from shoulder to shoulder. Viewed at a distance, you imagine that the man has got some strange wig on, made of whip cords, in some instances coloured black, and in others red; but, on closer inspection, you find that it is his natural hair done up as I have just described. I had the curiosity, one day to count the exact number of these little locks of hair on a young man's head, and found that they were close upon *seven hundred*. The labour in keeping all these in order is immense, and the only utility of the thing seems to be,

that it forms a good thick pad of cords for protecting the head from the rays of the sun. (See cut.) With the exception of the adjacent islands of Aneiteum, Niua, and Futuna, I have not seen nor heard of anything



like this in any other part of the Pacific. It reminds one of the Egyptian Gallery in the British Museum, and strikingly compares with the illustrations in recent works on Nineveh.

“The Tannese pierce the septum of the nose, and in-

sert a small piece of wood or reed horizontally, but not so as to project beyond either nostril.

"They are fond of ear-rings also, but not of the usual tiny trinket description. They must have a great tortoise-shell article, half an inch wide, and two, three, or four inches in diameter. Nor are they content with one of these dangling on each side; they have half-a-dozen of them sometimes, of various sizes, in one ear. The weight of such things enlarges the apertures fearfully: a child's hand might pass through some of them.

"They do not tatoo; cutting or burning some rude device of a leaf or a fish on the breast, or upper part of the arm, are other modes of ornament.

"The women are pretty well covered with their long girdles, hanging down below the knee. They wear them occasionally also over the shoulders. They are made from the rolled and dried fibre of the banana stalk, are very soft, and at first sight look like hemp. (See page 251.)

"But, alas for the poor *sons* of Adam, their clothing is very scant! They wear a belt round the waist an inch deep. Instead of "an apron" of "fig-leaves," they make a little bit of matting, or rag of any kind, suffice. With this they form an ugly-looking bundle, the receptacle as well of anything small which happens to come in the way—such as beads, fish-hooks, or tobacco. The whole is tied tightly together, by several turns of hair-cord, and one end pulled up through the belt in front. They strut about in this disgusting costume, and criticize the Erromangans and others, as if they thought their own æsthetics of dress were of the highest order.

NATIVES OF TANNA.



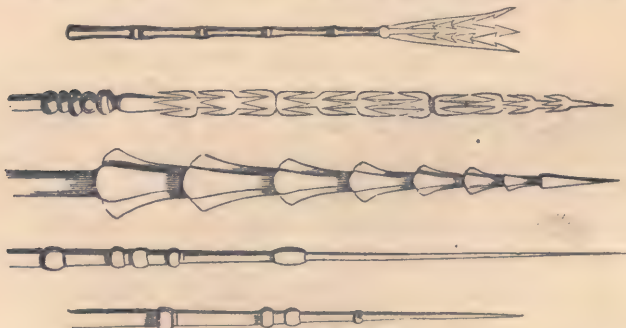
"All wear some ornament round the neck. Beads are in repute, and the larger the better. But there is nothing of which a chief is fonder for a necklace than three large whale's teeth, on three separate strings, and dangling horizontally on his breast. They often tack on to the necklace a few locks of the hair of a deceased relative.

"Armlets are also common. They are made of the cocoa-nut shell, in sections of half an inch wide, and rudely carved. They wear one, two, three, and sometimes half a dozen of these on either arm, close above the elbow, and from them they suspend their spear-thrower and sling. (See cut.)



SPEAR THROWER.

"Their weapons are clubs, bows and arrows, and spears. (See cut.) They sling a stone, throw a spear,



SPEAR AND ARROW HEADS.

and shoot an arrow with great precision. They are also expert at throwing a stone called a kawas, which you

often see in their hands. (See cut.) It is about the



KAWAS.

length of an ordinary counting-house ruler, only twice as thick, and that they throw with deadly precision when their victim is within twenty yards of them. All the men go about armed. When at work in their plantations their arms are never out of sight, and at night they sleep within reach of their club. Even the little boys must have their tiny clubs, and spears, and bows and arrows, and always go about ready for a quarrel.

“At the first glance, one concludes that the Tannese must live in a state of perpetual war. This is actually the case. War is the rule, peace the exception. They were fighting during five out of the seven months we lived among them, and I should think that is a fair average of the way in which they have lived from time immemorial. There is ample proof there that war is the enemy of civilization and the element of savage life. We were never able to extend our journeys above four miles from our dwelling. At such distances you come to boundaries which are never passed, and beyond which the people speak a different dialect. At one of these boundaries actual war will be going on; at another, kidnapping and cooking each other; and at another, all may be peace; but, by mutual consent, they have no dealings with each other. Their fighting is principally bush skirmishing; they rarely come to close hand-to-hand club fighting. When visiting the volcano one day, the natives told us about a battle in which one party which was pursued ran right into the crater, and there

fought for a while on the downward slope inside the cup! But few fall in their daily skirmishes. Many, however, are cut off after lingering for weeks under fatal wounds.

“When the body of an enemy is taken, it is dressed for the oven, and served up with yams at the next meal. Captain Cook only suspected they were cannibals. There is no doubt about the thing now. They delight in human flesh, and distribute it in little bits far and near among their friends, as a delicious morsel. I recollect talking to a native one day about it, and trying to fill him with disgust at the custom, but the attempt was vain. He wound up all with a hearty laugh at what he no doubt considered my weakness, and added: ‘Pig’s flesh is very good for you, but this is the thing for us;’ and suiting the action to the word, he seized his arm with his teeth, and shook it, as if he were going to take the bit out! It is different on some other islands, but at Tanna cannibal *connoisseurs* prefer a black man to a white one. The latter they say tastes *salt*! They regard, however, as “*fish*” all who come in their way, as the sequel to massacres of white men there has amply proved.

“We found no such things as a king or great chief at Tanna. No Thakombau, Pomare, or Kamehameha there. The authority of a Tanna chief does not seem to extend a gunshot from his own dwelling. In a settlement, or village, you find eight or ten families. Their huts are put up, without any rule or arrangement, among the trees; and in this place, which has its village name, you may number a population of eighty or a hundred. There will be at least one or two principal men among

them, who are called chiefs. The affairs of this little community are regulated by the chief and the heads of families. Six, or eight, or more, of these villages unite and form what may be called a district, or county, and all league together for mutual protection. If a person belonging to one of these villages is injured or killed by the people of another district, all the villagers of his district unite in seeking redress, either by a fine or by war and spoliation.

“Every village has a clear circular space under the shade of a large banian-tree for their marum, or place of public meeting. Here all the men of the settlement assemble about sundown for a cup of kava and their evening meal. The kava (*Piper methysticum*) is prepared in the usual Polynesian way, by chewing the root, and ejecting the contents of the mouth into the ‘punch-bowl,’ which, when filled up with water, mixed, and strained, forms the draught. The women and girls are ‘total abstainers’ from the nasty cup, and have their meals apart from the men. At the evening meal the chief of the village is the high-priest, and repeats a short prayer to the gods before they drink, asking health, long life, good crops, and success in battle. In the marum they have also their marriage-feasts. Raw yams and live pigs are served up on these occasions, as well as cooked food, and heaps are carried away by the guests. Feasts at the birth of children, night dances, and meetings to discuss political affairs are held in the marum.

“Polygamy prevails, but not to any great extent. A chief has seldom more than three wives, and often only one or two. Women are not allowed to sit with

the men in the marum, except on marriage feasts or other public festivals. Owing to the constant demand on the services of the men for war, a great deal of the plantation work, cooking, etc., devolves on the women; but, upon the whole, we thought the women better treated at Tanna than they often are among heathen tribes. Adultery and some other crimes are kept in check by the fear of club law. The culprit is never safe, and does not know the moment he may be pounced upon by the offended party. Revenge, too, is often sought in the death of the brother, or some other near relative of the culprit. Circumcision is regularly practised about the seventh year.

“Pigs and fowls, they say, have always been there; dogs and cats were but recently introduced.

“The Tannese have no idols. The banian-tree forms their sacred grove, or temple, for religious worship. Here and there in the bush there are particular stones which are venerated.

“Their general name for gods seems to be *aremha*; that means *a dead man*, and hints alike at the origin and nature of their religious worship. The spirits of their departed ancestors are their gods. Chiefs who reach an advanced age are after death deified, addressed by name, and prayed to on various occasions. They are supposed especially to preside over the growth of the yams and the different fruit trees. The first-fruits are presented to them, and in doing this they lay a little of the fruit on some stone, or shelving branch of the tree, or some more temporary altar of a few rough sticks from the bush, lashed together with strips of bark,

in the form of a table with its four feet stuck in the ground.

“The sick are kindly attended to to the last. Local bleeding is a common remedy for almost every complaint; they do not open a vein, but merely make a few incisions with a bamboo-knife. When the case is considered dangerous, their last resort is to burn the foot. I have seen, for instance, a poor fellow dying from an arrow wound in the neck, and the sole of his foot just burned to a mass of raw flesh. Unconsciousness, or any other symptom of approaching death, is the signal to commence wailing. When the patient lingers for days, the wailing becomes a tearless, formal affair. At death it is increased by other friends who gather round. The body is then laid out, wrapped in a piece of thick native cloth, something like tanned leather, made from the bark of the banian-tree. The face is kept exposed and painted red, and on the following day the grave is dug, and the body buried amid the weeping and wailing of the surrounding friends. The grave is dug four or five feet deep; then they hollow out a recess on the one side sufficient to admit the body, and there they lay it in *the side of the pit*. There is something peculiar in this, and strikingly illustrative of that obscure reference, in the book of Ezekiel, to ‘the sides of the pit.’ (Ezek. xxxii. 23.)

“It is in general difficult to trace the origin of the customs practised by a heathen people. To this, however, we have a melancholy exception in the recent introduction to Tanna of a species of sutteeism. On the neighbouring island of Aneiteum, it was common, on the death of a chief, to strangle his wives, that they

might accompany him to the regions of the departed. The custom has been found in various parts of the Pacific. The poor deluded woman rejoices in it, if she has any affection for her husband, and not only shows us the strength of her attachment, but also her firm belief in the reality of a future state. An old chief will say as he is dying, 'Now, who will go with me?' and immediately one and another will reply, 'I will.' A few years ago they commenced on Tanna to strangle the wives of a departed chief, and the custom is said to be spreading over the island; another proof of the tendency of heathenism. Its tendency is downwards, never upwards; its developement is the increase of human wretchedness."

Farther information respecting their habits will be brought out in the sequel. We may mention here, however, that the other missionaries mention throwing into the sea as a common mode of disposing of the dead.

There is an idea prevalent that the life of a savage, particularly on these islands, is a happy one, as far as this life is concerned. In a climate which is truly described as perpetual summer, and with a soil yielding without labour abundance of food, it is supposed that he must be free from all care or anxiety. "Seen in certain circumstances," we quote the words of Mr. Copeland, "he does seem to be happy, and to have the advantage over those that are called civilized. But if you trace this savage in his wanderings and doings for some time, and contemplate him in different circumstances, you come to a very different conclusion. You look out on a morning, and see him marching along the beach in high health and spirits, with a firm but grace-

ful step. His mind seems to be free of care. He need not dread famine, as his land, with a little care, flows with milk and honey. His thirst can be quenched by the cooling cocoanut. As for clothing, he requires not to spin. All that can be called property is about his person, and goes with him where he goes ; he need not, therefore, fear the approach of the thief. His body is not bent and crushed with hard work. If he feel disinclined for work one day, it can be done on the following. He is his own master, and spends his time as he pleases. When the sun pours down his midday rays, he reclines under the shade of the cocoanut or bread-fruit tree ; and there, with his companion, discusses that which is new, fanned by the refreshing breeze. If inclined, he may cool his limbs in the stream or the glassy sea. As he digs the paternal soil or trains the yam, one thinks of the days of the golden age ; and as he skims along the placid deep in his canoe, his happiness seems to be complete. Or again, to witness him, after his easy toil is over, returning home, carrying for his evening meal some fish, or a yam, or kava, from which to express his favourite beverage, one naturally concludes that savage life has many enjoyments.

“ Civilization may bring with it burdens, but these are amply compensated by the additional comforts it secures. Did health and youth continue always, and were this world free from vicissitudes, the savage and he that is civilized might be nearly on a level. The savage is not free ; he is confined to a small part of an island. At no great distance from his habitation are boundaries he dare not pass ; he lives in constant terror of his neighbours, is the slave of tobacco and kava, and

is tormented with an insatiable desire to possess. When the temperature has been suddenly lowered, he is pinched with cold—his scanty fire affords him but little warmth, and the chill winds seek through his frail habitation. Prostrated by fever, there is no skilful physician or powerful remedy to aid the powers of nature. His friends neglect him, and leave him to die or live. He seldom attains to old age, and if he does, he finds it possessed of no comforts; a new generation has arisen around him; he has no strength to dig, and no means of husbanding his sinking strength; he dies, is buried, and straightway forgotten.”

It is but just to observe, that while the inhabitants of the New Hebrides are morally in a most degraded condition, there are some redeeming features in their character. Bishop Pattison, who has visited a large number of islands, and is in the habit of committing himself unarmed among the natives wherever he goes, says: “Amongst them (the Melanesian savages) I have met some whom I might fairly speak of as thorough gentlemen. I was greatly pleased when I came across that passage of Capt. Speke’s book, where, after his return from his remarkable tour in Africa, he told the members of the Royal Society in England that some of these people he had met with, and who were considered as wild heathen savages, were as perfect gentlemen as any people he had ever met with in the whole of his life. I can bear just the same testimony.”

It is to be observed that there is often among them, particularly among their chiefs, a high sense of honour. Bishop P. mentions that, wherever he goes, he commits himself entirely unarmed to their power, and that his

very defencelessness is his best defence. Just as an Englishman will not strike a man when he was down, they feel it dishonourable to strike a man who trusts himself in their power without any weapon.

The experience of the missionaries too has shown, that when a chief pledges himself to be kind to the teachers or missionaries, and to use his influence with others to induce them to treat them in the same manner, these pledges may be relied on. Their influence may be limited. No one has any power beyond his own *land*, and even within it cannot always control his own people, and missionaries may be in danger from various sources; but in the past history of missions on Tanna, (and the same is the case to a greater or less extent on other islands,) it has been found that a chief's pledge of protection is sacred. In the case of Messrs. Nisbet and Turner, those chiefs who had promised to protect them fought for them to the peril of their lives, and it was only when several of their people had been killed, and there was a likelihood of more suffering the same fate, that the missionaries felt it their duty to leave the field. The same faithfulness to their pledges has been maintained since, by the chiefs, toward the other missionaries and teachers labouring among them;—this although, in some instances, the chiefs giving the pledge were heathen, and avowed their determination to remain so.

Another instance as exemplifying the principle of honour among them is mentioned by Mr. Geddie. In visiting heathen islands in the missionary schooner John Knox, wherever the vessel is known he has allowed them all freely to come on board, trusting every thing to their honour, and he has never had anything stolen; although,

under different treatment, the South Sea Islanders are generally famous as thieves.

On the 18th of November, 1839, Christian teachers first landed on Tanna, from the missionary brig Camden. That night they only slept on shore, while the vessel stood off and on, that they might be able to judge how the natives were likely to treat them when left at their mercy. The result being favourable, their property was landed on the following day, and three Samoan teachers took up their abode among them. John Williams with some difficulty made them understand that these were "men of Jehovah," the foreigner's God. The chief consented to receive them, and promised to treat them kindly, and to listen to their instructions. The people manifested great eagerness to receive them, though of course their ideas of the good that they expected to receive through their instrumentality were very indefinite. In reference to this event, Mr. Williams wrote his last lines as follows: "Thus terminated one of the most interesting visits we have ever yet been privileged to have with a heathen people in their barbarous and savage state, when taking to them the word of life; and none, perhaps, manifested a more friendly demeanour to strangers such as we were among them." The placing of these teachers on Tanna, as is well known, was the last act of John Williams. On the following day he obtained the martyr's crown on Erromanga.

These faithful men laboured for some time amid great difficulties and many discouragements, but at length matters seemed so favourable, that in June, 1842, Rev. Messrs. Nisbet and Turner, who had just arrived from

England, landed at Port Resolution and commenced their missionary labours there. They applied themselves with great energy to their work, but seven months after, in the month of January following, they were obliged to escape for their lives.

In April, 1845, the island was again visited, and there being an appearance of a favourable change having taken place, three Raratongan and four Samoan teachers were stationed at three separate stations near the bay, but after a time one of them was killed, another brutally injured, in consequence of which the rest removed to Aneiteum.

In March, 1847, a chief sent to Aneiteum for teachers. The call seemed providential, and two teachers immediately returned, who in the following year were joined by a third. The result was the same as before. In 1854, they were all obliged to leave.

The failure of these three attempts to evangelize Tanna took place under similar circumstances. The chiefs near the harbour, who had engaged to protect the teachers remained faithful to their engagements, and numbers of their people continued friendly. But the heathen tribes inland in which were a large number of disease makers and sacred men, were bitterly hostile. These men seeing their craft in danger if Christianity should spread, inflamed the minds of the others by representing it as the cause of sickness and death. Strange to say in each case an epidemic broke out in circumstances, which gave them a favourable opportunity of working upon their superstitious fears.

The work however was destined to be resumed sooner than could have been anticipated. While Tanna had

been the scene of so many calamities, the neighbouring island of Aneiteum exhibited a very different state of things. Christianity had been there embraced, and its blessed fruits appeared in the moral and social improvement of the inhabitants. A party of Tannese having gone to Aneiteum, to visit some of their relations, returned with a glowing account of the wonderful changes in progress there. This induced a number to go over to see for themselves. They built two canoes for the purpose, and crossed over in September, 1854. They were greatly astonished with what they saw and particularly with the fact, that there was peace throughout the whole island, and that the inhabitants might pass freely from one part to another. They made a tour of the whole island, and were astonished at what they saw. The result was that they resolved to embrace Christianity, and requested that teachers might be given them. A few weeks after, the John Williams arrived at Aneiteum, and the missionaries having heard of this state of things, she on the 14th October, took over two Aneiteum teachers and their wives, and landed them at Anui-karaka, on the south-east side of the island about 14 miles distant from Port Resolution, and under the protection of the chief, who had visited Aneiteum, named Yaresi, who we may observe remained firm in his attachment to the missionaries as long as he lived. It was at this place that Mr. Matheson was afterward stationed.

These teachers were received by the chief and his people with a most cordial welcome. Some 300 of the natives assembled on the beach to receive them, the men without their weapons of war, and women and children joining in the crowd to gaze on the strangers. When

the boat came near the shore, the people very readily took the teachers and their things from the boat to the shore in their canoes, and when the teachers' wives stood up to go into one of the canoes, the females on shore, as soon as they caught sight of them, set up a loud shout, and ran forward to the landing-place, leaping and dancing with delight.

In the following year two Aneiteumese, Abraham and Nimtiwan, teachers, were stationed at Port Resolution, and under encouraging circumstances. Nauwar, one of the chiefs, came over to Aneiteum to see what Christianity had done on that island and to solicit teachers. He and others friendly to Christianity gladly received these teachers, who commenced their labours with fair prospects of success.

For some time at both these stations the teachers laboured with encouragement. The natives were kind to them, supplying them with abundance of food, though from their being chiefs of some standing on Aneiteum, and having connexions among the Tannese, they might have been treated so had they not been teachers. At some of the stations nearly all the inhabitants attended public worship. At Port Resolution the teachers were in the habit of visiting ten villages and holding public worship in the open square of each village. At first nearly all the population attended, but sickness having again broken out, their superstitious fears were again aroused, and nearly all deserted them. A consultation had even been held with the view of killing them, but the chiefs said, No, you must kill us first. At the south-east station the number who attended service was so large that the grass house in which they met would not

contain them. The teachers here however had their trials, though their lives were not in danger. War had broken out at their very door, and the house in which they lived belonging to the chief had been burned down; but the house set apart for religious worship, was respected by the fighting parties, and marks were set up at a safe distance, to indicate that it was to be held sacred.

In June, 1857, the John Williams arrived with Mr. Gordon on board. The missionaries on board were anxious that he should occupy Port Resolution, as they deemed it the most important station in the group. The chiefs round that harbour were desirous of receiving missionaries, but they were afraid of the inland tribe of disease-makers. Besides there had been great fighting round, and peace had scarcely been re-established. Under these circumstances it was thought more advisable that Mr. Gordon should settle on Erromanga. At the South-east station all was encouraging. The people were anxious for a missionary, but it was not deemed advisable to occupy that place, till Port Resolution could be occupied at the same time.

For the next year the work seemed to advance. But the following incident which occurred at this time, will show the power of superstition over the minds of the natives. A chief of influence and a party of his young men visited Port Resolution. He saw the teachers, and was so pleased with what he heard from them, that he begged one of them to go to his land. After the chief returned to his own district, sickness broke out, and the people, because he was favourable to Christianity, which they supposed to be the cause of the sickness,

killed him and the young men who had been with him at Port Resolution.

But other places were anxious for additional teachers, which were sent from Aneiteum, and by the time of the arrival of Messrs. Matheson, Paton, and Copeland, not only did the way seem open for the occupation of the island by missionaries, but prospects seemed very favourable for their success. The work was not indeed without danger, and even at the time of their landing matters were in an unsettled state, as the following letter from Mr. Inglis, written while engaged* in erecting a house at Port Resolution, will show.

“We have had a most exciting time here since Sabbath. War has again broken out, between the inland tribes and the tribes around the bay. Peace was restored some time ago as you are aware, but a short time ago, a hostile spirit was manifested by the inland people, and on Sabbath, when we went inland to Prasiau, where Kanare the teacher lives, to have worship there, we found about fifty men assembled at the *Intiptang*.* We had worship with them, but when we were about to proceed farther, they advised that Mr. Paton, and I, and Nohoat should return. This we did, and Nimitiwan and Abraham, and the rest of our natives went on to the other party, and had worship, and talked to them. On Monday, all the warriors were in motion. Nearly 100 armed men from Anekahi passed us in a body, but the inland people did not come down. On Tuesday, both parties assembled about Prasiau. We were advised to leave the house, and retire to one of the teacher's houses about a mile farther off. But in all the circumstances of the case, we thought it best to go on with our work, committing ourselves to the care of our Father in heaven. The wall of Jerusalem was to be built in troublous times, and why not the mission-house? We heard the shooting distinctly, and the war-shout as we were working at the house. Five of

* The Aneiteumese name for the forum or public square of the village, called by the Tannese, the *Marum*.

the inland party were killed, and two of the shore party. It was painful to us to think of men, whose best interests require that they should live in peace, fighting, killing and eating one another. But to them it appeared to be quite the normal state of society—the ordinary every-day state of things. Hence, just on the eve of a battle, or rather after it began, Mr. Paton and I saw a party of women on the shore, talking and laughing with as much unconcern as if their brothers and husbands had been at a friendly feast, and not a deadly fight. One of Miaki's people was shot, and died of his wounds yesterday. He was a man of distinction; they strangled his widow. The poor woman was dead before our teachers knew anything of it, but such was the excitement, that even if they had known it, it is more than probable that they could not have prevented it. The shore people do not wish for war. They are simply on the defensive."

Still Mr. Inglis did not anticipate any personal danger for the missionaries. Port Resolution, it was acknowledged, was one of the worst stations that had been taken up. At the South-east station everything appeared favourable. Mr. Inglis, who went out to prepare the way for Mr. Matheson's settlement, thus describes his proceedings:

"Having agreed that Umairarekar was the most suitable place for the mission station, our next object was to obtain the consent of Kati, the chief of that district. We sent for him on the Thursday afternoon, but he did not come to us till the Friday morning. Kati is still a heathen. Before any business could be done, he went off to bathe himself in the sea, and dress himself like a gentleman; his dress, however, was too meagre to admit of any minute description. We met with him and the other chiefs in front of Wansafe's house. Nohoat, one of the principal chiefs of Anciteum, accompanied us to Tanna at this time, and has been exerting himself to the utmost to promote the objects of the mission. We asked Kati, through Nohoat, who is well acquainted with the Tannese language, if he was

willing that a missionary should come and live on his land. He answered that he was quite willing. We then asked him if he would protect the missionary and his property from the natives. This seemed to be a kind of reflection upon his honour, as if his willingness to receive a missionary had not implied his protection, and with a good deal of animation he rose and spoke somewhat as follows:—‘If the missionary is not afraid of such men as Nohoat, and Yaresi, and Namaka, why should he be afraid of me? The teachers came here from Aneiteum; they built one house, and lived in it till it was rotten; then they built another, and lived in it till it also was rotten; and now they have built another, and are living in it, and what ill have I ever done to them? I am not like Yaresi and Namaka, who steal men’s wives, and make war, and burn houses, and kill men; I am not a praying man like them, and I will never be one, but neither I nor any of my people will do any ill to the missionary.’ Kati was here referring to a quarrel which had arisen in Yaresi’s land about two years ago, caused by some man running away with his neighbour’s wife. Kati had some old grudge against Yaresi, and evidently thought this too good an opportunity to lose, for getting his mind fully unburdened. In a small way, his speech was a piece of as plain, out-spoken, scolding, as any that Homer has put into the mouths of his heroes before the walls of Troy. While lying at Port Resolution, about eighty-four years ago, Mr. Wales told Captain Cook, that there is scarcely an action, circumstance, or description of any kind relating to a spear in Homer, which he had not seen and recognized among the natives of Tanna: this had removed from that gentleman’s mind all doubts as to the correctness of Homer’s descriptions. And had he heard Kati’s speech yesterday, on, by no means a very exciting subject, he would, no doubt, have concluded that as little of the marvellous found a place in Homer’s speeches as in his descriptions of the poisoning and throwing of a spear. As Nohoat, and the other chiefs were satisfied that Kati was honest in his offers of protection to the missionary, and as none of them seemed to think it expedient, in the circumstances, to take any notice of his charges, we told him his words were good for us, and that the missionary would live on his land.”

Mr. Geddie, who visited that part of the island a short time before, thus wrote: "The people in this part of Tanna are very anxious for a missionary, and they were sadly disappointed that Mr. Gordon did not settle among them. They are certainly in a very rude and savage state, but not more so than they were on Aneiteum when we landed here; and there is this difference that they wish a missionary, whereas the people of this island did not. A missionary willing to submit to some inconveniences and hardships would find here a more inviting sphere of usefulness than has yet been occupied on the New Hebrides, for the people are so numerous and anxious for the gospel. It would be too much to expect that these poor, dark-hearted islanders at first desire the gospel for the gospel's sake. They know that Christianity brings with it many temporal advantages, and they wish it for these; but whatever their motives may be a great end is gained when they are willing to receive our message. But alas! the poor Tannese are in a fearful state. With few exceptions the people of one village dare not go to the next, or it would be at the expense of their lives. It was precisely so on Aneiteum in the days of heathenism."

Thus when Mr. Matheson landed, though difficulties and some dangers were apprehended, it appeared as if the time to favour dark Tanna had come. Hitherto the history of the attempts to evangelize the island had been a history of disaster, but it seemed now as if a brighter day was about to dawn. But alas! if the morning was coming, so was also the night.

CHAPTER V.

FIRST RESIDENCE ON TANNA.

ON the 1st November, the three brethren left Aneiteum. Their final settlement on Tanna is thus described by Mr. Geddie :

“After a sail of about eight hours, we came to anchor in Port Resolution. On the following day we removed to the mission house, which is a neat plastered building. It stands at the head of the harbour, and commands a very fine view. Mr. Paton, by previous arrangement, occupies this station. Miaki, the chief, and the people at large, appear pleased to have a missionary residing among them. The appearance of the people was very warlike at the time of our arrival. They have recently been fighting with an inland tribe, and as peace has not yet been established, they hold themselves in constant readiness for action. They told us not to be afraid—that nobody would molest us.

“After spending two days at Port Resolution, I accompanied Mr. and Mrs. Matheson to their station, called Umairarekar, on the south side of the island. The day was fine, and we had a pleasant run of three hours. As there is no anchorage, the ‘John Knox’ hove to, and her cargo was landed in boats. A large number of natives collected on the shore to see us. The

excitement caused by our arrival was so great, that it was some hours before the natives were sufficiently composed to carry the luggage to the house, which was some distance off. Mrs. Matheson was an object of great curiosity to the natives, as few of them had ever seen a white woman before. The women at first were afraid, and some of them ran off when she approached them; but their confidence was soon gained, and they were delighted with her. As the mission house was not habitable, we took up our abode in a small grass house. I remained with Mr. and Mrs. M. for nine days, during which time we saw many natives. We observed a marked difference between those among whom the teachers resided and strangers from a distance, the latter being very savage and wild in their appearance. They examined with great curiosity every thing that came under their notice, and were sometimes intrusive. It is due, however, to the natives, to say that they did not steal anything, though they had much in their power. They said if we had not been missionaries, every thing belonging to us would have been stolen. During the stay at Umairarekar, I worked at Mr. Matheson's house along with a number of Aneiteum natives, and it was habitable before we left. It is a building 40x15 feet, and contains three rooms. The site is very pretty, and there is a spring of fine water on the beach before the door, and a running stream at a short distance. The island of Aneiteum is visible from the house, and in clear weather it looks very near. The chief of the district in which Mr. M. resides is very friendly. The morning that I left, he and some others came to me, and said that we must not be uneasy about Mr. and

Mrs. Matheson, as nobody would be allowed to molest or injure them."

Mr. Matheson's letters were in a similar strain. In his first letter from the island he says: "They (the natives) appeared very much pleased, when we landed, with the idea of having a missionary coming to live among them—the chiefs especially, several of whom are very kind, and often send us presents of food. The chief on whose land we are living (viz., Kati) is still a heathen man; but he seems delighted that the house was built upon his land, and he calls us his own missionaries. He comes about the house very often, and appears willing to do every thing to promote our comfort and safety. Yaresi, who appears to be the oldest chief living near us, has professed a desire for teachers and missionaries during the last two years, and is still professedly Alaigaheni, as they say when they renounce heathenism and have a desire to embrace Christianity. He has proved a very true and faithful friend to us since our arrival, and is anxious that we should soon speak their dialect, as he says he wants to know something about the word of God."

Mr. Matheson entered upon his labours with an energy which, considering the feeble state of his health, was astonishing, and showed the strength of his will and the determination of his character. Writing a few months later, he gives the following summary of his first six months' labours:

"During the first month of our residence upon Tanna, my time was wholly occupied with manual labour about the house and premises. After that, we began to apply ourselves as closely as possible to the acqui-

tion of the language, which is the first thing demanding attention after you have a house in which to live. We soon succeeded in gathering up a sufficient number of phrases to enable us to converse a little with the natives in their own language. Early in January, we opened a morning school at our station, which I superintended, and another at a village called Anuikaraka, about a mile distant, which was conducted by Talip, one of the Aneiteum teachers. As might be naturally expected, the attendance at each of the schools was but small, and very irregular for several weeks. Their conduct, however, while in school, was much better than we could have expected, considering that they know nothing of the nature of a school—had never before seen a letter, and could not perceive any temporal advantage that might be gained by attending the school. One of our chiefs, named Viavia, who lives quite near us, attended regularly, and soon mastered the alphabet, which he considered a great achievement. He appears very anxious to learn to read, and often used to go into the school-room and point out the letters (which were pasted on the wall) to others equally desirous to read, but not so far advanced. On the Sabbath we had three places of public worship—the central one at our own station, in which we had service every Sabbath morning, one at Anuikaraka, and the third at a village called Kuamera; at each of these two stations we had service every alternate Sabbath afternoon. Having no church, or even a large school-house at our station, we were obliged to assemble in the yard on Sabbath mornings; but though all out doors afforded us ample church accommodation, yet it was not very comfortable either in hot or in wet

weather ; consequently, the attendance upon public worship was not as good as we could have desired, nor even as it would have been, had we but a building in which to assemble. To remedy this evil, we resolved upon building a church, though we evidently saw that it would be an undertaking not easily accomplished, as we had not any material at hand with which to commence, neither had we any suitable articles of barter, with which to purchase the wood from the natives, and also to pay for its carriage. It is, however, a bad wind which blows nobody good, and at that very time there happened to be an old trading vessel wrecked in the harbour, having on board a large quantity of the kind of trade which we required. Upon hearing of it, I immediately wrote to Mr. Copeland, who was then living at Port Resolution, and requested him to purchase a quantity of knives, hatchets, &c., &c. He did so, and forwarded them the following day. The wood, with the exception of some large logs, had all to be carried some $4\frac{1}{2}$ or 5 miles by the natives. The chief, from whom we received the wood, not only sent his men, but also assisted them himself in cutting and carrying out not only a part, but a sufficiency of wood to finish the church, which is a good, substantial building, 24x48 feet. After the erection and completion of the house in March, the attendance upon public worship began to increase daily, and the average attendance in March and April was from 180 to 230—in the preceding months from 50 to 70. At Anuikaraka the average attendance was about 40, and at Kuamera about 125. We also had native worship in our own house four nights in the week, for the benefit of those who might feel disposed to attend. That meet-

ing was very irregularly attended; some evenings there might not be more than 4 or 5 persons present; other evenings some 25 or 30.

“Mrs. Matheson had also a number of girls and young women whom she was teaching to sew. Of them she might have had any number, and for any length of time; but as the portion of mission goods that fell to our lot was very small, she was obliged to receive only a limited number, not having cloth for the half of those who requested it. About the middle of March, I began to find that my strength was not altogether sufficient to enable me to discharge all the duties necessarily devolving upon a person during the first stages of a mission.”

The only letter from Mr. Matheson, written during his first residence on Tanna, is the following, to the Secretary of the Board:

S. E. MISSION STATION,
Tanna, New Hebrides, April 11th, 1859.

“We were cheered the other day by the arrival of our little mission Schooner, the ‘John Knox,’ after an absence of nearly five months, and with her a budget of letters from our dear friends at home. I assure you it was a day of rejoicing to us.

“As you are aware we are quite isolated here, this station not being at all times accessible, but we have endeavoured to keep up a correspondence with our brethren at the harbour, by sending a teacher inland from each station alternately.

“As far as weather has been concerned, we have had an agreeable season; notwithstanding this, there has been much sickness among the natives. They are very superstitious with regard to sickness, and the missionaries are supposed to be the cause of all which has taken place during the season. As yet only a very few of them will receive medicine.

“We have through the friendliness and exertions of two chiefs,

erected a reed church, 48 feet by 24. It was quite an undertaking here in the present state of matters, but by the blessing of God, we have succeeded, and are now able to hold our services comfortably on Sabbath. The average attendance since the church has been built, numbers about 150, the greater part women and children. We have worship at half past eight in the morning, and in the afternoon at Anuikaraka, and Umarares, alternately, districts on either side of us, the services conducted principally by native teachers. We cannot as yet see any improvement in the people around us, or that they manifest any desire for the word of God. While health prevails, a few are disposed to look favourably on the missionary, but when sickness comes, those few fall away and begin to look cold and suspicious.

"Some time since, Namaka, chief of Anuikaraka, received an affront from a chief of this district; war threatened, and the people here were all prepared to act on the defensive, when Namaka considered that the mission premises would be involved and destroyed, also a large plantation belonging to his brother Yaresi, and Yaresi being absent, the war was prevented.

"The natives here are most expert thieves. They have stolen a great many of our table knives, also a number of other articles, which they say were presented to them by the spirits. There is no chief here who will stand up on the missionary's side, although many of them profess to be friendly. We entertain great hopes of Kati, who has been kind to us, and who is an important chief, as he owns all the district lying along the boat harbour. We were inclined to look to Yaresi for protection as he has long been anxious to have a missionary reside here, but about the beginning of the year, a sandal wood vessel called here, and decoyed away a number of natives, under pretence of taking them to Aneiteum, among whom was Yaresi. We have since heard that they went to Erromanga.

"I hold a morning class with the natives, but the attendance is very irregular. The few who do attend are learning the alphabet very quickly, but the majority of the people manifest the utmost indifference, and many of them are afraid of books. Although teachers have long resided on this island, there is no

native yet who has abandoned heathenism. We often feel cast down, yet not discouraged, hoping that brighter days may yet dawn upon Tanna, and that 'the time to favour her' may soon arrive.

"And now, brethren, pray for us, that the work of the Lord may prosper among the degraded inhabitants of this island."

Mrs. M. proved a help meet for him. Her situation was indeed a trying one, being isolated from all society, no white woman near her, surrounded by rude and disgusting savages. It was also laborious, as she had to attend to all household work, with only the assistance of Aneiteumese servants, to minister to the wants of a husband in delicate health, and at the same time endeavour to carry on missionary work, learning the language, gathering around her the females, particularly the little girls, and endeavouring to instruct them in reading and sewing. But these trials she bore cheerfully, and she was quite happy in her work. On the 12th January following, Mrs. G. thus writes: "She appears to be very cheerful and happy in her new home. She lives in the midst of the wildest and most daring savages. But they all seem to respect her, and she has a manner about her that will make her a favourite wherever she is."

We subjoin extracts of the few letters written by her during this residence:

TO HER MOTHER.

"*Tanna*, November 8th, 1860.

"Hoping that another opportunity may occur before the commencement of the rainy season, I write you a few lines. I know you will feel anxious to know where and how we are settled.

"We left Aneiteum on Friday morning and in the evening

arrived at Port Resolution; this was considered a good passage, but sufficiently long for Mrs. Paton and me, for we were both very seasick. The native teachers welcomed us very heartily, and we remained in their house all night. In the morning we all went to Mr. Paton's house, to remain until Monday.

"On Sabbath a service was held with the natives. A number came and conducted themselves in a very pleasing manner during the time of worship. In the afternoon, Mrs. Paton and I remained at home, while the others went to the teachers' house, to hold a service with the Aneiteum natives. Upon looking out at the window, an old man shook his club at me, but as I betrayed no signs of fear, he soon went away. On Monday, uncle and I left in the John Knox for our station, which is on the south-east side of the island, Mr. Matheson having gone before us in a boat, with a number of boxes.

"Our house not being nearly finished, we came to the teachers', where we will remain until our own is habitable. The situation of our house is a very lovely one, and I should suppose, very healthy. As it is the windward side of the island, we have a breeze continually. Upon a clear day we can see Aneiteum distinctly. The only disadvantage we have, seems to be the difficulty in landing.

"We met with a favourable reception from the natives here, and prospects at present look bright. A number of them assisted in carrying boxes and bringing lime for the house. There are a number of fine-looking young women here; two of them have been almost constantly about us since we arrived. I have given them needles and thread, and with my help one of them made a garment; the others' is not quite finished. I think they have learned to sew very quickly; they seem very fond of it. Their faces are painted, and they look a little wild; but getting them covered will be one step toward civilization. They seem a much finer-looking race than the Aneiteumese.

"Nohat* is over here just now; he speaks the language very well, and seems to have some influence. Uncle speaks of allowing him to remain here during the rainy season.

"You have no idea of the degraded appearance of those na-

* The chief of the district in which Mr. Geddie resided on Aneiteum.

tives. I hope these may be the beginning of brighter days on this dark island.

"I am considered a perfect wonder, as they have never before seen a white female. Many of them are afraid to shake hands, and some run away. We had a service with them in our new house yesterday, and notwithstanding the rain, and the risk of spoiling their hair, which is done up in the same style as on Aheiteum on former days, and of which they are exceedingly proud, a great many came; two rooms were crowded,—and the other, which is not nearly finished, contained a great many.

"We sang the 'Old Hundredth' to some verses composed by Mr. Turner while upon this island many years ago. The natives were delighted, and paid great attention. We considered this a nice way of opening the new house, and to-day we are making preparations to remove in and occupy the finished rooms. Mr. Matheson is much better, and working busily at the house. I am perfectly well, and waiting anxiously until we are perfectly settled to try and get some young girls, to teach them sewing, &c.

"I must apply to my friends for assistance, in the shape of gay calicoes, old bonnets, ribbons, scissors, thimbles, pens, pencils, slates, and paper, &c. It is better not to send anything made up, except coarse shirts; they are always required.

"Remember me kindly to my Pictou and New Glasgow friends,—and now, dear mother, good bye for the present, never be anxious about me,—remember me in your prayers, and that God may give you every blessing and happiness, is the earnest desire of your

"Loving daughter,

"MARY."

TO HER BROTHER, THEN AT COLLEGE.

Same date.

"You do not know how anxious I am about you, and what an interest I take in you. There is no reason why you should not distinguish yourself. Always aim higher, dear. I do not think a young man can aspire too high. Always seek refined society; by this I mean, pure, and good, and intelligent. Be regular in all your habits. Cultivate a kind and genteel manner, no matter

in what society you are, and a great deal of self-respect. Have a mind of your own; do not be swayed to and fro by the opinions of others. You will find if you travel, that it is not the dress that constitutes the gentleman, but the mind and manner.

"I am glad you are studying astronomy. How I enjoyed the clear nights on board ship, watching the stars, and learning their names. I can find out a great many constellations, for instance, Orion, the Great Bear, the Southern Cross, which you have not got in the northern hemisphere, Scorpio. I also watch Venus in the evening. She looks so large and beautiful. We saw a very large comet, which remained for some time. The tail was long and bright.

"Our house is near the shore, only separated from it by a row of Pandanus. The sea breaks with great violence against the coral rocks, and then dashes up in the air, forming such pretty jets, with a noise almost like thunder. I love to sit and watch it. I can sit and look at Aneiteum on clear days.

"I am among rather a wild race, but I do not feel afraid. We have a number of teachers and their wives here, and the Tannese are very kind to me. They have never seen a white female here before on this side of the island. They look and shake their heads at me, and say, *baran*, which means woman, *lamar-sin*, which means very good. The men often come for the lend of my scissors to trim their beards. I am living just now in a grass house, with no window, and only openings for doors. We expect to get into our own house day after to-morrow. Do not let any person see this, as I am writing on the corner of a washing-stand, and there are three big Tannese watching me and jabbering among themselves.

"And now, my dear boy, do not be displeased with me for writing to you in this style; it is my love for you that prompts me to do it."

TO HER MOTHER.

"*Tunna*, Nov. 1858.

"I shall only be able to write you a few hurried lines at this time. I am sending this to Aneiteum, in hopes that another vessel may leave for Sydney shortly. I have written to you

since we came to Tanna. We are now in our own house, and find it very comfortable, although not quite finished. Mr. Copeland and Mr. M. are busily working at it.

"The natives around us are very kind, and often help with work. We have a very large attendance on Sabbaths, and also at our prayer-meetings on Friday. I have two little girls who come regularly to learn their alphabet and sew. I am in hopes that more will follow their example. There is a great war here at present; people from all the lands around us are fighting, and destroying each other's property. They are a frightfully savage, and cruel people. Oh, may the time soon come when wars shall cease on this island! Many desire the word of God, among them two of our principal chiefs. They both attend our meetings regularly, and are very kind to us, often bringing us presents of food. One of them always comes clothed. The other who is a very vain man, and proud of his personal appearance, cannot be induced to wear clothing yet. When natives bring presents they generally expect a present in return, but just now one of our chiefs brought me a number of taro, and will not receive anything in return.

"This is a beautiful island, much more beautiful than Aneiteum, vegetation being much more abundant. I should think it approached nearer to Samoa than any of the western islands. * * * As Mr. Paton is stationed at the harbour, we occupy the south side. It is much more beautiful than the harbour, though the harbour is interesting, having the volcano near, and hot springs. We can see the smoke and flames from the volcano constantly.

"I think I have turned out a very good housekeeper. I am running about from morning until night, but it seems to agree with me. I am not able to do any hard work. Indeed I do not require to do it. The house is continually crowded with natives, and I cannot get sewing done, or writing except in the evening. The women seem very fond of me. My little girls often come in and put their arms around me. I laugh and talk with them and show them my things. You must gain the affection of natives before you can teach them anything. I am very well. I

think I never enjoyed better health. I hope it may continue, for I have certainly a great charge.

"The Tannese are a finer-looking race than many of the natives of Western Polynesia. They are a dark brown colour, but the Eastern islanders are lighter in colour than our North American Indians.

"I like native food very much, though I did not at first. The largest yams in the world grow upon Tanna. I have heard of them being six feet long, though I have never seen any so large. They are very nice, the smaller ones particularly, not unlike our potatoes. Taro is not like any thing at home, so that if I were to describe it, you cannot imagine it.

"My love to my Sabbath school class, and to all my friends. And now that every comfort and blessing may be yours, is the earnest prayer of your loving daughter, &c."

TO MISS M——.

Nov. 29, 1858.

"As regards the work I know not what to say. At present prospects look dark. The natives are at war all around us, fighting and destroying each other's property. Two of our chiefs have not gone. They are here to-day, helping to work. This is encouraging.

"We have a very nice comfortable little cottage with three rooms, situated in a very pleasant spot. We have a very large attendance at worship, so large that we were obliged to conduct service in the open air under the shade of the trees, as neither our house nor the teachers will hold them. There are many young girls here, who came very often to see me, but I cannot get them to come regularly, to learn to sew and read, they are so wild. Two come every day however, and I am in hopes that when we get better acquainted, more will follow their example. At first they were very much afraid of me, as they had never before seen a white female.

"We like our missionaries from Scotland very much. Mr. Copeland is at this side just now. Mrs. Paton is quite a young person. She is not yet nineteen, but tall and stout. Mr. M.

although not strong, enjoys much better health here than on Aneiteum."

At Port Resolution the work was carried on at the same time with great energy, by Messrs. Paton and Copeland, but under much greater discouragements. The people there from their intercourse with foreigners, who were any thing but the best specimens of their respective countries, had added to the vices of heathenism some of the worst evils of civilized life. A number of them could speak English, but having learned it on board vessels, they had acquired all the hatred of profane traders against missionaries, and were the worst characters they had to deal with. At such a place the evil conduct of white men is a great hindrance to mission work. By them the natives are oppressed and robbed on every hand, and if they offer the slightest resistance they are silenced by firearms. Few months elapsed without some of them being shot, and the murderers instead of being ashamed, would boast of how they had dispatched them. Such treatment kept the natives burning for revenge. But the chief difficulty lay in the superstition of the natives. The dry weather having affected their crops the missionaries were blamed for it, and threatened with death. Rain came copiously followed by sickness, and the missionaries were blamed for that. Then there came high winds which injured their fruits, and again the blame was laid upon the teachers of the new religion.

But the Tanna mission was again doomed to disaster. And strange to say, it pleased Divine Providence again to visit it with sickness and death, which the natives were so apt to connect with Christianity. On the third

of March, 1859, Mrs. Paton died very suddenly. Her death was followed on the 20th of the same month by that of her infant son, which had been born on the 12th February. Her removal, besides exciting the prejudices of the natives, was a great loss to the mission.

Mr. Paton too was severely tried by sickness. Before the 26th May, he had had six attacks of fever and ague, by which he was much broken down both in body and mind.

In Mr. Matheson's case the result of a few months' labours proved the wisdom of the missionaries previously in the field, in discountenancing his attempting such a work in the state of his health. He did what few men could have done in the state in which he was, and what even very few would have thought of attempting. But his exertions were far beyond his strength. "The spirit was willing, but the flesh was weak." The result was that by the month of March he was entirely laid aside from duty by severe illness. We need not say how much Mrs. M.'s labours and trials were increased by this event. As long as possible she endeavoured to keep the missionary work moving on, but soon his situation required all her care. Writing after her removal from the island, she says: "The anxiety and watching *alone* with Mr. M. told a little upon me after I came here; but I was wonderfully supported, and never for one moment supposed that I could have borne what I did."

What she must have endured at this time she never told her friends. She only alludes to them in such sentences as the above. Her diary during this period of her life she destroyed. So that her trials cannot now

be recorded, and will never be known on earth. But her record is on high.

At the close of the hurricane season, which lasts from the end of December till the first of April, Messrs. Geddie and Inglis, having heard of the condition of Mr. M., proceeded in the *John Knox* to Tanna. They were surprised at what he had been able to accomplish, while his health was so feeble. But they felt constrained to urge his immediate removal to Aneiteum. In this proposal Mr. M. felt himself necessitated to concur.

At a meeting of the missionaries held after their arrival, the following resolution was adopted :

“ That they recognize with thankfulness the progress of the mission at Mr. Matheson’s station—a commodious place of worship has been erected, and extensive improvements have been effected on the mission premises, the attendance upon the public worship is highly encouraging and a desire for education is beginning to appear ; that while they see the great need of Mr. and Mrs. Matheson’s presence to carry forward the work, yet they are fully of opinion that the state of Mr. Matheson’s health for the last month renders a visit to Aneiteum immediately indispensably necessary, that they sympathize deeply with him and also with Mrs. Matheson on account of his health, and their prayer on his behalf is, that the Lord may abundantly sanctify to him this trying dispensation of his providence, and speedily if it be his holy will, restore him to his wonted health and strength.”

Regarding his removal Mr. M. thus wrote afterward :

"I need not tell you that leaving our much-loved station upon Tauna, was to us both a very sore trial. During the six months that we were permitted to labour there, we became very much attached to the natives, and many of them apparently so to us; and we had entertained the hope of being instrumental in the hand of God in doing something for that poor and degraded, though deeply interesting people. Our hopes have however been blasted for the present, and how long they may continue so, we know not; only of this we are assured, that God reigneth, and that if it be for the promotion of his glory that we ever be privileged to return to the scene of our former labours, he will so overrule in his own good time and way; meanwhile, we would patiently wait the dealings of God towards us, remembering that health and sickness are his agents—that he saith to the one, go and it goeth; to the other come, and it cometh; therefore, instead of murmuring or repining at the afflictive dispensations of God, we would rather endeavour to trace in them the hand of a kind Father, and in doing so, we cannot fail to discover wisdom and goodness in all his ways of dealing!"

Mrs. M. writes in a similar strain:

"We felt very sad at having to leave our station. I had become very much attached to many of the natives, and especially to some young women, who came very often to see me; and two or three of them built little houses outside the yard, that (as they said) they might be near me. They could sew, almost knew the alphabet, and could sing very nicely two Tannese, and a number of Aneiteumese hymns, also part of an English one. Our Sabbath meetings were in general well attended, and before we left, the number seemed on the increase. After Mr. Matheson became ill, many of them left off attending church, and became very distant toward us. They are very superstitious, and fancy when they are ill, that some person must have caused their sickness."

CHAPTER VI.

RESIDENCE ON ANEITEUM.

ON the removal of Mr. and Mrs. Matheson to Aneiteum, they spent some weeks at Anelicauhat, Mr. Geddes' station on the south side of the island, and at Aname, Mr. Inglis' on the north. Here they received every kindness. Every thing in the power of these devoted brethren and their wives was done for the relief and comfort of Mr. M. Dr. McGillivray, of H. B. M. surveying service, then on the island, employed all his medical skill for his relief, but gave but slight hope of his ultimate recovery. In fact it was thought by every person but himself, that he could not live any time, and that now it only remained for her to smooth his dying pillow and minister to his dying wants. She did not however fully inform her friends of his condition, as he felt so differently, and was unwilling that she should let their friends think him in a dangerous condition. She tried therefore to hope for the best, and endeavoured to maintain cheerfulness before him, and to cast her cares upon her heavenly Father. Thus she writes under date 22d June.

June 22, 1859.

TO HER MOTHER.

"I wrote you about a month since that we had left Tanna, and come to Aneiteum, on account of Mr. M.'s health, and I would

have had a letter ready now, but that I really could not tell you anything definite regarding him. His illness upon Tanna has left him weak, but he has little or no cough ; and does not suffer so much pain as formerly. What reason we have for thankfulness, dear mamma. We have met with so much attention and kindness since we left home. Mrs. Inglis is almost like a mother to me, and Mr. M. wants for nothing.

“ And now I must tell you about myself. I am well, dear mamma, and try always to appear cheerful and in good spirits. I feel as young and full of life as ever. I know that I am in a Father’s hand ! and that nothing can befall me, of which he is not aware ! Health and sickness are both in his hand !

“ Mr. Matheson’s health has been much benefited by our removal to Aneiteum, and I am very well, for which I feel very thankful. I have indeed been signally blessed ; for even a strong person might not have borne the anxiety and trouble I have had. But God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb ! and he will not suffer us to be troubled beyond what we are able to bear !

“ Oh ! I am always with you all, yet happy here ! What a delightful religion is ours ! One can be happy here, under any circumstances, and live in the glorious hope of happiness beyond the grave ! Oh, that we all may meet in that better land, where there are no partings !”

We subjoin a few extracts from her diary, at this time, commencing May 19, from which date it has happily been preserved.

“ May 19. How often have I this day resolved that I will endeavour not to offend in word or thought ; and oh, how often have I broken that resolution ! Heavenly Saviour ! let all my hopes and desires be centered around thy cross ! Oh, righteous Father ! help me to search and examine myself—fit and prepare me, O God ! for all that is before me in life ! Let me never swerve from the path of duty—may my aim and motive ever be—the glory of God ! and the good of my own soul !

“ 21. Oh, how sad to think that I have never done anything for my Saviour ! who has done so much for me ! I have felt

our removal from Tanna. My heart yearns over that poor perishing people! O Jesus! thou knowest that I have desired to do something for thy glory—to win souls to thee! Worthless, miserable as I am, cut me not down as a cumberer of the ground! Oh, remove me not hence, until I have done something in thy service! Let this affliction which thou art measuring out to me, be sanctified to my soul! Forbid, O God! that it should be the means of hardening my heart, or driving me from thee! Oh! Christ Jesus, my Lord! reveal thyself in all thy native beauty and loveliness!

“23. All day my mind has been distressed and harassed beyond measure, on account of my sins—past and present. I know that I was light and trifling, and often acted foolishly. But oh, if Jesus be mine! and I am his! my past sins are cancelled. Hear the word of the Lord! ‘Come now and let us reason together, though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow!’ O glorious Saviour! let me look out of self, look into thee! Shine into my heart, O Jesus! and dispel the cloud of darkness which has so long brooded over my mind. Oh, in thy light may I be enabled to see clearly! Keep me, O my Father! from vain imaginings, from prying into the mystic future!

“Yesterday, what a sweet nearness I had to Jesus, at the funeral of that little native girl. Oh, I felt almost sure that my title to heaven was clear! I felt the awfulness of sin, the boundless love of the Father, in sending his only-begotten and well-beloved Son into this lower world! Oh, to serve him! to live every moment enjoying a sweet sense of his presence! Woe is me, for I am undone. Well may I cry out, My leanness, my leanness!

“30. Not well this morning. Have very bad cold in my head and chest. How much have I to remind me that I am mortal. Yet how seldom does the thought occur to me. One after another is passing away, and I too, alas! must die! I know not whether I may live to grow old, or whether I may be cut down in youth. Grant, O Lord! that I may be prepared to meet thee in death, judgment, and eternity!

“31. Mr. M. is very weak to-day. He fancies himself better.

He is in reality very poorly. May he enjoy much sweet consolation.

“Lathella brought me a pretty piece of coral yesterday—can quietly admire, but not go into raptures over anything like this. Can only be still and wonder at the greatness of that God who created all things, and for whose pleasure they are and they were created.

“Aname, June 13. Monday. Came round to this side of the island last Wednesday, accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Inglis and Mr. Paton. My cough is still troublesome, but I have received every kindness and attention since I came here. Had anything been done for me before—but I will not reflect. I am in the hands of a merciful Father, who doth not afflict willingly, nor grieve the children of men. Oh, to confide in him—to lean upon my Jesus, my Saviour!

“14. Fine day, though cool. My cough much better. Mr. M. to-day and yesterday attacked with ague very severely. I have been glancing over the memoir of Sir Andrew Agnew. Oh, that I might be enabled boldly to make known my Master’s cause! Notwithstanding the odium which he incurred, *he* was not ashamed of Christ, but went about doing good.

“17. I desire, while I remain here, and ever, and would resolve in the strength of Jesus, (not in mine own,) to endeavour to rise early, to wash and dress quickly, to spend a part of the morning in reading a chapter or more in my Bible, and a Psalm, hymn, or paraphrase; to endeavour to read with the understanding, to regulate my work so that one duty may not come upon the heels of another, not to forget my daily walk, to read and pray in the evening, and give a few moments at twilight to serious thought and meditation, and never to give way to levity, to which I am habitually prone. This I desire, but cannot, of myself, perform, nor have the slightest inclination to perform. Almighty God, have mercy upon me, and incline my heart to walk in thy ways.

“How I long to be at work! I would love to be engaged in the service of my Jesus, my Saviour. O God, give me strength to bear up under trials and discouragements—to feel that my ways are ordered by thee—that there is no temptation I endure,

no trial with which I am afflicted, but all is known to thee! I desire to feel that my post now is by the side of my husband, to wait upon him faithfully, patiently, and cheerfully, and to do all in my power to promote his happiness and comfort. May I not be anxious about him or myself, feeling that we are in a Father's hand, that he will provide.

"22. Wrote a few hurried lines home this morning. How my heart turns homeward. Yet wherever my heavenly Father has appointed my lot, there do I desire to dwell. Oh, for grace to serve thee aright!

"I long to talk with some one of Jesus. I do not see why among professing Christians, religion should not be made a subject of conversation. Oh to have my speech ever with grace!

"How important that my converse should be such as become the gospel of God. I know that often when I come to prepare for bed, the conversation of the day, and particularly of the evening, runs through my mind, and leads away my thoughts. Oh traitor heart! When shall I be enabled to have a strict watch over thee?

"23. Oh for a continual nearness to Jesus! At times I think I am a Christian, at other times I am doubtful. When I was ill, rather more than two years ago I fancied I was a Christian. Had I died then, would I have gone to heaven? That is a question I cannot answer, whether it is that as I grow older I am gaining more knowledge, and have more enlightened views upon different subjects I know not; but one thing I know, I look more out of self. I feel that I can do nothing, and cast myself entirely upon Jesus.

"24. I am overwhelmed when I think of God's mercies to me. How ungrateful should I be, to repine or even look unhappy. My poor little Tannese girls! Who will lead you in the way of life? Who will tell you of Jesus? Send forth, O God, by the hand of him whom thou wilt send.

"25. The close of another week approaching and can I look back, and say that I have done any thing to benefit others, and glorify my Father who is in heaven? Holy Father, I desire to be happy and contented in the sphere in which I am now placed, and oh that I might prove a blessing to myself and others, though

far removed from active usefulness! Oh may I not be idle, but may I strive to gain wisdom and knowledge—to die unto sin—to grow in grace! I feel that God can be glorified in bearing as well as doing. And oh, perhaps by this he is fitting me for enlarged usefulness!

“27. Enjoyed a sweet, delightful Sabbath yesterday, reading Henry’s Commentary on the Beatitudes, in the evening Guthrie’s Gospel in Ezekiel, and sang Martyrdom to the 130th Psalm. At worship I felt excited in singing those beautiful lines, ‘Lord, who shall stand, if thou, O Lord, shouldst mark iniquity.’ Lord, take if thou wilt, this weak vacillating heart, do with me what thou wilt, form me for thyself, fit me for thy glory. I do think that I am a Christian, if that means loving Jesus, and I look to him to keep me from falling, for, of myself I can do nothing.

“30. Lovely day, and very hot. Enjoyed an exceedingly pleasant walk in the evening. Mr. P. left for Tanna. He is very disconsolate. May Jesus speak peace to his soul—may he pour the oil of consolation into the troubled bosom, for thou, O Jesus, only canst!

“Lovely still evening, clear but not moonlight, innumerable hosts of stars visible. Sat gazing at them, and wondering if it were not presumption in me to call Jehovah, the creator of all these bright beautiful worlds, my Father. Notwithstanding the great moral distance which separates between a holy God, and a vile worm of the dust, I can, through Jesus, say ‘Verily thou art my father, though Abraham be ignorant of me, and Israel acknowledge me not.’

“July 1. Oh home! Nova Scotia in this exquisite month. There seems to be no such word as home with me now. Oh that I could ever bear in mind that my home is not in this world! Oh for a title to the heavenly inheritance! Let me think of my mercies. Here am I at Aname, surrounded by every comfort. It is one of those still lovely evenings. All nature is exquisite! and dead is the heart that could merely stand as a beholder, without some thoughts of nature’s God. Mr. Matheson is very weak, and my heart a little desponding, foreboding a trial. ‘I have refined thee, but not as silver. I have chosen thee in the furnace of affliction.’

"2. This is Saturday evening, and I scarcely dare allow myself to think of home. We were always so happy, even in the most trying and dark hours. Why is it given to such a mortal ever to enjoy as much happiness here? Were there no sin, there would be no sorrow. Oh to mourn truly for sin, and to hate it, and to flee from every appearance of it!

"3. Sabbath. To-day at times happy, at times wandering and unsettled. Questions for self-examination. Is it my sincere desire to overcome all sin? Have I given my undivided heart to Jesus, or has the world a portion? Do I roll any sin as a sweet morsel under my tongue, or am I trying to overcome every besetting sin? What are my besetting sins? Is my religion a practical one? Does it influence my conduct in every day life? Have I a very lowly and humble opinion of myself? And do I esteem every one better? Am I growing in grace, or retrograding? Am I desirous that all should come to Christ? And am I striving to win souls by my conversation, example, &c., or on the contrary, do I manifest a perfect indifference, and care not to show to the world that there is something glorious, noble, soul-satisfying in religion? Can I answer these questions in the affirmative? O God, thou knowest, 'search me, and know my heart.' Reading Henry's Commentary on 1 Cor. xi.

"5. I often wonder if there is any selfishness in me, (which I know there must be,) and wherein do I display it. Something in my heart tells me that I hate to see it in others. It is more blessed to give than to receive. Oh, what a happy world if there were no selfish persons! Selfishness is sin, and sin has been, and ever will be, the foundation of unhappiness.

"If my silly, wandering thoughts might be brought under command, I might pass solitary moments much more happily and profitably. I think my whole heart's desire is to live to the glory of God, and to benefit myself and others; but 'the heart is deceitful and desperately wicked.' Who, indeed, can know it?

"9. Saturday. Fine and cool. Purposing (God willing) to commemorate the dying love of Jesus. I desire to be suitably impressed with the awfulness of sin, and that there is no sin trifling. How awful must it be in the eyes of a perfectly pure and

holy God! Oh, for a perfectly pure heart! Oh, that I could keep my heart with diligence, remembering that out of it are the issues of life! May I be kept from a froward mouth! Oh, for a nearness to Jesus! May the coming day be to me a sweet and refreshing time from the presence of the Lord!

"To refrain, that is, to bridle back the lips, is an exercise hard and healthful to our spirits. It requires some practice to make one skilful in it. It is easier and more natural, when one is full of emotions, to open the sluices and let the whole gush forth in an impetuous stream of words. It is easy, but it is not right. It is pleasant to nature, but it is offensive to God, and hurtful to men. You must consider well and pull the bridle hard, and permit no proud or false words to pass the barrier of the lips. Strangle the evil thoughts as they are coming to the birth, that the spirit which troubled you within may not go forth embodied to trouble also the world.

"Behold the mutual relations of faith and love; of trust in Jesus the Saviour, and active effort for the good of men. Getting much from him, you will feel the necessity of giving to others. Giving much to others, you will experience more the necessity of drawing ever fresh supplies from the fountain head. They who abide in Christ will experience a sweet necessity of doing good to men. They who really try to do good to men, will be compelled to abide in Christ, as a branch abides in the vine.

"I desire, if spared to return to Anelicauhat to keep my mouth as with a bridle—to check all undue levity within myself, and to discourage it in others, to go straight-forward, looking unto Jesus!—to keep down if possible all vain, silly wandering thoughts. I desire also to exercise self-denial, to repress all uncharitable thoughts, to esteem every one better than myself, and if I see failings in others, to remember that mine are legion, and that by the grace of God, I am what I am!

"11. How can I repay them, (Mr. and Mrs. L.) for their disinterested kindness to me? Truly, God has raised up these friends for us. And he alone can reward them for all they have done. My visit here will ever remain as a bright spot on my memory.

"Anelicauhat, 14. It is decided that we go to Umetch. Let us not be too much elated. Man proposeth, but God disposeth. I will have many difficulties and trials to contend with, but waiting upon Jesus, I can bear all things through Christ strengthening me. I have no comfort in looking to myself. I am a poor helpless creature. Hold up my goings, then only shall I be safe.

"16. Unsettled and excitable. 'All unrighteousness is sin!' 'Whosoever is born of God doth not commit sin.'

"My disposition is naturally light. The spirit is willing, but the flesh is weak. O blessed Saviour! restrain within me all that is evil, let me not think in my heart, what I would not express in public, or ever do what would bring dishonour on thy holy name!

"20. Cold, dull, wet day. Spirits a little depressed. How much have I to be thankful for. Many this day are upon beds of languishing, many withering under disappointment. Here am I surrounded by kind friends, and by every comfort and blessing which I could desire, and in prospect soon to be actively engaged. Oh, if this heart were but clean and pure! Lord, purge away the dross; blot my sins I pray thee, out of the book of thy remembrance! Oh, may I be covered with the robe of my Redeemer's righteousness, that my spiritual nakedness may not appear!"

In a short time after his removal to Aneiteum, Mr. M.'s health began to improve. Large abscesses formed on the back of his head and neck, which for a time affected his brain. He lost his hearing, and his memory to a great extent, and probably his other mental powers were affected. But they had the effect for a time of arresting his pulmonary complaint, and helped to bring about a revival of his health. By the month of August he felt so much better that he was anxious to return to his station on Tanna. He was however far from being restored. He was only able to move about, and a little exertion laid him up. A meeting of the missionaries

was held on the 30th of August, at which, the following resolution was adopted :

“An application was made by Mr. Matheson, that he might return to his station on Tanna, but after mature deliberation, and after consulting with the surgeon of H. M. S. ‘Cordelia,’ lying at present in the harbour, it was resolved, That Mr. Matheson’s application cannot be granted ; as to do so in the present state of his health would be unkind to himself, and to Mrs. Matheson, and injurious to the mission.”

To this resolution Mr. M. could not become reconciled. The flattering nature of his disease led him to indulge in too favourable views of his strength. His disease began to affect his spirits and temper. He became almost angry at any reference to his ill health, and for a time he even became alienated from his brethren.

As he was however anxious to be employed it was arranged that he should take charge of an outstation of Mr. Geddie’s at Umetch, where a Samoan teacher was engaged. It was considered one of the healthiest spots on the island. The labour would not be severe ; it would be among a people who had renounced heathenism ; thus his sickness would not produce the unfavourable impression that it did among the Tannese, and he would have sufficient work for his strength. Of his employment here he thus wrote : “About the middle of July, by the blessing of God, I began to gain strength, and fondly hoped that we might soon be permitted to resume our labours among those for whose spiritual welfare we would gladly spend and be spent. In August I intended to have returned, but the brethren here who are better acquainted with the nature of the climate and also of the difficulties to be encountered upon a heathen island,

thought that such a step would be very injudicious, especially as we may be as usefully employed here as at our own station. We are now living in a village called (Umej) Umetch, where Simeona the Samoan teacher resided. We will probably remain here until after the rainy season. We have also two Tannese lads living with us, from whom we are endeavouring to acquire a knowledge of their language, in order that we may be the better prepared for communicating knowledge if spared to return.

“The Samoan teacher conducts school at this station every morning, (Saturday excepted), or rather family worship, as the exercises consist simply of praise, prayer, and the reading of a chapter. In the afternoon we have school four days in the week. On Wednesday prayer-meetings, and Saturday the natives consider as their own day. In the forenoon they gather food and wood for the Sabbath, and in the afternoon prepare their food; thus avoiding all cooking upon the Sabbath-day.”

From Mrs. Matheson's disposition, she was disposed to be happy any where. But there were circumstances which rendered her residence on Aneiteum specially pleasant. She was among a people reclaimed from heathenism, where she saw the most pleasing evidences of the power of the gospel. She was near kind friends and relatives. To one who had been for a time shut out from all Christian society, and who was naturally affectionate and social in her disposition, intercourse with them afforded double pleasure. Particularly did she enjoy the society of her uncle's family, his eldest daughter being near her own age, and their minds and characters being very congenial. Her time too was not

so largely occupied, but what she could find some time for reading and promoting her mental improvement.

But her heart was in missionary work. She felt absence from their own station to be a severe trial. She endeavoured to submit to it cheerfully. But still it was a trial, and particularly from the cause of it, the state of Mr. M.'s health. "It is a very great trial to us," she wrote to her mother, "to be away from our own station. We endeavour to do what we can here, but it is not to be expected that we can feel as much at home in the field of another missionary, or have the same intense interest in the natives, as those natives are in a measure civilized; nor do they in you. They very naturally have a warm affection for the missionary, who has been the means in the hands of God, of raising them from their former degraded condition, to that which they now enjoy. We try, however, to be happy and contented here, as we have our friends near, which is a comfort, and they have been exceedingly kind to us."

Providence, however, having cast her lot for the time here, she endeavoured faithfully to carry on the work at Umetch, in the first place waiting tenderly on Mr. M., but endeavouring also to carry on efficiently missionary work among the natives. In a letter to her mother she gives the following account of her daily employments:

"I know you would like to know how I am engaged. Well I have a number of women, who come in the forenoon to learn to sew, and I cut out and tack their garments for them, said garments being short gowns, set in with a yoke at the neck, like a night-gown. In the afternoon I go to school, where about forty men and

women attend; and assisted by the Samoan teacher who has been placed here for some time, teach reading, cyphering and counting. Of course I cannot do much, not being thoroughly acquainted with the language. Pray, dear M., that I may have strength and wisdom given me from on high, and that I may be willing to labour any where, and to suffer if called to it. Mr. M.'s continued weakness has been a very great drawback. I have been in almost constant attendance upon him. He is now much better."

The following extracts from her correspondence will afford additional information regarding her stay here :

TO HER MOTHER.

Aneiteum, August 2, 1859.

"What a treat your letters were! How eagerly devoured! read, and re-read. They contained intelligence both joyful and sad. I need not say, that I was surprised at the number of deaths, for I have learned to take different views of life. And, indeed, I am only surprised, when I think of the climate that any body *lives* in Pictou. Notwithstanding, I long for one of your lovely summer evenings. Twilight is a lovely hour here, but it is not safe to go out and enjoy it.

"We are now at Umetch, one of uncle's out-stations, where he has a nice little lime-house for his own use. It is allowed to be the most healthy place on the island, and there is a large field for usefulness. I cannot be as useful as I should like, on account of the delicate state of Mr. Matheson's health. I feel that my first duty is to attend upon him. Sometimes he rallies, and seems quite well, and then he has attacks of his old complaint, not very severe, and he does not seem to suffer much. He has had every kindness and attention shown him both by uncle and Mr. Inglis.

"Do not ever be uneasy about me, my dear mamma, for I am well and strong, subject to hoarseness and sore throat, and re-

quire to be careful, but in other respects, I never enjoyed better health. Only think I shall soon be two years from home. It does seem a long, long time, and yet what a wanderer I have been. Do not think of me as far away from you. I am always near hand, and water only separates our bodies, not our hearts.

‘I am very happy since we came to Umetch. It is a wild-looking place by the sea-side, and behind us high hills tower up, clouds often resting upon them. The mission premises stand on a level plain, with here and there a plantation and groves of cocoanut trees. And the sea dashes against the reef with such violence, causing a continual sound, sometimes like thunder.

“What a solemn warning P.’s death is to all young persons ! When I left she looked so healthy. Dear C. wrote me from Halifax. Is she not a faithful friend ? In this cold world there are few like her. I feel when I wander in the woods gathering lovely flowers, and see the immense trees covered with creepers and other plants, how she would enjoy it, and feel as if I could not admire alone. I trust that time will not efface the friendship so happily begun here, and we know that if not here, hereafter we shall again meet in that bright and happy world where no separations ever can come, and where there will be nothing to mar the joys of friendship.

“I find it very difficult to write home. Life and every thing out here is so different to what it is at home, and little things that might interest you are so common that we never think of mentioning them.

“I am succeeding with the Aneiteumese language, which can only be acquired by intercourse with the people ; and you may imagine so, as I have no person to talk with in English but Mr. M. I know your mind would be easy if you knew that we were to remain on Aneiteum during the next rainy season. Of that I cannot assure you at present. It remains to be decided. Mr. M. is very anxious to go. I trust all will be ordered for the best. If we could ever feel that we are in a Father’s hand, and looking to him for support and direction, we might be enabled to say, He doeth all things well.

“We had a visit from Bishop Selwyn, of New Zealand. You cannot think what a dear old gentleman he is,—tall and digni-

fied, and so fatherly. When I was going into the room, he advanced to meet me, and kept hold of my hands for a long time, and made me sit beside him on the sofa. He was accompanied by Mr. Pattison, a young man who is of very high family and highly educated, but who has given up all to come out here and teach the poor heathen. The bishop's vessel is called the 'Southern Cross,' and he visits a great number of islands. He takes some natives from each island, and endeavours to teach them English. Of course we think his plan not a good one, but he thinks differently. It is of no use to teach the natives English. The only way is to learn their language, and in the end it is the quickest way."

TO HER MOTHER.

"*Aneiteum*, Oct. 8.

"You can imagine how delighted I was to receive your letter, which came by the John Williams. There is a little vessel lying here, bound for China, and I hurriedly write a few lines to send by her. The John Williams brought two missionaries and their wives for Lifu. She is to sail upon Monday, and return in two or three weeks on her homeward voyage. I shall miss dear C. and the children very much. We expect to remain at Umetch during the rainy season. Mr. Matheson's health has improved, and since we have decided to remain, he has seemed quite happy and contented. C. came over to Umetch to spend a few days with me; and when the J. W. was signalized, uncle immediately sent over for us. Mr. Matheson rode on the horse, and the natives constructed a sedan chair for C. and me to walk and be carried by turns. Part of our way lay over the hills, and part along the shore, over immense rocks, so that when I arrived here my feet were hanging out of my shoes. We feel deeply for Mr. Paton, situated as he is upon Tanna. He is labouring alone there, but cannot be induced to leave. He is now preparing to build his house in a more elevated situation, as where he is living at present is not considered healthy. We think very much about our Tannese friends. Our station seemed a very promising one. I cannot say what effect our leaving may pro-

duce. We know that God will make that people 'willing in the day of his power,' in the set time which he has appointed.

"I had recent letters from Mrs. Creagh. She is a very amiable person, and writes me such affectionate letters. It is pleasant to have some person out here (where we are in a measure cut off from society) to love and take an interest in one. I think many persons at home have an idea, that because we are all in the South Pacific, we must be very near each other—forgetting that the ocean rolls between us and our friends here, as well as between us and home. Our communication by letter is not at all frequent. Oh, my dear mamma, do not think that because I am away from you I think less about you all, or take less interest in you! It is the very reverse. 'Absence makes the heart grow fonder,' and I have magnified you into a set of perfect beings, and think that there is no home like mine. My interest in you deepens every day, and were I to sit and think about you, it would unfit me for work. Believe me, at times I almost try to forget you as much as possible; but I am very happy, and never happier than when busily engaged.

"I have done very little *real* missionary work, but I must be patient. These trials are sent for some object. It is much easier, we know, to work than to suffer. We must wait God's time, and do the work he has appointed us.

"We had a visit lately from H. M. S. Cordelia. This being a good harbour, and the natives civilized, we have longer visits, and more frequent, from large vessels, than any other harbour. Our situation upon Tanna was a very beautiful, but a very lonely and isolated one, as we had only a boat harbour, and foreigners were afraid to land, it being quite unsafe."

We subjoin extracts from Mrs. M.'s diary while resident at Umetch:

"July 27. Here I find myself comfortably seated in my little cottage, in this wild, romantic-looking place. I desire while here to devote myself as much as possible to the natives. Oh, may the blessing of God rest upon me, else all I attempt will be vain and fruitless!

"28. Happy day. Commenced afternoon school. Josa arrived. Running about so much I have very little time, and almost very little inclination to sit and read. I think this a wildly beautiful place, the natives all very kind, and we enjoying every comfort. Holy Spirit, inscribe upon my heart the law of gratitude for all thy love and mercy, O God, toward me, an undeserving rebel!

"Aug. 1. About twenty women came to the sewing class. In the afternoon at school about twenty women and forty-three males. Mr. M. poorly and not able to attend. How can I be sufficiently grateful to my heavenly Father for the health and strength which he has so mercifully granted to me? I pray that it may be consecrated to his service.

"2. Busy to-day—not had my usual time for reading. I have ever placed my standard of female excellence very high, but have I in earnest aimed at it? Truly I have fallen far, far short of it. I want firmness and decision of character. I am too ready to yield to the tempter. I do not think so vile a creature walks the earth—vile because I know what is right and do it not. Oh, for grace and strength to overcome!

"4. I am very happy in 'My Valley Home.' I thank thee, oh, my Father in heaven, that thou hast given me a heart to enjoy all thy blessings! Watched the spray dash this morning with much violence against the reef. Waters look dark and angry this morning—the hills bleak and capped with clouds, altogether forming a perfect picture of wildness. Why is it that in my happiest moments there is a tinge of sadness? also when I hear fine music, or gaze at the stars, the water, or anything beautiful? Surely it is because my heart is so impure. It implies a want of perfection.

"5. I think I am beginning to see more of my own heart, to feel more the awfulness of sin. I fear I have only given my Saviour a divided heart. I desire to keep a faithful account of my heart in this diary, and oh, may I think, do, or say nothing, which I should be ashamed to record here! Weather still gloomy, cold, and wet; 'but some days must be dark and dreary,' and brighter days will come to my soul also. I trust

this cloud will have a silver lining. Could I but 'pray without ceasing!'

"I desire to overcome this restive unquiet spirit, also this melancholy and sadness that often steal over my spirit, and while it pleases my heavenly Father to appoint my lot in this place, to do whatsoever my hand findeth to do. And oh, while I endeavour to teach others, may I myself be taught of God, lest in that day I be found a castaway!

"6. Hoped to spend a long evening in reading the holy Scriptures and in meditation. I thank thee, most holy Father, that I have come to this place, and oh, if here I be awakened to a sense of duty and in this solitary place I be brought to know more of my own heart, and become better fitted to combat with the world, the flesh, and the devil, it will be a theme for never ending praise and thanksgiving! I wish always to spend Saturday evening in preparation for the Sabbath, and to spend Sabbath twilight in prayer. I have often enjoyed sweet moments then.

"Find in looking back to this diary, that I have many longings to overcome, but, (and I blush to own it,) I have not struggled, striven. I know of myself I cannot, but I desire to keep from this time forth a continual warfare with the corruptions of my heart, that they may never gain the ascendancy.

"7. Sabbath evening, trusted and hoped to have a long twilight, to spend in meditation and prayer, but had many interruptions. I find I must be very watchful over myself, lest I should grow impatient, if I do not have all the time I should like for myself. I desire to have a living religion, warm, fervent piety in the heart, that will influence my daily conduct. I heartily wish to be delivered from an unquiet spirit—a carving out or planning ways for myself. All that is before me is known to my heavenly Father; and could I but cast myself entirely upon his care, who has guided and sustained me hitherto, all would be well.

"8. Showery to-day, cold this evening. Every thing becomes monotonous here, and we move on day after day, as if there should be no end of time with us, and I find that anything out

of the usual way excites me and makes me unsteady. Oh, for equanimity of disposition!

"9. Gleams of sunshine to-day amid the storm and rain. Oh, that I could live in the present, not in dreaming of the past or planning for the future, remembering the moments which are flitting by can never be recalled, and that for every one I must at last render a solemn account! Would that I might be growing hourly (daily is too slow) in grace. When will I ever arrive at perfection? And now unto Him who is able to keep me from falling, and to present me faultless before the presence of his glory with exceeding joy, I commit myself, consecrating my all to him, desiring none but Christ, to know no will but his, and to go on daily striving against those inward corruptions, this depraved heart, until I shall come off conqueror through him that loved me, and gave himself for me. What if at last I should be found a castaway! Awful thought! Great God forbid. For the last week my sins have pressed heavily upon me, and all seemed doubt and darkness. Have a little more light to-day. Would that the flame of his love might penetrate this stony heart.

"10. Took a walk this afternoon, for the first time since I came here, inland; ascended part of the way up the hill. Enjoyed the scene, and came running and tumbling down. Thought much to-day of the depravity of my heart; feel almost discouraged. This is wrong. I must struggle away and look to Christ for the issue, feeling that I myself can do nothing. I have much, much to overcome. I would have a heart burning with love to Christ. I want to have within myself a sweet sense of pardon. I want to love all men, to desire that all might be saved, and to do all in my power to advance the kingdom of Christ.

"13. At the close of another week I desire to ponder the path of my feet. My spirits are sadly depressed just now; partly on account of my sins, my constantly yielding like a slender reed before the blast of temptation, and also the time is fast approaching when the John Williams will call here on her homeward voyage. Mr. M., too, is weak and poorly. I know it is wrong to despond, very wrong. Oh, my Father, teach me to

live in the present, to be up and doing! May my spirits not flag; may I neither faint nor grow weary but press onward. Had a delightful walk upon the top of the hill this afternoon. The plain below looked quiet and pretty, and the high hills rising up all around as if protecting it, and the sea sparkling and looking such an intense blue. It was truly a sweet picture, and has endeared my heart more to Umetch. I sat upon a rock and sang, "Jesus, lover of my soul," but the heart was not entirely swallowed up in the lovely scene, nor did it burn with pure love to that Saviour, who came to redeem a fallen world. I seem to move about here as one in a dream, and cannot really admire all that is lovely. It is because my heart is so narrow, so contracted, so imperfect. I want to be a real Christian, not wavering nor undecided, but sincere, pure, true. I think I am beginning to look more calmly upon things now, both pleasures and disappointments, and I trust it may be so that this wild disposition may be restrained.

"15. I have felt very happy all day, and particularly this evening. Now I wish to know why it is. If it is the sense of pardon, that inward peace which flows from a heart right with God, then is it true happiness, that which the world can neither give, nor, (blessed be God,) take away. If it be anything worldly or sinful, and fleshly desires, I pray that it may be removed. Rather would I for ever have sorrow on account of my sins, than have my heart absorbed with the things of time, and forget my God. I know the Christian's pathway through the wilderness of this world is not one of roses, that there are thorns and briars in the way. 'Whosoever will be my disciple, let him take up his cross and follow me.' Only think! poor weak, little heart, that cannot deny itself for Jesus, who has done so much for me. I desire strength from on high, that I may deny myself, have my will swallowed up in his. I desire to be pressing onward, not discouraged at my many falls. 'Hold up my goings.' 'Save, Lord, hear me when I call upon thee.'

"18. We have had a charming day, and, oh, this exquisite evening! Masses of silvery clouds floating beneath a sky of a soft azure blue, and others just catching the last rays of the

setting sun, converted into hues of brilliant gold. I dare not say positively that I am a Christian, yet I do hope I am one. Look not upon me, O, God, for I am black and vile, but look upon Jesus Christ, who bore in his own body the guilt of a depraved world! Yes, I have felt happy to-day! I trust I may not be elated, and feel that there is anything good in me. I lay my sins on Jesus.

"20. Devoted this afternoon to writing to the precious ones at home. I proposed this night to meet with C — in prayer to our Father at twilight on Sabbath evening.

"23. Alone to-day at Umetch, Mr. M. having walked to Anelicauhat, though very unfit. I desire to have a heart-searching. It is very disagreeable, and my mind very unwilling; this heart so impure and I so vile and degraded. Search me, O, God, and try me!

"Reading some in the history of Germany. I desire to make a wise improvement of my time. There is such a monotony here. One feels inclined to dream away the time, more especially when we hear so distinctly the 'music of the waters,' and I am not so active as I was in Nova Scotia. I MUST overcome this. I have only one life to live, the past time I cannot recall, of the future I have no assurance. How important, then, that I improve the present. O, Father in heaven, show me the value of time! My soul cleaveth unto the dust; quicken me, oh, quicken me, let me rest in thee, my will moulded to thine! Oh deliver me from a restive, unquiet spirit!"

The missionaries had been expecting the arrival of Mr. Johnston at this time, and the delay of his coming seriously deranged their plans. The John Williams was about going to England, and it had been arranged that Mr. and Mrs. Inglis should go in her, to superintend the printing of the New Testament in the Aneiteumese language. This rendered necessary the removal of Mr. Copeland to Aneiteum to take the charge of his station.

* A dear young friend in Nova Scotia.

Mr. Paton was thus left alone on Tanna without the aid even of a female missionary, while Mr. Matheson's station, which had been commenced under such favourable circumstances, was left unoccupied. Erromanga, too, should have had another missionary. The smaller islands of Fotuna and Niua were eager for missionaries. In fact the whole field was more open than it has ever been since.

In October the John Williams arrived at Aneiteum, and after spending a few weeks in visiting the neighbouring islands, returned in November, whence she sailed on the 13th for Sydney, with Mr. and Mrs. Inglis on board. Along with them went also Mr. Geddie's children, except the youngest. This, of course, was a severe trial to their parents. This parting with their children is one of the most painful trials to which missionaries in the South Seas, and some other fields are subjected. Mrs. M. also felt the departure of her cousins, particularly the eldest. She spent about a fortnight at Mr. Geddie's station during each visit of the John Williams, and among other events thus describes a parting between them and some of the natives.

"We had a farewell meeting with the boys and girls on the premises, a few evenings since. It was very interesting. They all behaved very nicely, and appeared to enjoy themselves. After tea we came into the dining room, which was beautifully decorated with flowers. Charlotte read a farewell address. The young chief made a very appropriate speech. We had some music, and one or two addresses, when the evening's entertainment closed by singing our national anthem and the doxology, during the singing of which the natives stood.

We, too, enjoyed ourselves, and could scarcely fancy that those intelligent, well-dressed natives were a few years ago perfect savages."

We subjoin some extracts from Mrs. M's. diary at this time."

"Anelicaumat, Aug. 25. Enjoyed a walk upon the hill this morning with C——. We had a sweet and I trust profitable conversation. I do feel differently now to what I ever did before. I praise my Father in heaven! I think I am not so excitable. I know that those sins yet lurk in my heart, and it is only restraining grace that prevents them from being clothed in words and actions. I require to watch and pray *without ceasing*! This evening spent in conversation not profitable. I fear I indulge too much. Oh, I trust that nothing may lead my heart astray—that I may be firm and decided in choosing the right—ever looking for strength from on high!—feeling my own weakness—and that if others can afford to walk loosely, I cannot. If I cannot speak freely to persons without sinning, better by far be distant and reserved, never mind if counted odd.

"Sept. 6. Aneiteum seems to be wearing her best dress just now. All nature looks lovely, and 'the big tree' clothed with luxuriant foliage, more venerable and inviting than ever; with its majestic branches almost sweeping the ground. I will take my Bible, and sit under its shade a little while before school commences. 'God be merciful to me a sinner!'

"13. Have not felt very well for two days past—feel very feverish; must try and overcome it, and not let one unpleasant word escape my lips. The birds sang so sweetly this afternoon, it made me feel happy. Everything here drags one down. If we could only live above this world, and rise superior to its enjoyments, the darkness around us would not influence us.

"16. We had a storm to-day of thunder and very heavy rain. Nothing particular transpired this week. I rise every morning about six, kept busy with house duties until half-past eight, when the women come to sew. After dinner, which is about 12 o'clock, pencil a little, hear my little girls their lessons, and teach

them writing on the slates, read until school-time, which is three o'clock. After school, visit the sick, walk or sew, read, &c., translate Aneiteumese with Mr. M. Thus day after day flies away, and oh, how apt are we to grow cold and careless, about those things which concern the salvation of our souls!

Oct. 18. My birth-day. Twenty-two years of my life gone, and oh! how little accomplished. This day two years, I sat down at the table of the Lord, by the side of my beloved mamma. We were all sad, for upon the next day, there was to be a farewell taking; and now I have been two years from my much loved home. Oh, how many sins have I committed in that time—how often have I gone astray! I desire this day, O God! to renew my covenant with thee; to resolve in thy strength that I will henceforth walk with thee! I desire to become dead to the world; to overcome the lusts of the flesh; and to consecrate myself entirely to the service of God, in what way soever he may appoint. Lord, undertake for me.

“23. I desire, O God! on this holy Sabbath, to consecrate myself anew to thy service and glory! O Lord! thou knowest how weak I am, how prone to what is evil, how averse to what is good. Undertake for me, O my God! strengthen me with might in the inner man, and clothe me with the robe of my Saviour's righteousness! May I indeed mourn, when I think of the coldness of my heart, in return for thy boundless love! Anew I dedicate myself to thee, O God! Almighty maker of heaven and earth! accept of me, worthless and vile, though I be, take me and make of me what thou wilt. I deeply mourn over the errors of my past life; and know that of myself I can do nothing to merit thy favour. I have gone astray like a lost sheep; seek thy servant, and bring me into thy fold.

“Anelicauhat, Nov. 5. Saturday night. We have been nearly two weeks—flown how quickly—at the harbour waiting the arrival of the John Williams. Mr. and Mrs. Inglis came over upon Monday last. Mr. M. has been poorly this week, vomiting blood. I have not done much, feel bewildered and excited. Exquisite sunset and delightful moonlight night. How I am carried back to my home far away, where those I love dearest dwell.

"16. Day before yesterday I parted with my beloved C—, on board the *John Williams*. I never knew until now, how dear she was to me. Shall we meet again on earth? O God! thou knowest. May we endeavour to serve thee in our different spheres of labour, and may we dwell for ever with thee in that bright happy land where there is no parting. Our favourite walks seem to have lost all their charms for me; and it painfully recalls memories of the past even to look at flowers. Yesterday, when the natives were carrying me home in my sedan chair, the tide being too high, we could not cross at the usual place. They brought me directly through our favourite walk across the ford, and under the big tree. What my feelings were cannot be described. To-day I am not well, but must on no account yield to my indolent feelings. My lot is cast here now. I must be up and doing, remembering that 'the night cometh when no man can work.' Father in heaven, I give myself to thee!"

We add extracts of two letters written at the same period :

TO HER BROTHER.

Aneiteum, Nov. 7, 1859.

'We have a nice little station at Umetch, and endeavour to do what we can. There is so much work to be done, and how few are the labourers; I think persons at home understand very little about missionary work in the South-Sea islands. The missionary is his own carpenter, blacksmith, mason, &c., besides printing and instructing the natives. Uncle is now building a large stone church which will be quite an ornament to the mission premises, which begins to look quite like a little village. There are two foreign families residing here, engaged in sandal-wood trading and whaling. They do not draw many of the natives after them.

"Oh, dear M—, it is a sad trial to be laid aside from active labour as we are! Mr. M. has been very patient and uncomplaining during all his illness; but he required a great deal of attention. Were he really ill, it would be much easier for me to

write about his health. Sometimes he is quite well. He is never confined to bed for any length of time. I am afraid that we are not patient enough. We still have encouraging news from our station. The people say they are anxious for our return. Mr. Paton's station is not so encouraging. The people for many years have come in contact with foreigners, and have been ill treated by them, consequently they have no love for the missionary, and the meetings for public worship are very irregularly attended."

TO THE SAME.

Aneiteum, Dec. 1, 1859.

"Last week uncle commenced school visitation. He and C—, with Helen, and nearly all the girls and boys in their yard, came over to Umetch. They remained all night at our house, and the next morning we set off for Anuimetch, a district amid the hills, in the interior of the island. The natives constructed a sedan chair for me, and I walked part, and was carried part of the way. Our boys set off on a trot with me, and I was far ahead of the procession, when we had a shower of rain, and I heard that Mr. M. who came on horseback, had turned and gone home. Of course, this damped my pleasure, as we expected to be away two days, and I could not leave Mr. M. to provide for himself. I concluded to go on and return that evening. So on we went, sometimes by the side of a lovely river, and at times in wild lonely places, climbing up the sides of rocks, and away down in what had been the bed of a river. We saw some lovely *orchids* in bloom, a great many ferns, and climbing flowering plants.

"The house made for uncle's accommodation, is upon the top of a little hill, from whence there is a fine view of the valley and river. We found ourselves completely hemmed in by high hills. I had prepared dinner, but the natives had a dinner provided for us, consisting of taro and fowls. I left in the afternoon, hoping to gather some flowers on my way home; but the boys ran off with me in the chair, and before tea-time I was set down at our own door. They would not allow me to walk, as walking is very difficult and tiresome. The road is one of the

wildest and worst imaginable. It was amusing to see the procession, aunt and Ella foremost, carried in a *Nahat*—a number of natives carrying bundles and baskets—next, I came in my chair, and an immense number of natives following, to visit the schools, and render assistance. The day after the mission party came home, we went in another direction, and walked over a hill to a district on the other side of it. We had a fine view of the surrounding hills and valleys, and could see far out in the blue ocean. We were very much pleased with our visit. Many of the natives read exceedingly well, and there are very few who do not read.

“The natives of this island have expressed a great deal of sympathy with Mr. Matheson, and have been very kind to us, rendering all assistance in their power.”

Mr. Matheson however, could not be satisfied where he was, and as he was employed. His desire was to be labouring among the heathen, and he was specially desirous to be back at his own station. To have returned at the commencement of the rainy season, which is always unhealthy, and when it would have been almost impossible to communicate with them would have been doubly injudicious. The disappointment preyed upon his health and spirits, and he accordingly acceded to a proposal to spend a few months on Erromanga.

CHAPTER VII.

RESIDENCE ON ERROMANGA.

THE next four months, embracing the rainy season, were spent on Erromanga. Their stay here presents few incidents worthy of note. They endeavoured to render such aid to Mr. and Mrs. Gordon in their work as was in their power, though from their ignorance of the language and the delicate state of Mr. M.'s health they could do but little in this way. They found it to be a great trial to be not only away from their station, but in a position in which they could not be actively engaged in missionary work. Mr. M. felt this the more from the faltering nature of his disease, in consequence of which he was not sensible of his weakness ; and though endeavouring to maintain resignation to the Divine will, yet his absence from his station preyed upon his spirits. Mrs. M.'s correspondence and diary show how much her heart was in her proper mission work, but she sought to submit to her present position, as the arrangement of Divine Providence, and carefully to minister to her husband, whose state of mind we must add, was an additional trial to her. Having now leisure time she endeavoured to improve her mind and heart by reading and study. As illustrative of their residence on Erromanga, we shall now furnish extracts from their correspondence,

and from Mrs. M.'s diary. Under date 30th Jan. 1860, Mr. M. wrote :

“This you are aware is the most unhealthy season of the year, and though I could never boast of being a very strong person, still, at present my symptoms are all much more favourable and seem to indicate a more permanent restoration to strength ; yet what may be the ultimate issue is known only to God, and for it we would wait in faith and in prayer, knowing that God reigneth. We would in this, recognise his hand and rejoice in the assurance that all these dispensations of his providence shall be overruled for good ; and though we are not where we would be, or perhaps as actively engaged as we could desire, yet if we are where God would have us and there doing what we can, we would endeavour to acquiesce in his will, and while doing so we would indulge the fond hope that by you all we are held in remembrance before God, and that in answer to your prayers I may yet be enabled to do something more in the vineyard of our Redeemer. Instead of entertaining hard thoughts of God—instead of saying, that we would that the past had been otherwise, we would consider it as the happiest, as the most precious period of my life ; a period composed of one unbroken series of Divine mercies, comforts and consolations, one in which the richest mercies of God's grace were made to shine forth most illustriously, even in the bitterest hour of trial and distress—one in which the sympathizing Friend (who does indeed stick closer than any earthly friend) was an ever-present help, imparting at all times a sufficiency of every needed grace, and a period of all others, rich in the cultivation of sweet intercourse and communion with God. Though I have not been allowed to remain at my post and there be as actively engaged, as we could desire ; in that respect clouds and darkness have been round about us ; but as the Lord of hosts has been, and is still with us, and as the God of Jacob has been and is still our refuge, as the darkness is now beginning to pass away, and as to the eye of humanity the bright side of the cloud is being again turned towards us, we could say in reference to the past, the Lord hath done all things well, and we would at the same time call upon our soul and all that is within us, to bless God's holy name.”

The following are extracts of Mrs. M.'s correspondence during this period :

TO HER MOTHER.

“ *Erromanga*, Dec. 12, 1859.

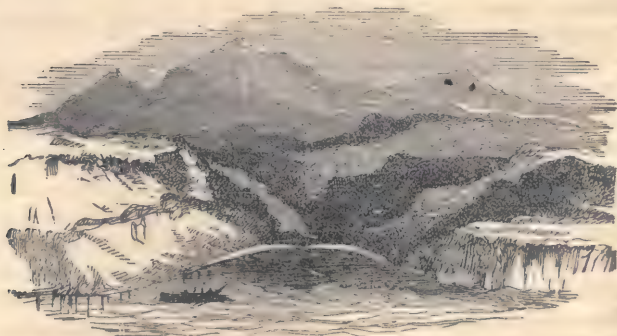
“ We came here yesterday, after a twenty-four hours' passage in a trading vessel called the 'New Forest,' and now I must explain the reason. The missionary brethren would not consent to our going to Tanna alone before the commencement of the rainy season, as Mr. M. is not strong or healthy enough for the arduous labour and anxiety there, although he could manage very well on a civilized island like Aneiteum, where the people are not superstitious about sickness; but Mr. M. had made up his mind to leave Aneiteum. To come to Erromanga was the only alternative, so we came suddenly upon Mr. and Mrs. Gordon last evening, and met with a very warm reception from them. For the sake of health, they have their house built on the top of a high hill, so that while we remain here we may be laying in a stock of health. I was very sorry in many respects to leave Aneiteum. In the first place I was actively engaged. In the next, every thing that could have been done for Mr. Matheson's health and comfort was done. We had no anxiety or trouble about anything. We expect to remain here until Mr. Johnston comes, who, if he left Nova Scotia in October, will probably be here in April; and then, if all is well, we proceed together to Tanna, or some other field of labour.

“ I hope to make myself very happy and comfortable here. My only regret is that I can do nothing in the way of missionary work, if I except a native lad of Aneiteum whom I have brought as a servant, and whom I hope to be able to instruct. You need not think me delicate after what I underwent last rainy season. I was never sick, and it being my first in those climates must have been trying. At least it generally is, and Mrs. Gordon, for many months after she came here, was very often prostrated with fever. I have very great reason for thankfulness. Mr. M. too might have been very well to-day, had he remained on Aneiteum, but he is anxious to be at a heathen field of labour.

The natives were very sorry about our leaving, and my two little girls stood crying on the beach. I could hear them long after I left the shore.

“The work here meets with a little encouragement. Oh, that Tanna were in such a prepared state to receive the gospel! Nothing but a sense of duty keeps us away from our station. There are many difficulties to contend with there unknown upon many of the other islands—for instance, their ideas about sickness; and I have no doubt that Mr. Paton’s death and Mr. M.’s sickness would for a time greatly retard the work. But God’s ways are not as our ways. He alone sees the end from the beginning. The hearts of all men are in his hand, and he can turn them whithersoever he pleases.

“We are living on the top of a high hill, and get a fine sea breeze. This range of hills stretches across the island for some distance. There are scarcely any trees upon it. In some places the grass is quite green, and reminds me of hills at home—quite different from any I have seen before in the South Seas. There are pleasant walks, a fine view of the ocean, and of all ships entering the harbour. In the interior you see bleak, barren hills, and richly wooded valleys. There is a lovely river, which runs into Dillon’s Bay. We landed just at the spot where Williams is said to have been killed. The scenery is not wildly beautiful, like some parts of Aneiteum and Tanna, yet it has its charms.



DISTANT VIEW OF DILLON'S BAY.

TO HER BROTHER.

“*Erromanga*, Dec. 26.

“My spirit hovered near you all day yesterday. Were you not thinking and speaking of the absent one? They talk of time working changes in people, and their hearts being weaned from home. Time has not acted so with me. My heart seems more firmly attached than ever before to that loved circle. What are you doing? I fancied you at home yesterday, fancied myself walking by your side, or seated in the big front parlour. Isn't it a lovely, sociable, *homelike* room? But fancy me perched upon a hill on *Erromanga*, with an *extensive* view of the sea in front, and ranges of hills behind us, with only a little grove of trees scattered here and there, and those hills almost entirely uninhabited. If you look to the south-west, Traitor's Head is to be seen, generally capped with clouds, and the population of *Erromanga* seems to be concentrated in that direction, where vegetation is abundant and the appearance tropical. We are, I should think, 1000 feet above the level of the sea, and near the side of the hill, which is almost perpendicular; and Dillon's Bay, the valley, and river look lovely lying below. I have not seen many of the heathen, those who come about being partially civilized, and Mr. Gordon has a few boys who remain with him.

“This is a lovely day, excessively warm, the sky of an intense blue, and masses of white silvery clouds floating about. Nothing to remind one of Christmas day at home. Would that some carrier dove would drop me a note this morning. How I long to hear from you all. I find that it does not do for me to sit and think of you all. Sometimes it is quite painful to look at your portraits, they look so lifeless.”

TO HER MOTHER.

Erromanga, 29th Jan., 1860.

“I often think of the many precious hours persons at home spend in decorating their frail bodies. Would that we might ever keep the bar of God in view, and remember that every hour is bringing us nearer to it.

“Won’t you rejoice with me when you hear that we are once more at our station? Does it not seem as if God desired us to feel our own weakness and insufficiency, before entering upon our work, lest we should fancy that we could do anything, showing that he can and does not require us to carry forward his work? ‘Not by might, nor by power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord.’ Pray, dear mother, that the Holy Spirit may be poured out upon us from on high.

“Feb. 2. Last night saw a large waterspout out in the sea, but really, my dear mamma, I cannot give you a description of it. The sun set gloriously behind some dark clouds, edging them with silver and gold. It reminded me of the evening we expected to sail for Tanna, to commence our labours there. I was standing at the door and called to aunt, ‘Do come and see the cloud with the silver lining.’ Well, we have seen the cloud, but not the silver lining, although I doubt not it is there, and will appear at some future day.”

TO MRS. R.

“*Erromanga*, Feb. 20th, 1860.

“Not being very well to-day I am enjoying the sick child’s privilege, that of having the whole day to myself, part of which I set apart for writing to you. Alas we are too apt to call time our own, forgetting that we must soon give a very solemn account of how we have spent it, to its rightful owner! Oh, my dear C., if I might only have a real earnest conversation with you this morning! Only think, I am nearly two years and a half from home! What a long dream it has been. Are you all just the same as when I left you? Change towards me I know you will not, for friendship based upon love to the Redeemer cannot but be constant and true. I wish you would write to me fully about yourself. You, my dear C., are enjoying many privileges, while I am excluded from all. Tell me if you see the same beauty in religion you formerly saw. At home we are apt to trust too much to our feelings, the frame of mind we are in at church, prayer-meetings, &c. Here we cannot, and by this our religion is tested, and we are led to cast ourselves more entirely upon Christ. Sweet, is it not, to think that notwith-

standing our fitful frames and feelings, Jesus is ever the same? You spoke in your last of the sweetness of the rest of heaven after the cares and toils of life. Add to this, that we shall *know* Christ, for 'we shall see him, see him as he is.' We shall unceasingly admire and enjoy him, for we shall be like him. Does not this make heaven dearer? Shall we not say with Emily Judson:

"There loving eyes are on the portals straying,
There arms extend a wanderer to fold,
There waits a dearer, lovelier one, arraying
His own in spotless robes and crowns of gold.

"Then let me die. My spirit longs for heaven,
In that pure bosom evermore to rest;
But if to labour longer here be given,
Father, thy will be done, and I am blest."

"This is the unhealthy season with us, and certainly it is trying, though the weather has been unusually favourable. We are enjoying mountain life. Where our next remove will be I know not. Had I commenced this letter a few weeks ago, I would have told you that Mr. M. was quite well. Since then he has not been so well, and I know not what to say with regard to his health. My own is good. Mrs. Gordon is a very amiable person, and a sweet sympathizer, for she has had many trials, and her mother died since she left home.

"One of the natives of this island brought Mr. Gordon a skull of the missionary they had killed long ago. It is supposed to be that of Mr. Harris. I have frequently seen those who were engaged in the murder, and we landed at the place where Mr. Williams was killed."

TO HER MOTHER.

"*Erromanga*, Feb. 21st, 1860.

"What a blessing and privilege it is that we are able to communicate with each other so frequently. How it seems to lessen the distance. My heart is ever, ever with you. Pleasant it is to think that the same silvery moon sheds her cold light upon

us both. I have often given the little white clouds messages for you. Sweet to think too that we read the same Bible, sing the same Psalms, but, above all, precious that the same God watches over both, that the same Jesus is ever nigh to comfort and sustain. I can wish you no greater happiness, my dear mamma, than that you may ever enjoy a sweet sense of his presence. How it grieves me to think that I can make you no return for your unwearied kindness to me in days gone by, for all the trouble and anxiety you have had about me from my earliest years. I know that to your fond, affectionate heart, there must have appeared a blank in the family-circle when I left. I know and feel that I must have caused you very many anxious hours. Oh that I were more deserving of all your love and kindness!

“When you look back upon your trials do they not seem light? How much more trifling will they appear to you, when viewed in the light of eternity. Was it that you required to be made ‘perfect through suffering?’ Christ has been only preparing you for the home above. Would that his love might constrain us not to live unto ourselves, but unto Him who loved us and gave himself for us! I care not how great my trials may be, were I sure of a resting-place in heaven. Let us not look forward to heaven only as a rest from all our troubles, but as a place where we shall glorify God and enjoy fully the presence of Christ.

“I do wish that you would write to me and advise me, my dear mamma, in matters both temporal and spiritual. I am very inexperienced. It would be wrong to say that I do not think much about home, for I do. Yet I trust it is in the spirit of ‘Thy will be done.’ I can be happy here; happy, I trust, in working or suffering, although it is much easier to work than to suffer. Dear ma, the cause of all our unhappiness is our distance from Christ. If we only lived near to him and loved him above all things, heaven might indeed seem begun on earth. I shall never regret having left home, nor do I regret our absence from our station. I trust if spared to return we may see the importance of spending and being spent in the service of Christ. I have been very anxious to know if the revival reached Pictou. I fear it has not. I fear there are many, many, who are deceiv-

ing themselves, fancying they are Christians when they have not given their hearts wholly to Christ. Surely if they had, religion would not be so cold as it is. Let us search our hearts, dear ma, and never be satisfied with our attainment.

“How can we talk of our trials, when we look around and see how much more severely others are tried. What would Mr. Paton not have given to have had one sentence from his wife telling that she was happy. But she was cut off so suddenly that she uttered not a word. How heart-rending must it have been for him to nail together some rough boards, and bury as quickly as possible his lately blooming young wife. It has been an awful warning to us all. Oh that the set time to favour these dark islands were come!

“We feel more and more that Paul may plant and Apollos water, but it is God only that giveth the increase. Unless the Spirit be poured out from on high, our labour is of no avail. Be earnest for us at a throne of grace. I do feel that I have your prayers, my darling mother.

“You will be much surprised when you hear of our coming to Erromanga, not more so than myself, but I can trace the hand of God in it. I think I have learned to know more of myself. Having very little to occupy my time and thought, I think I have tried to improve (though not as much as I might have done) myself for my field of labour, should God see fit in his good providence to place me there again.

“Mr. M. seems improving in health and strength. He is using cod liver oil, which I think is proving of great benefit to him. He is in good spirits, and nothing keeps us from our station but the impossibility of getting there, as this is the rainy season. I know not what the future has in store for us. I desire to leave myself in His hand who has ever led me. Would we not be perfectly happy, were we to cast ourselves entirely upon Jesus, leaving all to him who knows the end from the beginning?

“The time, as you may imagine, would hang heavily upon my hands here did I not, as I trust, strive to improve it. For some time after I came here I did not enjoy my usual amount of health and strength, felt languid, and unwilling or unable to

exert myself, owing, I suppose, to past anxieties and exertions. Now I feel better, and as far as we can judge, there appears to be a decided improvement in Mr. M. Would that it might please God to give us strength to labour for him.

"To-morrow is the Sabbath. Dear ma, I know you will think of Mary. Do not think too much about me. Oh, I think of the land where there are no partings, where I trust we together shall spend an eternity! *You* will hear the music of 'the church going bell.' May you be enabled to say, as did the sweet Psalmist, 'I was glad when they said unto me, Let us go up into the house of the Lord.' We celebrated the dying love of Jesus since we came here. There were only six of us, a teacher and his wife, besides ourselves.

"Oh, what a sifting there will be in that day when Christ comes to judge the world! To many who now think themselves Christians it will be said, 'Depart from me—I never knew you,' notwithstanding that they have done works in the name of Christ, and perhaps been the means of saving others. How many whom we look upon as doubtful will then be found to have been true followers of Christ!

"The time is flying away. Ere this reaches you I shall be three years from home. You must all have changed since I left, in some respects, yet I cannot realize it. I think I have not; only I am losing my rosy cheeks, and becoming very brown."

TO HER BROTHER.

"*Erromanga*, Feb. 21, 1860.

"I know not how it happens that I love so much to write to you. I never weary of reading your letters, and happier still should I be did you write to me more fully, and tell me all about your studies, and if you are *pressing on*. Do not ever forget that you have a sister in the Southern Hemisphere who loves you and thinks of you daily.

"Oh, W., there is only one object worth living for, and that is the glory of God! Aim at that in all you do or say. In a very little time the place that knows us now must know us no more for ever. Would that we might see the importance of seeking now an interest in Christ! If you are at ease in your

mind and satisfied with self, then, my dear boy, you are not a Christian. The life of a Christian is a warfare, a struggle from beginning to end. Jesus has said that we must *daily* take up the cross, denying ourselves. It is impossible that we can serve God and the world. The nearer we live to Jesus the happier are we, and the better fitted to resist the temptations of the devil and the lusts of our own evil hearts.

“Write to me, my darling, and tell me all about yourself. The world is beautiful and bright, but it has been cold and dark to you in many respects, and you know not how many trials and difficulties lie before you. When the shadows lengthen upon your pathway, may you be enabled to cast yourself upon Him who careth for you. May he hide you in his pavilion. If you possess Christ, you possess all things. I advise you to read McCheyne, not once or twice, but keep it beside you. Try to get the ‘Memoir of Walter M. Lowrie,’ missionary to China. Pay much attention to French, as, if you become a missionary, you will meet with French priests wherever you go. Above all things, if you wish to be a useful one, you must have a thorough knowledge of Hebrew and Greek, to have a perfect translation of the Scriptures into any of these languages, as the ideas of these people are more Oriental than ours. I advise you to meditate much, and always be striving to learn something from every person with whom you meet. Read your Bible morning, noon, and night. Do not weary of my lectures. You do not know how anxious I am about you.

“Little did I once imagine, when, a tiny child, I learned that hymn beginning,

From Erromanga's shore
The blood of Williams cries,

that I should tread the spot where he was killed, and meet frequently with those who assisted in taking his life. I have frequently seen the man who killed Mr. Harris. The Erromangans are a very mild, docile race, compared with the Tannese. We have heard a report lately of the massacre of two boats' crews upon the north of Tanna, but I cannot vouch for the correctness of the report. Oh, if Mr. Matheson were only strong, that we

might go back to our station ! But we must wait patiently. I trust our Father has some glorious end in view for us, and that by this affliction, he has been preparing us for it. Is it not sweet to look at the bright side of life ? Are you ever gloomy and dull ? Do you ever feel weary, and think your lot hard ? Remember that our Saviour was *weary* and *hungry*, and had no place whereon to lay his blessed head. Remember, too, that he has said, 'Come unto me, all ye that are weary.' "

We subjoin extracts from her diary at the same period :

"Dec. 17. It is trying to have heathen around me, yet not be able to do anything for them. I shall not spend my time in vain regrettings that I can do nothing, but rather strive to improve myself in many ways, that I may be better prepared for any sphere of labour to which, in the providence of God, I may be called. I can truly say that I desire only to be engaged in the service of Him who loved me and gave himself for me.

"20. I deeply mourn this morning my want of faith. I awoke this morning and found myself saying, unconsciously, Your life is hid with Christ in God. Oh, for this assurance ! Fool, why tarry ? Why trifle for a moment, when every hour is bringing thee nearer the judgment seat of Christ, where thou must render an account of the deeds done in the body ? What a black catalogue is mine ! Cancel thou my sins. O Jesus, restore the wanderer to thy fold !

"22. It is impossible for me to realize that this is cold December at home—that Christmas is so near at hand. I appear to be dreaming away life. Every thing seems so unreal to me, I fancy myself sometimes another person. I wish to have the reality of heaven impressed upon my mind—that it is a land *not* 'very far off,' but near—that the eye of God is upon me—that he knows the most secret thoughts and intents of my heart. If I could ever keep this in mind would I dare to sin ? Would I not strive to overcome the enemy of souls ? Who that once enjoyed a nearness to Jesus, that once had a glimpse of his love-

liness, could ever love sin? Oh, pour out upon me thy Holy Spirit! Permit me to enjoy a sweet sense of thy presence.

“Christmas morning. How precious is Jesus to my soul to-day! Would that all the world could taste his love! Hold me up, blessed Jesus! I cannot walk of myself. What time my heart is overwhelmed, lead me to the rock that is higher than I! I require the rod, let me bear it in meekness. Search my heart, and know my besetting sins. Verily mine iniquities have taken hold upon me, but if covered with the robe of Christ’s righteousness, my filthiness and vileness shall be hid from the eyes of the Father, and glorious thought, I may enjoy his smile.

“31. I shall take this afternoon for a half-holiday, and oh may Jesus be very near to me, while I endeavour to meditate upon the mercies of the past year, and strive to mourn over the follies—the sins I have committed! I am upon Erromanga not very well, very distressing cough, weak, endeavouring to exercise myself as much as possible, walking while I read, not denying myself as much as I should. I do long and pant to live near to Jesus, to walk closely with him. It is my chief desire, I can truly say, to be moulded to his will. Oh if God spare me to see the close of another year may I be found a better and happier being! May the world be entirely crucified to me, and I dead to its charms and fascinations. May I become a golden vessel fitted for the Master’s use in time and eternity.

“Jan. 4, 1860. Have felt very unwilling to sit down to write, owing I suppose to weakness, caused by this cough. I do indeed feel very much our being set aside from labour in the Lord’s vineyard. Words cannot express what I feel. I know that I am very unworthy to occupy this high station, and that for mine iniquities I am now in the furnace. If God spare me, I resolve to devote myself entirely to his service, in the strength of Jesus. If it be his will to remove me, may I be prepared for a dwelling-place on high. I long and pant to know more of Jesus, to feel a sweet sense of his ever abiding presence. Take my whole heart, O Jesus, let me see thy beauty, and be ravished with thy love!

“27. Oh, for greater and more glorious views of the greatness of Jehovah! I know that he is greater and more glorious

than it is possible to conceive, but I fear that my views and ideas of God are too low. Would that I may ever take his holy name upon my lips with the most profound reverence. Oh, that Jesus might disclose to me his lovely face!

“29. While seated at dinner we experienced one of the most severe earthquakes I have ever felt. There was no sound, and it came very suddenly, rocking the house almost like a cradle. It is an awful sensation, and strikes terror into the hearts of even the most fearless. I think nothing displays the power of God so visibly as an earthquake. How terrible must have been the earthquake that rent the rocks when our blessed Lord said, ‘It is finished.’ And oh! what a day will that be when Christ cometh surrounded by multitudes of holy angels to judge the quick and the dead—when this world and all that is therein shall be burnt up.

What power shall be the sinner’s stay?
How shall he meet that dreadful day?

Be thou Jesus ever nigh to me. Without thee I cannot live, without thee I dare not die.

“Feb. 3. Feel very well to-day. Short walk after dinner. Saw a waterspout last evening, and watched for some time a glorious sunset. ‘By his Spirit he hath garnished the heavens.’ Lovely thought. After night gazed on the heavens. How mightily do they display the wisdom and power of God. I love the gentle moon-beams and the ‘cold light of stars.’ If ‘the heavens are not clean in his sight,’ then how must man appear who is but a worm?

“4. It is a difficult thing out here to keep religion warm in the heart. Oh, why should it be? Why should our souls cleave to the dust as they do? Oh, if the dear Saviour would but disclose to me his lovely face, if I could but lose sight of vile self and look only to Jesus! Come, O Jesus, and satisfy my longing soul!

“7. Mr. M. took poorly yesterday evening. Still continues ill to-day. Speaking yesterday of returning again to Tanna in March. Man proposes but God disposes. Would that we could ever leave ourselves in his hand, who knoweth what is best for

us. When shall we attain to the grace of the apostle, who said, 'I have learned in whatsoever state I am therewith to be content?' O God, forbid that a murmur should ever escape my lips! What could a hell-deserving wretch expect, yet what blessings are there that I do not enjoy? Though separated from beloved parents and friends, God has raised up friends for me wherever I go.

"Enjoying a measure of health and strength myself for which I desire to feel grateful to thee, Oh, my Father in heaven!

"8. A good resolve, trusting in Jesus may I be enabled to keep it, to speak evil of no one. If you cannot speak of their qualifications, never speak of their faults. Watch and pray that ye enter not into temptation. But what I say unto you, I say unto all, watch. Mr. M. continues poorly, not quite confined to bed.

"22. Have read since I came here, 'Lamps of the Temple,' 'Life of Kitto,' 'Memoirs of Lowrie,' 'Of Rev. Daniel Temple,' 'Of Hannah More.' Reading 'Scott's Commentary,' and 'Dick's Celestial Scenery.' Find more delight in reading God's holy word, and more enlargement in prayer. Oh, that God would indeed teach me by his Holy Spirit!

From some of the above extracts it will be seen that Mrs. M.'s health was somewhat affected, partly by the climate, but more by the labours and anxieties through which she had passed. She was not however laid aside, and with the end of the rainy season, the unfavourable symptoms passed away. Mr. M.'s health gradually improved, though he was far from being completely restored. But he was resolved to return to his work on Tanna, and accordingly in the April following left Erromanga. We shall in the remainder of this chapter give some farther extracts from Mrs. M.'s correspondence and diary, toward the close of her residence there.

TO HER BROTHER.

"*Erromanga*, March 9.

"We have now been upon this island for nearly three months. Only think! time flying away, and I doing no missionary work. Mr. M. seems better, though not strong, indeed I doubt if he

ever will be strong, but he may live many years as he now is. I trust we may soon be at work again, but if it is otherwise ordered, may we be enabled to say, 'Thy will be done.' Pray, pray for the poor Tannese, that the time to favour them may soon arrive.

"Oh, my dear W., we can do very little, we may elevate their bodies, but what will that avail them if the soul perish; and it is only the Spirit of God that can quicken them, and make the word spoken to profit! You cannot imagine how degraded the inhabitants of the New Hebrides are. I think that they are the lowest in the scale of being of any on the face of the earth. Do not fancy when you hear of them reading their Bibles and praying that the work is done. It is only then begun. They require to be treated just as children. We must suit our instructions to their capacities. It is difficult to make them entertain preper ideas of God. They do not seem to comprehend or take in the wonderful idea of such a God as our God, and they seem to have no fear of death, never think of consequences, of a future. They live only in the present moment. Oh, W., does it not make you feel thankful that you were born in a Christian land, that you have ever heard of the way of life through Jesus?

"Oh, how I longed to hear from you! It grieved me to hear that you were teaching, and yet I felt pleased, for I thought if you had to struggle for an education, how much more you will prize it, and it may prove a blessing to you. Oh, won't it be sweet in heaven to talk over all the ways in which God's hand hath led us, and to see that all was for the best—that these *need-be's* at which we sometimes stumbled, have wrought for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory? Have you ever thought of the honourable position and responsibility of a school-teacher, especially in the country? What you have taught these little boys and girls, they will remember through life, and perhaps long after you are silent in the grave. And your example: 'No man liveth to himself!' We all carry an influence with us for good or evil. Read Longfellow's 'Psalm of Life.' Write to me about what is taking place in Nova Scotia,

if there has been a revival there. Is it not sweet to hear of the revival in Ireland, and some parts of England?

"This is your first trial in your struggle through life. Though it may seem large it is not. There are others and heavier looming in the distance. Welcome trial, if we at last reach the haven of rest. I am ever thinking of you. Every thing that troubles you troubles me. Yet I would not wish for you an unclouded life, lest you should look upon this world as your home.

"O, W., there is a bright beautiful home! Sorrow is unknown there. There we shall see Jesus and bask in the rays of his love. There we shall dwell for ever—no tears, no partings, no seas to separate us from one another. But we must strive to enter into this rest. My dear W., love your Bible, read it, and meditate upon what you read, and pray over it morning, noon and night.

"Pray for this mission, that it may prosper; pray that God would 'pour out his Spirit' upon Aneiteum. Though I have another mission, and if spared will labour upon a different island, yet my heart warms for Aneiteum, and I trust that many real converts may be found there, and that many from that island may be gathered into the kingdom of heaven.

"Learn to keep accounts and mark down everything you expend. At the end of every year, you will know what your expenditure has been, and upon how little you can live. Buy a proper book and keep a diary, jotting down what has occurred through the day. It is always useful for reference."

TO HER MOTHER.

Erromanga, March 13, 1860.

"It is very oppressive to-day, and writing not a very agreeable occupation; but if spared to return to our station, I will not have so much leisure time as I now enjoy. Mr. M. is very well just now, and we hope soon to be at work, but endeavour not to be too sanguine, lest we be disappointed.

"Your anxiety about me, dearest M., grieves me very much. You have given me up to this glorious work, and trials must and will befall. 'Who are these that are arrayed in white robes, and whence came they? These are they who came forth out of

great tribulation," &c. You think much more highly of me than I deserve. I know you always did. Oh, please do not! I do feel that I never did for you what I might have done, and now can do nothing.

"I long to be at work. No trial is so great as that of being idle. We can do nothing away from our station. The language is a great barrier in our way; and nothing can be done for the natives until it is acquired, which can only be by intercourse with them. There is no such thing as learning from books. Again, I entreat of you, dear ones, do not feel anxious about me. Is it right? Does not the same heavenly Father watch over us all? I have many comforts, many friends—whom God has raised up for me! I have met with many sincere friends wherever I have gone. I fear that I am not thankful enough for this.

"19. Yesterday was Sabbath, a lovely day. I thought of the many bright and beautiful isles in these seas, upon which the sun was shining, whose inhabitants know not of the true God. Every day is alike to them. Why do we not value our privileges more? 'Blessed are they that dwell in thy courts; they be still praising thee!' I read the 84th Psalm, with a deeper meaning now, since deprived of this privilege. I trust that Sabbath is a real day of rest to you—that there is no preparing of dinners on that day. I think so much about you, indeed, my heart is ever with you. Is it not delightful to hear of the revivals in many parts of the world at present? Oh, that the Spirit might be poured out upon churches in Nova Scotia! Who is there that does not rejoice to hear of the wonders God is working by his Spirit! We often pray for an outpouring of the Spirit, and yet when the answer comes, how indifferent we seem about it. The work here is arduous, and we can do nothing. God must open the door and prepare the hearts of the people to receive instruction. Be earnest for us at a throne of grace. I trust that I feel the benefit of your prayers. I know I am not forgotten by you."

TO HER BROTHER.

Erromanga, April 16, 1864.

"Had I acted in accordance with my feelings, I would have written you a long letter upon Saturday evening. Not pro-

crastination however, but weariness, and the idea that rest at that time was the more advisable, caused me to defer it until this morning. Saturday night was gloriously starlight, and after gazing for some time, I sketched the Southern cross for you, which you will never see in reality, unless you visit the Southern hemisphere, and Orion, which you can see in your own Northern hemisphere. Do you not always have a longing to be at home upon Saturday evening? Even more than at any other time. Love home, dear boy, and be happy there as long as you can; but I write to you as if you were still there, forgetting that you have begun life's struggles. Oh, Willie, be a man! Live for the great end for which you were created! The holier your life, the more happiness you will enjoy. Do not be an apology for a missionary or a minister. Oh, take the Bible only as your standard and directory! Seek not the applause of men, which is but an empty bauble. We cannot bear much praise or success. We are sure to be elated and get above ourselves.

"I took a long walk upon Friday evening, in company with Mr. and Mrs. G., to an eminence from which Tanna can be distinctly seen. Only think, we walked a distance of two miles and a half, and saw not one native. That gives you an idea of the population on this side of the island; and although it is a trial to have so few natives around one, yet in some respects it is a great relief. Only think or fancy yourself set down in a place surrounded by heathen coming into your house, filthy and dirty, lying about on your floor, sitting on your chairs, examining everything, and acting and speaking rudely. These are the petty annoyances a missionary upon Tanna is subjected to for the first few years, yet the loss of health is the greatest trial. Without that we can do very little, either for the natives or ourselves, and we require to be so perfect. They look to us as a pattern. The people in a manner partake of the disposition of the missionary. They cannot go beyond him.

"Do read and study 'Dick's Celestial Scenery,' which I mentioned in my last letter. Read history, ancient and modern. If you intend to be a missionary, you will more thoroughly enjoy life, if you have a knowledge of Geology and Botany. It will elevate you more, and lead you to enjoy in contemplation the

works* of God, and in proportion as you are elevated, so will those whom you go to instruct be elevated; and if your heart is ever lifting up from 'nature to nature's God,' you will really enjoy life. Life's trials will not rest so heavily upon you, if you feel that you are only a pilgrim and a stranger upon the earth; if you are journeying to the bright world above.

"It is said that when ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise, but deliver me from that ignorance, which only fancies the stars, as so many little bright sparks in the heavens, instead of glorious worlds inhabited, as we may take for granted by rational and intelligent beings, all engaged in celebrating their great Creator's praise! We know that God's works are perfect, and his ways unsearchable! Oh, dear M., my heart's desire is to see you a herald of the cross: yet do not hastily enter the ministry! I beg of you, study well human nature—have a thorough knowledge of yourself—be a sound theologian and judicious reasoner, that you 'may be able to give to every man a reason for the hope that is in you,' and you know knowledge is power. Think what an awful responsibility is attached to the office of the ministry; and how holy a minister's life should be, that he dishonour not Christ, or bring reproach on his cause. Weigh well these things in your mind. Do not imagine, because I write thus, I think you ignorant—far from it, it is only because I cannot converse with you, and I think we may incite each other to love and good works through the medium of faithful pointed letters."

The following are extracts from her diary at the same period.

"March 13. I trust that I am patient, yet long to hear from home. One gets very rusty out here. How important that our youthful years should be spent in storing our minds with knowledge, and that our reading should be of a solid kind, rather than the light, trashy reading so common in the present day. I regret my thoughtlessness, and easy disposition. How I could prize *now* the privileges I once enjoyed.

"How delightful to be a Christian, yet I often doubt if I am one, and tremble lest I should be resting on a false foundation.

Christ appears more adorable and lovely to me I think every day, and when I look to him I am happy; but oh, when I look within myself—the corruption, the filth, and vileness of my black heart, I have reason to hide my guilty head!

“17. Saturday evening. Lovely evening, pleasant breeze from the north. I desire to grow in grace. I do love my Saviour more. Upon Tuesday night we had a very severe thunder storm. I thought of the voice of God. Have thought much about home, yet no desire to return. I desire to work while it is called to-day, for the night cometh. Oh, that it would please God to permit me to do something! Sometimes I long to be in heaven. Again, I see multitudes perishing around me, and desire to tell others of the love of Christ.

“Thinking much about Tanna. I trust I am quite prepared to go back. I shrink not from the shadows flung across my pathway. In thee, Oh precious Saviour, I place all my confidence! Increase my faith. O Lord! may I be enabled to glorify thee, whether by life or death!

“24. Time flying, another week flown. And oh, how little accomplished! Upon Sabbath evening, the Rarotongan teacher took an ill turn and lingered speechless and suffering till Thursday night, when death terminated his troubles. Oh, that we might profit by this sad warning!

“Read the Scriptures now with more pleasure than ever before. Endeavouring to meditate more. Find it very hard to concentrate my thoughts upon any subject. O Jesus! if thou wilt not pity and rescue me, I must utterly sink into the pit. Lord! I believe, help thou mine unbelief. Thy word is very pure, teach me to love it. Oh, that my ways were directed to thy statutes!

“31. Mr. Matheson enjoys very good health now. And we look forward to be at our station soon. O Lord! be thou the breaker up of our way. If thy presence go not with us, oh, let us not go!

April 10. Very miserable, almost a sleepless night. O God in heaven, thou knowest wherein I have erred! I have sinned against thee, and am unworthy to enter thy service. Blessed be thy glorious name; thou dealest not with us according to our

iniquities. Last year when Mr. Matheson was poorly, I did shrink from returning to Tanna, remembering what I had suffered before, and it was represented to me that we would injure the cause of Christ, and that I was not walking in the path of duty if I went. O God! my heart is laid open to thee; thou knowest all my motives and my desires. 'If I have done iniquity, I desire to do so no more,' but to walk before thee, meekly, humbly, and prudently, hating even the garment spotted by the flesh. To thee, I commit my way, undertake for me, O Lord! If it be thy holy will, that we again enter upon our labours on Tanna, oh, fit and prepare us! Let thy presence go with us; be ever near to us, O Jesus! in the dark and cloudy day. Thou knowest my heart, O God! I seek not ease or pleasure. I desire only to win souls to Christ, and glorify thy holy name!"

CHAPTER VIII.

RESUMPTION OF LABOURS ON TANNA.

IN April, they removed to Tanna. Mr. M. was much better than he had been, but he was still so infirm that the other missionaries could not concur in the propriety of his undertaking the charge of a mission station still in its infancy, and on so rugged a field as Tanna. With the ideas of the natives regarding Christianity as the cause of sickness and death, it was extremely undesirable that its first representatives should be men of infirm health. The very fact itself was likely to produce an unfavourable impression. Besides the work involves an amount of labour, which would employ the energies of the most vigorous. Mr. Matheson's mind, from his complaint or complaints, for he seemed to have had a complication of disorders, was in such a state as in a great measure to render him unfit for such a charge. To gain the affections of such a people, a cheerful genial frankness of manner is very important, while the gloominess and irritability of the invalid must always tend to repel. Besides in his state of mind he was not capable of judging as to the real state of matters or of deciding as to the wisest plans to be adopted, and acting with that judiciousness, which is a prime necessity to a successful

missionary among that class of people. It would be vain to profess that while in this state he conducted the mission with either the efficiency or the wisdom that he would have done under other circumstances.

Since they left intelligence had been frequently received from Tanna. The death of Mrs. Paton and child, and the sickness of Mr. Matheson gave a great shock to the mission. A great loss was also sustained in the death of Nohoat. "He was," says M., "of very great service to us with regard to our settlement upon Tanna. He paid many visits to Tanna and went about talking to the people, trying, as he said, 'to make their hearts soft,' and much good I have no doubt resulted from his visits. He had spent a great part of his life upon Tanna, and seemed to have much influence.'

There had been a good deal of sickness among the natives, and previous to the 14th October, Mr. Paton had had 14 attacks of fever and ague. Still he laboured on, and not without some encouragement. Dr. Turner, who visited the island in October, was able to point out in a number of particulars, how much more encouraging the prospects of the mission were than when he resided on Tanna.

At Mr. M's. station matters were in a more favourable state. His house and property had been left untouched, and the people were anxious for his return so that another missionary might be settled among them. Taura, a chief of that neighbourhood, having visited Aneiteum, returned with glowing accounts of what he had seen, and afterward proved a friend of the mission as long as the missionaries remained on the island.

Mr. M., however, entered upon his work with an energy which must always be regarded as a striking proof of the power of the mind over the body. He maintained worship regularly on Sabbath, and on week days. He endeavoured to form schools for the purpose of instructing them in reading, to translate portions of Scripture and some small manuals, which he had printed on Aneiteum. He visited round among surrounding villages as he was able. To these labours were added the rebuilding of his house on a hill, as he believed that the lower situation was unhealthy. Mrs. M. entered upon her work with great joy. She had felt it keenly as a privation to be unemployed in mission work, and she now felt herself in the sphere which she desired. The burden upon her, considering that she was far from being robust, was heavy. Household work and household care, particularly in Mr. M.'s state of health, would have been thought by many more than enough of itself for her strength. But not contented with this she devoted herself to the proper missionary work. She gathered such girls around her as she could, though often the number was small. She instructed them in reading and sewing, and especially sought to instil into their minds religious truth. She talked to others, as she had opportunity, of their conduct and of the way of salvation, and she visited with Mr. M. as she could. She complains in her diary that she was making such slow progress with the language, but the other missionaries give her credit for having attained to a most creditable proficiency in it. But their work on the resumption of the mission will better appear by their correspondence,

from which we now make extracts. Mr. M. thus writes under date, May 14.

“You will be pleased to learn that, in the good providence of God, we have again been permitted to return to our station upon Tanna. We left Erromanga on the morning of the 19th ult. and arrived at Port Resolution the following afternoon. Upon our arrival at Port Resolution we were pleased to find our much esteemed and worthy brother, Mr. Paton, in the enjoyment of excellent health. During the past season he has had very many trials with which to contend from the hands of the natives. Several of the inland tribes have been at war with the harbour tribe among whom he is residing. The fighting has often been at his very door, and upon some occasions his life has been in imminent peril. At present the war is terminated—the harbour people seem to be friendly and say that they will not again go to war unless compelled to act in self-defence.

“As regards the work upon this side of the island prospects are at present very dark and discouraging—more so than for some years past. Several circumstances have combined to lead to this sad state. Several of our most influential people still stand aloof from us, and doubtless exert a bad influence over many others who might be disposed to attend worship on the Sabbath-day. The first Sabbath after our return we had but nine men and twelve women at service, and last Sabbath fourteen men and about the same number of women as on the preceding day.”

Mrs. Matheson thus writes to her parents :

“*Tanna*, April 23d, 1860.

“I have lost nothing by being absent a year from our station, but rather gained. I have learned more of native habits and character, and having acquired a little of the Aneiteum language I find it very convenient to be able to speak to the Aneiteumese here, and having a little of the language of one island is like having a key to the whole, as their ideas are alike and expressed much in the same way, although there is no similarity in the language. You have no idea of the work upon Tanna. Were

I to write you about matters as they really are you would be uneasy and anxious.

“Do not be discouraged at home if we cannot write to you in an encouraging manner. As far as we can judge, it will be a very long time before you can hear of such rapid progress as was made upon Aneiteum. We have a very different people to deal with, a people who say that, ‘they hate Jehovah and his worship and will never become worshippers.’ Remember that Paul may plant and Apollos water, but God alone can give the increase. We may labour a life-time here and not see the fruit of our labours. God only can change the hearts of his people. Remember the Tannese in your prayers. And, oh! pray for us that we may not faint nor be weary but that we may have strength to persevere.

“Yesterday being Sabbath, we visited some villages a little way in the interior, at which Mr. Paton conducted a short service. At one or two places we were well received, at others not so well as we could have wished.

“Kuaamera, May 3. Again at our own station. Mr. Paton very kindly brought us round in a boat. The day was fine and the sail pleasant. We have been busy to-day and yesterday arranging and making our house comfortable. Although those who used to profess to be our friends, have not shown themselves so friendly as formerly, yet we are not discouraged. God will bless his own cause here. We only require to exercise faith, to rely upon and hope in his word, for he has said that ‘Christ shall have the heathen for his inheritance, and the uttermost parts of the earth for his possession.’ There is not one native of this island as yet who has proper ideas of the true God. You cannot fancy what heathenism is—and cannibalism, what a dreadful thought! Man killing and eating his brother-man. Their practices are most revolting. They live in small filthy houses, but their plantations display a great deal of taste and ingenuity. Food is abundant here. We give fish-hooks, beads, &c., in exchange for food. They are also very fond of strips of red cloth for tying their hair. Nearly every man has a tomahawk, and very many of them have muskets, which they get from the foreigners, in exchange for pigs, yams. &c. Almost

all the men smoke, and many of them are perfect slaves to their pipes.

“Do not be uneasy if I do not write to you as frequently as I have been accustomed to do. We will have fewer opportunities here for some time, and the way between here and Port Resolution is closed up by land. It is not safe for the teachers to go from or come here except by water. There has been war here lately, in which this and the surrounding districts have been engaged, but we found all our articles and house perfectly safe, just as we had left them.

“Were it not for the promises our work would indeed seem hopeless. I assure you I read with a deeper interest Isaiah, chapters 35, 41, 42, &c. Pray much for us. Sometimes it seems hard to be separated from you all; again I feel that if I were instrumental in bringing even one soul to Jesus, I would be more than repaid. One moment in heaven will amply compensate for all we have suffered here. Oh, dear ones, let us live only for eternity! One week amid the monotony of those islands would teach you that there is nothing else worth living for. We only exist here a short time. There we must live for ever, either in happiness and glory unspeakable or in woe the depths of which no heart can conceive.”

TO HER MOTHER.

“*Tanna*, May 1st, 1860.

“Will you believe that a year has passed since the date of your last letters received in November? How I weary to hear from you. To-day I have been reading over all late letters; they are such happy ones. Yes, to me leaving home was a sacrifice, the cost of which I alone know. Mine was a very, very happy childhood, and sometimes I pine for a breath of my native air, for a glimpse of those I love more dearly than aught of earth. Again I remember, ‘He that loveth father or mother more than me is not worthy of me, and he that taketh not up his cross and followeth after me cannot be my disciple.’ Farewell then, scenes of youth and loved ones. Where Jesus leadeth, that is home to me. But I must tell you that I have been sick, lest you should hear of it in a worse form from other sources.

I am better, but weak. Oh, it is easy to be sick at home, where you have a loving mother and kind nurses rivalling each other in their attentions to you—where you have the comforts of life, the visits and prayers of faithful pastors! It is so different here where everything depends on one's self. I hope the dear girls will never be strangers in a strange land, although they cannot expect to be always with mamma. You will be glad to hear that Mr. Matheson enjoys excellent health. He is not entirely without attention, for I have baked in bed and have never allowed him to be without a little bread. Our provisions, you know, were ruined by the hurricane. All the flour we have had for some months past has been kept in a large pot, and, like the widow of Zarephath's, it seems to hold out until another supply shall come.

“I hope your ladies' society is still prospering. Do not be discouraged if we do not write encouraging letters. Satan will not readily relinquish his hold upon these people. Oh, no! the struggle may be long and severe; let us have your prayers.”

TO HER BROTHER.

“*Tanna*, May 7th, 1860.

“Oh, it is pleasant to be again at work! You know not, my dear boy, the trials and difficulties of missionary life. How wisely the future is hid from our view. Did we know beforehand all that would befall us by the way, we would be ready to recoil from the work. But with our trials seems to come the strength to bear them. Why is it that we are so unwilling to labour for Him who gave his life a ransom for us? What can we endure that Christ has not suffered for us already? Let his love for us constrain us not to live unto ourselves but unto him who loved us and gave himself for us.

“We left brother Gordon at Erromanga in the ‘Blue Bell,’ and in those coral seas, which the poets say never ruffle, were tossed about for two nights and part of two days, only think, not losing sight of either island. We were kindly welcomed to Port Resolution by Mr. Paton. He brought us round in the large boat. Old Nouhar, one of the chiefs at the harbour, with a few other Tannese came with us. He sat in the bow of the boat paddling

away with all his might, and with my old brown hat on his head, he made a very comical-looking figure-head. Mr. Paton returned early next morning. Things seem gloomy, but you know the darkest hour is just before the dawn. I do not feel discouraged. I know that God will bless his own cause on this island—that every tongue shall yet confess that Jesus is Lord.”

TO HER MOTHER.

“ *Tanna*, May 14th, 1860.

“Why do I write you this morning, except it be that I could write to you daily, for often does inclination prompt me? I dreamed last night that I was among you all. Oh, what would life be to me away from those I love were it not for the glorious work in which I am engaged! Yes, glorious it is, dear mother, and daily does my love for it increase, and my heart become more and more interested, notwithstanding the increasing difficulties with which we have to contend. Oh, how ‘can we whose souls are lighted’ see multitudes suffering and perishing daily, and not tell them of Him who came to save us from our lost and ruined condition? Why is it that we have been so much more happily situated than they? You know not, you cannot think of the misery and degradation of heathenism. I always feel for the natives so, in wet, cold weather especially. If they are sick they have no comforts like us, no warm houses or clothing. The natives here, as yet, are afraid of medicine. Once or twice they have ventured to bring a baby, who was supposed to be dying. The first who was brought, happily, recovered. Oh, to be able to speak to them! I am making progress in the language, but not so much as I would like. They have no idea of a Creator. They say that they made all things. We have not school yet since our return, as they are feasting just now, the yams being in season. They spend a great part of their time in dancing and singing their heathen songs, &c., and many make themselves quite ill with dancing, shouting, &c.

“I wrote to you very frequently from Erromanga. Here it is so difficult to write, I have so many things to think about. Every day seems to bring its own work and difficulties, yet amid all, we have many encouragements.

"Yesterday, Sabbath, oh, how much I thought about you all! I had four little girls in the house, trying to tell them something about Jesus. I said, 'Who loves Jesus?' They answered, 'We all, we all love Jesus.' Poor little dark-hearted creatures! They know him not to love him. The attendance upon Sabbath is not good, but we cannot expect a good attendance just now, while the people are feasting. Mr. M. keeps very well.

"We have such a nice boat! The natives are quite delighted with it, and it makes us of more importance in their estimation. Do excuse this badly written letter, but I just take advantage of a wet morning, when no natives are about. When they come into the house, I have to sit and watch them, lest they steal.*"

TO HER BROTHER.

"Tanna, May 30, 1860.

"Never offer yourself for a missionary until you are thoroughly educated, and then choose your own field. When will people learn that one placed on an isolated island among heathen, without society, instead of progressing in knowledge, is every day losing what he has acquired, if he does not apply himself, which few missionaries whose hearts and hands are engrossed with the work have time to do?

"Never offer yourself to any society until you have pondered well the subject—until you have counted the cost—until you feel that you can give up home, comforts, privileges, and advantages, and take up the cross and follow after Jesus. It becomes me not to speak of trials, for I have been touched but lightly. Yet there are times when it is pleasant to look back to the motives that induced us to enter this work. If they have been from pure love to Christ and a desire to serve him, then we feel a happiness otherwise unknown. If for a name, romance, or any other worldly motive, we find ourselves sadly mistaken; and if our hearts are not truly interested in the work, we cannot expect to enjoy much happiness in it. You know not what heathenism is. You know not what a dark, degraded people we have to

* The stealing from which they suffered was generally by unfriendly natives from some distance.

deal with. Well may they be levelled with the brutes, for they seem only to fight, eat, and sleep. Yet those people have souls—never-dying souls—and the missionary who dwells among them must witness scenes and listen to language from which he once would have recoiled. In speaking of the work anywhere, it is not what man does, but what God does. Oh, how little we can do! and daily do we feel our helplessness.

But we trust the day is breaking—
Joyful times are near at hand—
God, the mighty God, is speaking
By his word in every land.
When he chooses,
Darkness flies at his command.

May the day soon dawn here! Pray for the Tannese. My heart is more than ever interested in this glorious work.

“The people here are feasting. They seem to like me, notwithstanding my being a woman, and have invited us to see them feasting and dancing day after to-morrow.”

TO HER MOTHER.

“*Tanna*, June 5, 1860.

“Do not, I beg of you, ever be uneasy about me. I love this work, I love this people, and I know that many of them who come about us love me. We took a walk some four miles in the interior to-day; and you should have seen how gallantly our young chief, Kapuku, assisted me over the difficult places. Although I write thus highly about him, he is very dark-hearted; but I think he desires to know what is right. We are trying to prevail upon him to come and live on our premises. His young wife, Wymo, is a lovely girl. She has been ill for a long time, and is very much reduced. For some time past she has been living in the yard, but we cannot get her persuaded to take medicine. Oh! when will superstition be removed, the ‘idols thrown to the moles and to the bats,’ and this people be found clothed and in their right minds? How long, O Lord, how long?”

“ Our friends at home are very kind, and I know will be glad to give us what we ask for; but oh, we need their prayers ! The work is scarcely begun. The devil reigns triumphant, and I doubt there will be a severe struggle before his kingdom is shaken here; but God is all-sufficient, the work is his, and surely he will bless our humble endeavours. Only in so far as God works with us can we expect to prosper. We have not yet commenced school. Mr. Paton is preparing a little book which we expect will soon be completed. Mr. Paton is a faithful missionary. He has many annoyances from which we escape, owing to his residence at the harbour. The natives who come in contact with foreigners are very rude and saucy. Traders have, until lately, been afraid to come to this side of the island; but now they come frequently, to the great joy of the people, who love tobacco. Some persons, who wished to turn the missionary to account, said, the other day, that it would be good for us to write to these foreigners to come here frequently and bring plenty of tobacco. Delightful it is to hear of the outpouring of God’s Spirit in so many places. I trust that we too shall be visited, and that many of this degraded people shall be given to Christ for his inheritance. You cannot think what a trial it is at first not to be able to speak to the people. I have great hopes of one or two men, if we had the word of God to put into their hands. I have tried in vain, as yet, to get some little girls to remain in the premises. I have had the promise of one or two—but they are so loth to give up their vile practices. ”

In June, as related in the preceding memoir, Mr. and Mrs. Johnston arrived at Aneiteum; and all the missionaries (under which title we include females engaged in the work as well as males) proceeded thither to consult as to his location. On her return, Mrs. M. thus writes from Port Resolution :

“ We enjoyed exceedingly our short visit to Aneiteum. The church is very handsome, and would do credit to more civilized workmen. May God continue to prosper the work on that

island. It is the day of small things with us. The Tannese manifest little or no desire for the word of God. They wish to live and die as their fathers did. Yet we are not without a little encouragement. Kapuku, our chief, of whom I spoke in our last letter, accompanied us to Aneiteum. I hope the evidences of what the gospel has wrought there will encourage him to persevere. A few seem almost persuaded to become Christians, but no one has courage to come forward and declare himself upon the Lord's side. They think our religion very good for old people and those who are dying. The Tannese believe in the existence of a great evil spirit whom they call 'Karapanamun,' and say he lives on the top of the highest hill on the island, which is in or near the centre, and can be distinctly seen from all parts. Cease not to pray that the light may arise and shine, that the people may no longer say, 'Where is their God?' All is midnight darkness now, but the day cometh; let us watch and pray for it.

"We hope (D. V.) to go home to-morrow. We soon become attached to one spot, and love to call it home, though there is no place to which our hearts cling so fondly as the home of our childhood. When the ties which bind us to that are severed, then we feel that we are indeed pilgrims, and are led more earnestly to seek that rest of which it is said there will be no more going out. May we all meet in heaven, the Christian's home. Please thank the kind friends for me who have given me so many valuable presents. May we soon be able to cheer their hearts by telling them what God is doing for this people."

TO HER MOTHER.

"Tanna, July 31, 1860.

"Mrs. P.'s handsome present I have given to our chief Kapuku. Oh! dear mamma, you cannot imagine how delightful it is to see him, so attentive, and behaving so nicely, as he is doing at present, and influencing so many others. May God give him grace and strength to persevere, and oh, may we soon have the word of life to put in his hands!

"Aug. 1. We are progressing, though not as fast as we could wish. the language is such a hindrance. I trust we shall soon

overcome that difficulty. Two little girls are now living in the yard. One, an interesting, bright eyed little thing. She wears a nice upper garment, which she has made herself, and petticoat of the pandanus leaf, combs her hair and has quite a civilized appearance. The other has not courage to overcome prejudice yet, and adopt a proper covering, in place of their own, which consists merely of a strip before and behind, which, when the wind blows they might as well be without. As they grow older, this covering is enlarged, and when old, women wear a regular petticoat; but oh! they are so filthy, and it is so disgusting to see them blackened and greased, and their faces painted red and black."

TO HER BROTHER.

Tanna, Aug. 17, 1860.

"Would that I had the wings of a dove, to pay you a visit this evening. How much more pleasant than the meagre news of a letter. Do not think that because I have written to you to look and consider well other fields of missionary labour that I am averse to your coming here. Oh! no, far from it. If this be your choice, come; who will rejoice more than I. Yet I feared that you thought of those islands, because sister Mary is there, and I have written to you plainly that you may not be disappointed, should you ever come. Is not this right? Count well the cost dear W., before you offer yourself as missionary. Can you give up the comforts, privileges and advantages of civilized life, among other things, society, to come far hence to the gentiles, to labour amid squalid, filthy, degraded people, levelled I had almost said with the brutes? If you can, it will be because you have 'respect unto the recompense of the reward,' and he that hath 'left father or mother, or houses or lands for my sake and the gospel's,' shall in no wise lose his reward. And who would not? Oh! Willie, it is a glorious work. Strange, is it not, that it is given to such vile creatures as we, to be workers together with him. 'Even so Father, for so it seemed good in thy sight.' Pray dear W. that I may be fitted for it, that every necessary qualification may be given me. God often chooses to work by weak instruments, and surely I am one of the weakest. Be firm,

dear, in the path of duty. Never swerve in the least from it. All we say, think, or do, is known to our Father in heaven, and our good deeds are not unobserved by him. Let us endeavour to work, not as men pleasers, but doing the will of God from the heart. There is but one path that leads to God. All others lead astray. May we be found walking in that path, and striving to enter in at the strait gate, for it is said that 'Many shall seek to enter in, but shall not be able.'

"Your question, as to what we live upon, is very easily answered, pigs, fowls, fish—eggs if we can get them, goats' milk and goats' flesh, yams, taro, sweet potatoes, bread-fruit, (when in season it is soft, yellow and porous, not unlike pound cake in its appearance;) bananas; but we require acquired tastes for nearly all tropical fruits and vegetables. I can only compare the appearance of taro to castile soap, mottled.

"Kapuku says he will write to you some day. He writes on the slate and makes nice figures. Pray for the Tannese. Now our Lord Jesus Christ himself and God, even our Father, who hath loved us and hath given us everlasting consolation and good hope through grace, comfort your heart and stablish you in every good word and work, and 2 Thess. i. 11, 12. is the prayer of your loving sister."

The general state of the mission work at this station is thus described in a letter of Mr. Matheson's of the 14th Aug.

"The external prospects of the mission upon this island are apparently beginning to brighten, but none have as yet given any decided evidence of their having embraced the gospel. Some two or three profess to have renounced some of the worst and most disgusting abominations of heathenism—one of whom is the young chief of the district in which we reside. He has been living in the yard during the last six weeks, and his conduct has been most exemplary. He says he is anxious to know the word of God, and embraces every opportunity of communicating to others what little knowledge he has himself acquired. His wife died shortly after he came to live with us, and he consented to

have her buried. Their usual practice is to throw their dead into the sea, and then some of the usual heathenish ceremonies are performed—such as kindling a fire and keeping it burning several hours for the purpose of keeping the devil from stealing her spirit. After the fire has been burning sufficiently long in their estimation to cause the devil to give up all hope of being successful, and to go and seek his prey in some other quarter, they destroy all the property formerly belonging to the deceased; the live stock, which consists principally of pigs and fowls, is given to the nearest relations to be immediately killed to furnish food for a feast, the number of guests being in proportion to the quantity of food. According to Tanna etiquette the young chief was the person by whom the fire should have been kindled, the property distributed, the feast made, and the guests invited, but he took no part in any of the proceedings and countenanced them only by his presence.

Yaresi and Namaka are still professedly friendly. But as to the latter I would not object to see some more substantial evidence of his friendship before placing much confidence in his profession. He attends church occasionally, but has not renounced any of his heathenish practices. His youngest son is at present very ill, apparently dying. I heard of his illness last week, and also that his father had suspected a certain young man as the cause of his son's trouble. This youth he intended to kill, if the child should not recover. I spoke very plainly to the old man about the sinfulness of such conduct, told him that God only had the power of inflicting disease, that we must all die very soon, &c. He seemed willing enough to admit the probability of our dying some time, but he did not feel satisfied that God only has the power of killing and making alive. To admit the latter would be a very serious infringement upon the rights of a Tanna man, and a robbing him of a glory to which he feels himself justly entitled. I have just heard that they do not expect the child to survive to-day, and Namaka has suspected another young man in addition to the former, both of whom he has ordered to be killed upon the death of his child. This son, if spared, was to have succeeded him as chief, consequently his

death will cause more excitement than if he had only been a common child.

“The attendance at worship on Sabbath-day is steadily increasing. Yesterday there were twenty males present, which was an increase of some four or five upon any preceding Sabbath. In the morning we have worship at our own station, after which I itinerate during the remainder of the day. In going inland we have no stated places of meeting. Sometimes we go in one direction, and, if we are sufficiently fortunate to come upon some three or four persons unobserved, have a short service with them, and proceed until we come to some other village or fall upon some other party, all of whom we generally find as busily engaged on the Lord’s day as on any other day in the week, some fencing, some housebuilding, some preparing yam mounds, &c. The shore women spend the Sabbath fishing, and the inland women making plantations. This is still the day of small things, but in the midst of our trials and our difficulties we have our encouragements and our hopes.”

The event referred to in the above letter Mrs. Matheson describes more fully in a letter of date August 24.

“We have been visiting some distant districts to-day. The walk is very fatiguing, as there are no roads here such as we have at home, merely footpaths, and we have sometimes to clamber over rocks, sometimes to cross streams and beds of rivers. A strange feeling creeps over one while visiting places where the foot of white man never before trod. If the stones could speak, what dark, horrifying tales they might tell of scenes of bloodshed, and sins of which it is a shame even to speak ! This, dearest M., is one of the DARK places of the earth. There are people here who pretend to make wind, rain, to cause disease, &c.

“Namaka, a celebrated chief, had a lovely, promising little boy, the pride and darling of his old age, who, in the course of time, was to have inherited the chiefship. Lately he became sick and died. The natives suppose that nobody dies a natural death. Some person has brought disease, or done something, and the spirits are angry. Day after day Namaka visited the

neighbouring districts, to discover, if possible, who was bringing this illness to his child. He would not be convinced by all that Mr. M. or I said to him. He requested that Nohoat should be buried in our yard, to which we agreed; so, after a nice little coffin had been made, and the body placed in it, some persons went from here and brought it, and we buried him by moonlight, on account of the excitement occasioned by his death. What a strange group we seemed—so many savages sitting armed on the ground, the women wailing, and the little rough box containing the remains of this promising child, lying waiting to be conveyed to its final resting-place. Wild, angry clouds were flitting across the sky, sometimes hiding the struggling moonbeams from our view. Naught broke the deathlike stillness that reigned, save the occasional wail of the women. Oh, how it saddened our hearts to think that the little one knew not of Jesus—of him who said, ‘Suffer the little children to come unto me!’

“Just as all was over, some one said, There is Namaka. He had remained at home, not wishing to see his child buried; but not being able to restrain his feelings, followed. He was a perfect picture of grief. After prayer he seemed more resigned, and we little thought he was determining revenge upon the man who he supposed had destroyed his child. The next night, he, in company with others, cruelly murdered a poor man, and threw him into the sea, not far from our house. War ensued. All the villages, property, and food in that district have been destroyed, and every one of the Anuikaraka people have fled. Old Yaresi, who knew nothing of what had been done, was on his way to our house, but being told on the way, turned about and fled with the rest. However, about midday on Sabbath, we were rejoiced to see him back, and he intends to remain at Anuikaraka. The work of destruction is still being carried on, but, through Yaresi’s influence, will not come near us. Yesterday was a day of excitement among the natives, but we had nothing to fear. We know who has said, ‘Lo, I am with you always.’

“God has raised up friends for us among this dark people. The enemy is very busy. Surely he is afraid of his kingdom

here, which I trust will soon be destroyed by the King of kings. You know nothing of the darkness of the hearts of these people. Every day brings its own little difficulties and trials; but let us never be discouraged. He who has protected us when our enemies were raging, has surely some work for us to do. 'If God be for us, who can be against us?' Christ shall have the heathen for his inheritance, and reign until all his enemies are put under his feet.

"Oh who would live alway in this world! Here all our joys are imperfect, every pleasure mixed with pain. Here are sorrowings and partings. What a happy thought, that there is a bright world prepared for us, that we have only to cross the Jordan of death, to enter into its perfect joys. *There* there is nothing to make the heart sad, there we shall be clad in white robes, and taught to sing the song of Moses and the Lamb. Let us therefore fear, lest a promise being left us of entering into this rest, any of us should come short of it. Let us stand, having our loins girt about with truth, and our lamps burning. Do not think because I write thus, that I think I am good or fit even to speak of such things. Far from it; I fear that I cannot lay claim to the name of Christian. We are apt to grow cold and careless out here; to dream away life. There is so much sameness in the events of every day. Sometimes I long for the wings of a dove, that I might peep in at you all, and see you just as you are, but I feel quite contented and happy at the post of duty. Only it is a great trial to be separated from you all. Were it not for the hope of meeting in a better world, how could we bear it."

TO HER MOTHER.

"*Tanna*, Oct. 5, 1860.

"I have written to you very frequently since our return to Tanna, much more so than I shall be able to do during the incoming season. Perhaps I do not write as fully about the work and the state of matters here as you would like. But the fact is I wish to write truthfully. I wish to make no statements, that might afterward be contradicted; and one day prospects may

look very pleasing, the next all dark and gloomy. A few weeks since, I might have written to you about our flourishing school of boys and girls. Now it has dwindled away, but we hope after plantation work is over it may revive.

“You seem concerned about my visit to Erromanga. I do not regret it. There I had not much to do, and plenty of time to think. Of course my thoughts were much about home, but I trust I learned to be more content and happy in any situation. Could we ever bear in mind that it is God who disposes all things concerning us, fewer would be our murmurings and re-pinings when all is not just as we would wish. The work here is upon the whole rather encouraging, but oh! we have such dark hearts to deal with, so much superstition and so many vile practices to battle with. Looking at ourselves we say, ‘Who is sufficient for these things.’ Looking upward, we hear a voice saying, ‘My grace is sufficient for thee.’ I will make this people ‘willing in the day of my power.’ And so they shall be. Let us pray more and more earnestly for this happy period. Wrestle with God for the salvation of these people.

“This is Saturday, and I am alone. Mr. M. is up on the hill putting the house together. It was taken apart, as Mr. M. imagines that its situation was not healthy. It is so near to us that we can hear calling upon the hill quite distinctly at the sea-side. I generally set apart Saturday evening to prepare for Sabbath, but surely a few moments will not be misspent in writing to my dear mamma. I feel so much at home to-night, and why? Instead of sitting in the big lime house, without any fire, I am comfortably (!) seated in a native house, which I shall describe. Its length I cannot exactly give. It is not any longer than our large room, and not so wide. The ground is spread with coral upon which mats are laid. In the centre a little hole is made, and a fire kindled. As there is no opening for the smoke to escape, you may imagine that we get more than an agreeable share of it. We have a little portion partitioned off for ourselves, while Kapuku and the little girls and Viavia and wife live in the other end. So you see we are in the midst of the natives, and it is the chattering and merry laugh of the little girls, that makes me feel so much at home to-night. You

cannot think how much I miss society. Having had little sisters and brother, I like to be among the natives. I am happiest then, and I do love them. It has been remarked by missionaries' wives that you may feel interested in natives, without becoming attached to them, but I cannot fancy how that can be. We are here not to keep them down in their former state, but to raise, elevate them, (which the gospel only can do,) teach them to live here in preparation for another world, where we hope to meet with them, where there are no distinctions in colour or class. Poor Tannese, I fear their days of independence are nearly over. As soon as this island has been opened up by the gospel, probably the white man will take possession, and the poor natives die out.

TO HER BROTHER.

"Tanna, October 16.

"I have three little girls between the ages of ten and thirteen, all betrothed, names Kavila, Kopia, and Umaitahak, the latter a dear little girl and very great assistance. We had a nice number of young men in attendance at our morning class until plantation work began. Since then school is almost broken up. The language is still the great barrier. I am making a little progress. I speak both in Aneiteumese and Tannese every day.

"Doesn't life seem strange to you now, the days so much shorter, the months, the years and time, time flying on so quickly? And now, my darling brother, adieu.

TO HER MOTHER.

"Tanna, October 24, 1860.

"We visit among the people now as the way opens up. I like visiting very much. The people in general receive us kindly, and are becoming more friendly. Indeed we have much reason to thank God and take courage; and oh! when I think of the many tokens of God's favour we experience, I blush to think that we are so unworthy, so unfit to be engaged in this high and holy service. I often wonder if I shall be permitted to see any of these poor degraded creatures, sitting at the foot

of the cross, worshipping the true Jehovah in spirit and in truth. God only knows. This cause is his own. Oh, pray, pray for the Tannese. They too are passing away. Since we have returned many have died ; three lovely girls and three little boys among the number. I cannot help feeling sad, sad when the young die, and wishing that they might have been spared to learn of the truth as it is in Jesus. A dear little girl is sitting by me while I write, child-like, with a piece of paper and pen trying to write. Some of them write very well on the slate. Kapuku especially writes very nicely, and makes nice figures. The little girls sew very nicely ; one in particular often sews for me. I used to think when I first came I should be so pleased to see the natives clothed. Now I feel so differently. The clothing is not of so much importance as the change of heart, though it is very necessary. Would that the truth, imperfectly as yet it is known to them, might penetrate their darkened hearts. They do not seem to have any word for compassion, and there seems to be no such emotion within them. There is no word expressive of gratitude. Both of these words exist in the Aneiteum language.

“26. Since writing the former part of this letter we have come up the hill, native name Imoa. Every thing in nature is so lovely here, and such a monotony reigns around, that sometimes I think I could dream away life, were it not for the awful wretchedness by which we are surrounded. Oh, no ! no room for trifling here—no time to spend upon the body. Duty bids us be up and doing, for multitudes are perishing. ‘Darkness covers the earth, and gross darkness the people.’ How long, oh ! how long, shall the enemy triumph !

During this period Mrs. M. was generally too busy to write much in her diary. The entries which it contains show the same striving after conformity to the Saviour, and her deep interest in the mission. Sometimes she was much encouraged, at other times somewhat discouraged. But we have no space for extracts.

CHAPTER IX.

TRIALS AND CALAMITIES.

OUR last chapter showed the mission work on Tanna going on if with no bright indications of immediate success, yet with no particular discouragement, and even with some encouragement. These fair prospects were soon overclouded, and it pleased the Great Head of the Church to visit the Tanna mission with a series of trials, far surpassing any that had preceded it, and such as few missions in their early stages have been called to pass through.

The first of this was the scourge of measles to which we have already referred. On Tanna we cannot say what proportion of the natives, but some hundreds in number died either from that disease itself, or the after results. It is certainly a singular dispensation of Divine Providence, that while the natives of this island have such superstitious notions regarding Christianity as causing disease and death, hitherto almost every attempt to introduce Christianity among them has been followed by severe epidemics. It was so when teachers were settled among them previously, by which we have seen the mission was more than once broken up. And now when the field was occupied by European missiona-

ries, and the kingdom of Satan appeared to be assailed with such vigour as to augur its early downfall, God was again pleased to try the mission on the very point on which they were most afraid, and to send disease more fatal than any that had preceded. Doubtless one design was to show our dependence on him for success, and to render the glory of success more conspicuous in being achieved in the face of the difficulties thus raised.

When these savages lose their friends one of their strongest emotions is rage. They are ready in such cases to vent it upon any person or thing that may cross their path. In this way it is common for them on such occasions to destroy their own property. But more frequently as they regard disease as always caused by some person, they vent their wrath upon the supposed author of the calamity, just as Namaka did, as mentioned in the last chapter. When therefore they saw their friends dying in such numbers, and the disease nearly universal, we need not wonder that their rage was unbounded, nor as they had so long regarded Christianity as the forerunner of sickness, that their feelings should be strongly excited against the missionaries.

The manner in which the disease was introduced served to confirm their impressions. A vessel called at Mr. Matheson's station with the measles on board. No mention was made of the fact, but on the contrary those in charge of her expressed to Mr. M. a wish that one of the great chiefs should come on board, professing that they had something to give him. Kati was not at hand, and Mr. M. referred them to Kapuku. The latter consented to go on board, and was kept there some time. He was afterward landed some distance off, with-

out having received any thing except the infection of the measles. Through Kapuku the disease was thus introduced into that part of the island, and as he resided on the mission premises, it is not wonderful that the rage of the heathen was excited against the missionary. A vessel (we believe the same one) came about the same time to Port Resolution. There those in charge of her applied to the Aneiteumese teachers to take into their houses some Lifu men that were sick. In ignorance of the nature of the disease, and in charity for the afflicted, they consented. But the men landed were just dying from measles, and the Aneiteumese teachers took the disease, and some of them died from it. From them it spread among the natives. Thus in both cases through the wickedness of white men, the Christian religion received the blame of introducing the disease.

It is painful to say it, but there can scarcely be a doubt that it was introduced wilfully, not with the special view of injuring the natives, but with the view of getting the missionaries into trouble. This we know is a dreadful thing to say, but such an act would be quite in accordance with the character of many of the men, who trade among the islands. The white men who have visited these islands hitherto, have been chiefly engaged in the sandal-wood trade. This wood is used by the Chinese for burning in their temples, as it is odoriferous, and also for the manufacture of various fancy articles. Many of those hitherto engaged in the business have been the vilest of men. Upon the natives they have practised every form of oppression and cruelty, sometimes taking natives off one island and selling them for

wood on another where they would doubtless be killed and eaten.

Then think of their having a regular trade in women, perhaps purchasing for some tobacco to a chief, or a musket, choice young women of a land to be kept on board these vessels for the basest purposes.

Many of the atrocities formerly prevalent have been arrested through the representations of the missionaries, and the vigorous interpositions of British men of war. A better class of men, too, are now engaged in the trade, and to some of these the missionaries have been deeply indebted. But there still remains enough evil doing to excite the most bitter hostility of many of them against the missionaries. Hitherto the worst that missionaries have ever suffered in these islands has been from the misconduct of white men, sometimes indirectly from the natives not understanding the difference between the two, at others directly by their instigating the natives against the missionaries. Instances have been known of their urging the poor savages to drive the latter away by promises of tobacco and other articles. At the time referred to, there can be no doubt that some of our own countrymen tried to persuade the natives that Christianity was the cause of the disease.

As we have seen, all was excitement through the island, and even the lives of the missionaries were in danger. For a time their efforts with the natives were almost broken up, and the whole time was occupied with relieving the wants of the sick. Their labours in this way doubtless in some measure softened the prejudices of some of the people, but many still remained hostile.

We subjoin extracts of correspondence during this trying period.

Mr. M. thus writes under date January 2, 1861.

“Some six weeks ago, however, measles broke out upon this side of the island, from the effects of which many have suffered and are still suffering. Kapuku, who had been living with us for some time, was the first taken ill. His friends endeavoured, and that too effectually, to persuade him that we were the cause of the sickness, and that, if he still continued to live with us, they would all die. He at length yielded to their oft-repeated entreaties and left us—more from fear of being killed, I think, than from any fear about us causing the sickness. He knew that if the disease should spread, and if the chiefs should attribute it to the new religion, according to their custom some one or more of our professedly worshipping people should be killed, and none more likely than himself, as he had declared himself most favourable to us. The disease did spread, and, as we feared, the new religion got the credit of it. They agreed to kill one young man, but he escaped in a trading boat, which fortunately happened to be in the harbour when they were in pursuit of him. For some time previous to the breaking out of the measles their open hatred and their violent opposition to the gospel, and everything connected with it, were becoming daily more and more apparent. Taking our lives excepted, they resorted to every imaginable expedient to have us flee, or at least to say nothing more to them about the new religion. When taken ill they declared that I had smitten them with the measles, in order to be revenged on them for having recently stolen from us with such a high hand. Their being all sick, and my health having never before been so good on Tanna, confirmed their suspicion. This, as you may naturally suppose, added fresh fuel to the flame, and increased the hitherto apparently boundless rage of the infuriated natives. But what could they do? They were every soul, man, woman and child, prostrated, and not one had any power to lift a hand against us. Their rage on that occasion surpassed everything that I had ever before witnessed, but that God who can set restraining bounds to the

wrath of man, and who can ever cause it to redound to his own praise, has, after permitting the enemy to vent his wrath upon us to a certain extent, restrained the remainder of that wrath."

And again under date February 1.

"During the month of January, our average male attendance has been nine and a quarter, three of whom were children. Fifty-seven on this side of the island have died of the after consequences of the measles, such as inflammation of the lungs, inflammatory sore throat, &c. One woman committed suicide in order to accompany her recently deceased husband to the world of spirits, preferring to die by her own hand rather than submit to the cruel torture and death which she knew awaited her. Two women were killed, their bodies exhibited at all the villages on this side of the island, feasted over at every village, and at every feast a portion of each body was eaten. We had two hurricanes; one on the 3d, the other on the 10th, each of which has done much injury to native food and property—three earthquakes of greater or lesser violence, the last, on Sabbath, the 20th, was the most severe I have ever felt. We have also had four terrific thunder-storms, all of which were accompanied with heavy rain. All things considered, the month of January, 1861, is one not soon to be forgotten on Tanna. Native report says that the mortality has been equally great at the other side of the island."

From Mrs. M.'s letters and diary, it would appear that during these trying times, she not only was in peace, calmly trusting in her Father and her Saviour, but that she enjoyed such a sweet and perfect assurance of God's love, and her interest in the Saviour, as she had scarcely ever enjoyed before. We subjoin some of her letters.

TO HER BROTHER.

Tanna, Dec. 28, 1860.

"The old year is dying away, the new year approaching, and who shall tell what is written in its records concerning us?

Who shall turn over the pages in the book of futurity, and say thus and thus it shall be? Before we reach another milestone in the journey of life, it may be said to us, the Master is come, and calleth for thee!

“Oh, my darling brother, if you are enjoying a constant peace beware! Calms are dangerous and deceitful. The life of a Christian is a warfare. Do not be discouraged, if every day reveal to you more and more of the corruption of your heart, but pray that you may see yourself just as you are, just as God sees you! Look not lightly upon sin; rather endeavour to see its odiousness in the sight of God, as that which caused the great Creator to come to this world and die! Oh, what a costly gift! Who would refuse the pearl of great price for the vanities of earth?

“I am now buried deeply in Dick’s Theology, and find it a most readable book. My mind has been enlightened upon many subjects, of which no Christian should be ignorant. I long to be able to read the Greek Testament. Were it not for my want of perseverance, I might, for I have a Grammar and other books here; but the truth is that *the work* here must engage all our attention.

“Measles have been introduced by the foreigners, and the natives are dying every day, particularly the aged, and those who have been diseased before. Oh, it rends my heart to see them going down to the pit, when the door of life is open to them; and distressing to see those who are well so unconcerned! Truly, they have been given over to strong delusion that they may believe a lie.

“Jan. 1, 1861. Darling W., another year is now among the things that have been. Now, can I spend this day away from my home? My heart is breaking to see you all once more. Yet I feel nearer to you than ever. But W. dear, I do not think we shall ever all meet here. It would be too much happiness. Let us then, oh let us tread in the narrow way—let us strive to enter in at the strait gate! Let us not heed the flowers by the wayside! *There* the flowers never fade, *there* is the river whose streams make glad the city of our God! Oh, if I only knew that you had given up the world, and with your cross were fol-

lowing after Jesus! it would give me unspeakable happiness. Do not think that I am good. Oh, no, long and severe has been the struggle between the flesh and the spirit; and if left for a moment to myself, I must perish! But I have been led to see the unsatisfactoriness of earth's pleasures, yes, to feel the sting they carry with them. 'He builds too low, who builds beneath the skies.' Yet I have panted after the dust of the earth—have been content to make my home here, until by difficulties, and the stern duties of life, God has said, arise, this is not your rest! There is no such thing here as rest! When he leads us by the still waters, and makes us to lie down in green pastures, we shall know in its fullest extent what that word meaneth, and not till then. Seek it not here then, love; lean not upon anything earthly, lest it give way and pierce you through. 'Love not the world.' If you love Christ, be not ashamed to confess it to the world! Let not the flame of piety in your heart be like the dim unsteady flicker of a candle; rather let it be like the morning light, that grows brighter and stronger unto the perfect day.

"I had a remarkable dream not long since. I thought an intensely black cloud was rising up and pending over us. The cloud has risen in reality. Yet I never felt so happy in the work, nor felt more assured that the kingdom of the enemy is tottering soon to fall, that Satan is now trembling for his seat, and mustering all his puny might before his final overthrow.

"To-day we have set apart as a fast. The measles are raging, and the people one after another being cut off. They do not understand it, and talk of killing persons to revenge it. But no person seems to have power, and we are here and among the people daily, unharmed, unhurt. It is the hand of God.

"Lately I have had such longing to soar away up amid the peaceful clouds, in other words, to enter that haven of rest; but I find that this is wrong. I do not wish to shrink from duty; rather would I say, Give me sufficient grace to bear me through, and then command of me what thou wilt. And now if I would tell how my heart beats for home, and yet that I have not a desire to be there, you would not understand me.

"I think of the choir always on Sabbath, and wish I could

blend my voice with the others. I long for the sanctuary, and remember when we took sweet counsel together and walked to the house of God in company. I very seldom sing Hinsbury, Arlington, or Martyrdom with a clear voice. Very often my eye becomes dim. Strange, is it not? What can be in those tunes to chain my voice and hold it in control? It must be because I hear home sounds rushing upon my ear, and home thoughts fill my heart. But you will weary of my sad strains.

“ ‘Beloved, if our hearts condemn us not, then have we confidence toward God, and *whatsoever* we ask we receive of him, because we keep his commandments and do those things that are pleasing in his sight.’ ‘And another angel came and stood at the altar, having a golden censer, that he should offer it with the prayers of all saints upon the golden altar which was before the throne.’ ‘Wherefore comfort one another with these words.’

“Jan. 4. O, darling W., my heart bleeds for these people! and without a thorough knowledge of the language I can do so little for them. Will you pray for your unworthy sister, that she may be found faithful? To-day a promising young man who died of consumption was buried in the sea. I watched them performing the inhuman last, sad office, and his soul! gone, oh! where, into eternal torment? O, God, arise, destroy the kingdom of the enemy! Take to thee thy great power and reign!

“We had a terrific storm last night. They accused us of making it, (!) and when they came to the conclusion that we did not, some supposed it was the Port Resolution people. O. Lord! how long, how long, holy and true, shall the foolish people blaspheme thy holy name? Do you know, dearest, I have always had a presentiment that I would die young? ‘Could I but read my title clear,’ I would long to soar away upward, but if I could be of service here rather would I stay, and be found a faithful labourer in the Master’s vineyard. I should love to meet with you all once more. Could you see me now, how changed, how different, I trust, from the silly, thoughtless girl of former days. I have enjoyed such excellent health, and grown careless of myself. You will tire of my egotism, so I stop to-night.

“5. We had a terrific hurricane—the first of the kind I have experienced. We had to leave our house and go to the seaside, taking possession of a grass one for part of a day and one night. Next morning was so peaceful I went to the sea and washed my face in a little brook, and nature looked so beautiful there I felt sorry to ascend the hill. Our house was in a deplorable state, our store blown a foot or so in another direction, and my kitchen shattered, immense limbs of trees lying about, our fence nearly all down, &c. The amount of damage in the house was not so great as we expected, and by a little extra work to-day and yesterday we have made ourselves comfortable and begun life again. Oh, these flittings! how they unhinge our affections—how they make us long for the home where we shall go no more out.

“A peaceful, sunny afternoon, so monotonous, nothing to enliven, yet, dearest, I am happy. I have no wild longings for home. My heart is bleeding, burning for those who are sitting in the region and shadow of death. Oh! when will the blessing come? When the dry bones live? So far as we can see, matters have gone backward with us, the last few weeks, but let us remember whose the work is; and can we, dare we repine, or hasten it before the time?

“The volcano is unusually active just now. It explodes every two or three minutes with a terrific noise, and though we must be at least twenty miles from it, it seems just at our ears. A north wind prevails and we get a large amount of ashes, which destroys food, and makes everything filthy outside.

“Could you and I walk together this afternoon; could we gaze at the great hills bathed in the setting sunlight, or, seated under the shade of our ponderous iron wood, urge each other onward. Oh! who would not be a Christian, even if there were no blessed hereafter? Oh, blessed be God’s holy name, there is an hereafter, a heaven of rest, peace, love, and joy, where it will be impossible for us to sin!

“If God see fit to withhold from us many of the comforts and privileges of life, let us never murmur. He doeth all things well. Our glorious Saviour chose the poor as his followers.

Yea, for our sakes he became poor, and he says, How hardly shall they that have riches enter into the kingdom of heaven."

TO MISS M.

"Jan. 7th, 1861.

"I trust that this people will learn that Jehovah is a God not to be trifled with, that they who worship must worship him in spirit and in truth. As yet they have been *Afuaki*, only for the temporal advantages, accompanying the word of God, as they say, because food is more plentiful, and they have a strong desire for foreign property. Yet they are loth to part with their sins. Katī, our chief, said to me one day, 'It is very good for you and the word of Jehovah to stop here, but we cannot give up Kava and tobacco. We love these things.' This people have no idea of a Creator; and we cannot find words to express the greatness of God. They understand about providing for the body, but the soul is a new idea, and they wonder when we speak of its importance. They believe that the spirits of the departed walk the earth, and profess to have seen them. When a man dies all his property is destroyed. If he is a chief of importance some persons are killed to revenge his death, and sometimes the people of the village in which he resided burn their houses and remove to another 'land.'

"Many people are dying from measles, introduced by foreigners. All have taken it. In some villages all are prostrate at one time. This is the season for plantation work, but owing to the sickness, it has been neglected. The volcano has been unusually active, and a large amount of ashes blown over in this direction, which completely destroys food. And, lastly, we have had a terrific storm, which has done much injury to plantations and fruit trees, so that a scarcity of food, if not a famine, may be expected. Of course all these calamities are attributed to the new religion, and they have often threatened to burn our house down, but no one seems to have power or courage, although the day has been repeatedly appointed. We do feel for them; oh, that they knew how deeply! and would that they would listen to the way of salvation which we make known to them, though as yet imperfectly. Truly they have been 'given

over to strong delusion to believe a lie.' 'The god of this world hath blinded their minds.' A few days since a woman, whose husband died, climbed a cocoanut tree, threw herself down, and was buried with him. Wailing for the dead is a perfect mockery. While death is yet struggling with its victim, the women gather around, apparently without a spark of feeling, laughing, gossiping, and making preparation for the after-feast. As soon as the spirit has departed, wailing commences, throwing ashes on the head, destruction of property, while one, generally the chief mourner, sings the virtues of the deceased.

"We have never felt more happy in the work than at present, or more sure that the day is not far distant when the kingdom of the enemy shall be overturned. As yet all we say to these people falls like 'seed by the wayside,' until the blessing come. Oh, shall we not wrestle with God in prayer for the degraded inhabitants of this island? Pray for us, for me, that I may not be a cumberer of the ground, but faithful unto death."

TO HER MOTHER.

"Tanna, Jan. 14, 1861.

"Dearest M., I look very differently upon life now. I feel that some persons are surely praying for me, and wonderfully have their prayers been answered on my behalf. I feel as if nothing here could satisfy me now, not even a visit home to you, dear ones. Why is it that we forget that we were born to die? that when we see our friends fall around us, we speak as if it had been by accident, something strange that they should die, and never fancy death's coming to ourselves, put the evil day afar off? It is an awful thing to die. Let us see to it that we are building on the sure foundation. Forbid that we should be saying to ourselves, Peace! when there is no peace. Let us live, dearest M., for eternity. Do not think that I write in too gloomy a strain, or fancy that I am good. Oh! never was there a heart so bound to the world, never one who had more need of hiding her head in the dust than I.

"The little girls are beginning to come about again. They are also improving in reading, and can spell words of three and four letters; but they do not attend regularly, and some days I

have two, sometimes three; so I fear I am too impatient, too anxious to see the fruit of my labours. Oh, if I may be the instrument in bringing even one little heathen girl to a knowledge of the truth! Yet perhaps this may never be. Yet surely the *will* will be accepted. If I know myself, there is nothing I desire in preference to a life spent in the service of Christ.

"How I would enjoy a winter day! Oh, how thankful I am that I was born in Nova Scotia, to have known the delights of spring, summer, autumn, and winter as they roll round! But, dearest M., 'this frame of things must end.' Though the seasons roll round, yet we must soon quit this earthly scene. Oh, that we could ever bear this in mind, and live as for eternity!

"26. A few moments at twilight upon Saturday (the evening we used to love) with my own precious M. Oh, it is sweet to know that one is loved and cared for, dearest M! I can never make any return for your kindness to me. But let us feel that I am just where God would have me; and if I have had trials, 'it is his will concerning me.' And if they have brought me nearer to himself, and cut the cords that tied me to this world, what then? It was but the sterner voice of love. Oh, dearest M., I feel very unfit for this high and holy work! Some time since, when the cloud was passing over us, I felt as if there were no work for me; but now my little girls come about again (four,) and I feel so happy, because I see a decided improvement in them. I find that there is nothing like speaking the whole truth to them, be it ever so disagreeable. Oh, what a treat I shall have soon! I almost count the days until the rainy season is past, and then for the packet of letters!

"Feb. 1. How precious to me is your love! How I love to look back upon all your past kindnesses, and feel that I am still thought of and prayed for, yes, and many of your prayers on my account have doubtless been answered. It is sweet to think, that though our prayers be imperfect, cold, and formal, yet we have a glorious Intercessor, and that, perfumed by his merits, our prayers find acceptance. Therefore let us ask, and we shall receive. How prone we are to forget God—to imagine that he is not interested in the little events of our every day life! Oh, how mistaken! when it is he who has planned them, and with-

out him we can do nothing. Let us unreservedly cast ourselves upon him. He loves openness. He is displeased when we doubt his willingness to save.

“Many thanks for the dear old hymn book you gave me. I prize it very much. It is the best collection I have seen, and the print is large. I love hymns to read and sing in private. But I am regularly old blue school Presbyterian with regard to Psalm singing in public worship. They are perfectly adapted, and if we err, it is on the safe side.”

Another trial followed. On the 21st of January Mr. Johnston died. He had arrived on the islands in excellent health, full of life and vigour, had entered upon his work with great energy, and by his kindly disposition and manners had already gained the esteem of his brethren, and in a large measure the confidence of the natives. But, as we have seen, he was suddenly cut down. Such was the state of excitement of the natives, that it was three weeks after his death before they had any certain information of the event at Mr. M.'s station. Rumours had reached them of death there, but it would have been at the risk of their lives, that either Mr. M. or the Aneiteumese should proceed thither inland. Indeed the friendly natives informed them of a plot among the inland tribes to murder them on the way. Even going by water in the day time was not without danger. They therefore despatched the Aneiteumese by night, who brought back the sad intelligence. We subjoin a letter from Mrs. M. on the occasion :

“We had heard strange accounts from the natives of sickness at the harbour. It was circulated among them that Mr. and Mrs. Johnston were dead. Next night being calm, we sent two Aneiteumese through the night by water, to ascertain the truth.

They returned this evening with the painful news of Mr. Johnston's death. I cannot realize it. And oh, what a sad time for Mrs. J.! The natives are so excited about the sickness. It is the hand of God. We would willingly submit, but our loss will be very severely felt; and not only that, but six Aneiteumese have died on Mr. Paton's premises, and others are lying very ill. Poor Mr. P.'s trials have been crushing. And we, oh, we have been mercifully dealt with!

"Mr. Johnston's loss will be severely felt. How different God's ways are from ours—the strong taken and the weak left! I was not very strong for two or three weeks, but am quite well now. I over-exerted myself in putting our house to rights after the hurricanes. We have had a succession of terrific thunderstorms. Altogether, this has been a gloomy time. Yet we feel quite happy in the work, and look forward to the time when this wilderness shall rejoice and blossom as the rose.

"Do you know, dear M., I find it very hard to put on authority with the natives? It is quite a trial; but it has to be done, or they would get the upper hand of me, which, if they did, you could not teach them anything. I was disappointed in most of the missionaries' wives. I had expected to find them gentle, retiring creatures. Instead of that, they seemed so *man-like*, and spoke with so much authority. Owing to this, that they must take their share of the work, and coming in contact continually with the natives, they are apt to lose womanly gentleness imperceptibly. Probably only a stranger would notice it.

"Do not be uneasy, dearest M., when you read doleful accounts from these islands of the different 'lands' (this is a native idiom) being at war. We are in God's hand. Jesus says, 'I have all power in heaven and in earth; go ye, *therefore*.' This is enough. The Lord is our keeper."

The month of March brought additional calamities. In that month the fine new church at Mr. Geddie's station on Aneiteum was burnt. This was done by one of a small remnant of the heathen on that island. The act, however, had its influence on Tanna, leading some

to believe that the Aneiteumese were rising against Christianity, or those hostile endeavoured to lead others to believe so.

The trials of the mission, however, were not at an end. By the above correspondence it will appear that during the month of January there had been two hurricanes, but on the 14th of March there came one of a severity such as the missionaries on the New Hebrides had never experienced.

Mrs. M. thus writes to her mother, March 18, 1861 :

“On the 14th we were visited with a tremendous hurricane. Our house is standing, but a wreck, our store was blown down, church, and nearly all the houses by the sea-side. There is scarcely a vestige of the boat-house left, and the boat was driven some distance and smashed against a tree. The thatch upon our house was blown up in many places, and the rain poured down upon us. Our boxes and clothes are damaged, and nearly all our bed-clothes, particularly blankets, saturated. We have not had dry weather since, and everything smells very damp and uncomfortable.

“You cannot fancy what a state our house was in next morning, nor can I describe it. One of our windows had blown in, and with the violence of the gale, papers and clothes were blown about. The rain poured down upon bed, boxes, &c. The Aneiteumese left their own house, and took shelter in Kapuku's, but were not long there until it blew down. The natives will suffer, immense trees have been blown down, and large branches snapped off and blown about. We think worse of the church and boat. We have no place to meet in on Sabbath-days, and in a case of life and death have no boat to leave our station, but our house, situated as it is upon a hill, seems just standing as a monument of God's goodness toward us. We expected every moment it would have been unroofed; and it is blown a little to one side, but the new house received no damage, except the plaster which was nearly all washed off the outside. We re-

mained during the gale in a little porch between the two houses.

“Our books and provisions are fortunately not destroyed. Altogether this has been a gloomy season, but I have never delighted more in the work than at this present moment, and feel that I could willingly surrender my all.

“I never tell you one half of our troubles, dear M., what good would it do? let us cheer your hearts rather than write desponding dismal letters. The work is God’s, he will hasten it in his time, it may be sooner than we anticipated. The poor Tannese! Oh, they know not the glorious Saviour they reject!

“April 13. Dearest M., since writing the foregoing we have removed into our new room. It is so comfortable and light and clean, I feel like a different person. Dear M., at times my heart almost breaks to see you. I feel as if I could live no longer away from you. Yet I can be happy here and live in the glorious hope of meeting you in a world of rest, where there will be ‘no more sea’ to separate loved ones. I cannot feel grateful enough to God, when I view the degradation and misery of heathenism, that I was born in a Christian land, and under just such circumstances, and enjoyed so many privileges. It is good for me too that I have borne the yoke in my youth.

“Mr. M. is so well. He seems much more cheerful and happier in the work. Had I known once that I would daily come in contact with such savages I would have shrunk from it, but God, who has assigned me this station, will give me every needed qualification. Missionary life on Tanna has difficulties. We talk to one native about the word of God. He assents to all we say, but seems to think that he is all right, he does nothing wrong. Another says, you are telling lies. Another, before the word of God came here, and we did the command of the devil, fish were plentiful, now they are scarce. They were very angry with us during the sickness, and threatened to burn our house. But we feel assured that ‘they can have no power at all against us except it be given to them from on high,’ therefore we fear them not.

“Since writing the foregoing I have had a little bilious attack, brought on by over-exertion. The amount of work I have

gone through this season owing to sickness and hurricanes would surprise you. I willingly do it, but the flesh grows weak."

The result of this hurricane was such a destruction of native food, that there was much want among them. Owing to the prevalence of sickness, the plantations had not been prepared as usual, and what were prepared were much destroyed by the hurricane, as were also their fruit trees. Hence there was great want among the natives. They, in consequence, frequently stole from the missionaries, and Mr. M. being at a station, as we have mentioned, very inaccessible by sea, and from the state of the different tribes, all communication by land being extremely dangerous, he was sometimes in straits for want of provision. On one occasion he had to send word to Mr. Paton that he was entirely out of European food, and in the state of his health, he could not use native food, and, indeed, could not get a supply. Mr. P. immediately filled a large pot with flour, as full as it could be packed, and immediately despatched five men, Tannese and Aneiteumese, to carry it overland, and some other articles. This supply lasted them till relieved in the manner stated in the following letter :

"Their hatred had risen to such a height, that they determined by every possible means to have us quit the island, as the only remedy for all their troubles. Having resorted to many expedients, all of which God defeated, they, as a last resort, (seeing that our provisions were nearly done,) seemingly resolved that we should starve ; and from January until the middle of last month, we were not able to procure ten shillings' worth of food from the natives among whom we live.

"Seeing the game they were trying to play, lest they should consider that we were dependent on them, and should infer that

we were endeavouring to get a footing on the island not for them but for theirs, we concluded, let the consequence be what it might, that we would not ask them for an article, but would ask of Him, 'whose is the earth and the fulness thereof.'

"From the first when asked by the natives what we would eat, we used invariably to tell them that God would provide; and though the question was often asked tauntingly, yet finding that they always received the same reply, while many laughed at what they considered our apparent folly, others used to say, 'well, we don't know about that, but we'll see by and by.'

"From the first of May we were on short allowance, and on the 20th, had only a sufficiency of flour to make one loaf. In the afternoon it was a question not easily decided, whether or not it should be baked that day or left until the morrow; but while considering what was best to be done, we were agreeably surprised to hear the natives shout, 'Sail, ho!'

"In the evening the captain sent his boat on shore, and as he was recently from Sydney his vessel was still stored with fresh provisions, and he was thus both able and willing to supply our wants. In this matter we cannot but see the hand of God, and I hope we are truly grateful, not only for our own deliverance, but for this striking manifestation of God's goodness, in thus clearly revealing his arm as powerful to save.

"No event has transpired since our arrival, which has more powerfully convinced the Tannese that there is a God, and that we are seeking their welfare, in requesting them to abandon their own gods and to have no god, but the God who knows all things."

When Mr. Geddie heard of the massacre on Erromanga he sent the *John Knox* to convey the intelligence, and see what effect it would have upon the natives. But the news had already arrived. A sandal wood boat, manned by a Tahitian and some Erromangans, had gone thither. Those on board told what had been done, and advised the Tannese to kill their missionaries also. There was much excitement in consequence. The na-

tives assembled from different quarters, threatening to kill Mr. Paton and burn his house. The friends of the mission had become more numerous, or their threats might have been carried into effect. Their rage was increased by traders telling them that Mr. Paton was the cause of their calamities, and advising them to put him out of the way. The excitement became so great that for about two weeks he dare not undress himself to sleep.

At the same time that Mr. Geddie went over, two British ships of war arrived. Commodore Seymour, who was in command, held an interview with the chiefs, and gave them some good advices. With the view of securing the safety of the missionary, a display was made to them of the power at his disposal. We have always thought that in this proceeding there was something of leaning on an arm of flesh, and that it was followed by consequences such as might have been anticipated.

While the missionary work on Tanna and Erromanga where missionaries were stationed was thus in so discouraging a state, God was pleased to honour the labours of native teachers by a display of his saving power. In September the John Williams visited the neighbouring island of Fate or Sandwich Island, and found that the whole district in which the teachers were stationed, professed Christianity, and attended the instructions of the teachers. A number wished to make a profession of religion. After the examination of 13 candidates, the missionaries administered Baptism to ten, and a church formed there, which has since been increased to 40 members.

CHAPTER X.

CLOSING SCENES.

FOR some time the toils and trials of her missionary life had been telling upon Mrs. M.'s health. The entries in her diary show that her duties were performed in much bodily weakness. She had for a considerable period been subject to an asthmatic or bronchial affection, which however did not lay her aside from duty. But her constitution was becoming more delicate, and her health was otherwise affected. But she clung to her work amid weariness, weakness, and pain. Mr. M. had proposed her taking a period of relaxation. But she felt that she could not leave her work or Mr. Matheson. In fact he was in more need of assistance than she was. It was manifest that his strength, which had never been restored since he went to the South Seas, was gradually decaying. Though he was not entirely laid aside, and he was insensible of the inroads which his complaint had made upon his vigour, yet he was just able to drag himself languidly about to his work. She felt therefore that she could not leave him, and in the state of the work that nothing but necessity would justify her leaving her post.

But now something farther occupied her attention.

On the 21st of November she gave birth to a daughter. To the circumstances affecting her health previously, there had been added for some time the trials incident to her situation. Her aunt had strongly urged her removal to Aneiteum during her confinement. But painful, almost dreadful as it was, to be among such a people at such a time, and particularly when they were in so excited a state as they then were, without a single white woman on the island, she felt it her duty for the reasons stated in the following extract of a letter to her mother, to remain.

“I beg of you do not be anxious about me. You have committed me to God. To no earthly creature do I look for protection. I have had a most pressing letter from aunt to visit Aneiteum, and remain there for some time at least. Oh dearest ma, it is very hard to know the path of duty! Our hearts are here. We love the perishing Tannese. We desire to be found faithful, and not flee from our post when difficulties frown upon us. It would be a great work to remove in the little *John Knox*, especially the getting back. Mr. M. would get weak through want of proper attention. My household and missionary duties would all suffer, and God is here too. The issue is with him alone. God has been very, very good to me. Dear ma, I have been brought through many dangers and trials, and yet they have scarcely seemed like troubles, the consolations have been so rich.”

So she remained. We give some selections from her diary during these months, showing amid her own weakness how her heart was occupied with the mission work.

"July 31. To-day we have set apart as a fast—for prayer both for ourselves and the poor benighted around. Much need have we to humble ourselves before the mighty King. Oh, how far we come short of duty, and how tender is his love toward us! Pity us feeble worms, O Most High! and work in us to will and to do of thy good pleasure. I am wonderfully well considering, yet weary, and do not feel as formerly. I tremble when I think of the prospect before me. I lean upon no earthly creature! Be thou my arm, O God! every morning, my salvation also in the time of trouble! Cover me with Jesus' robes, and whether life or death be the issue, it will undoubtedly be well!

"Aug. 10. Again in the goodness of Almighty God brought to the close of another week. Feel a little sick every day, and sometimes my heart grows very weak, when I think of the future in this land of heathenism. Then again I am happy, leaning on the promises. To-night I feel very, very dull in contemplating the work. Come, Oh come! thou who willest not the death of any sinner. Oh, arise and plead thine own cause! Remember, Lord, the weakness of thy servants, who are but dust and ashes, and how short a time we sojourn upon the earth. Deliver us, O God! from our enemies, make the path of duty plain before us. Let us have thy presence and blessing with us on the coming day.

"29. Very sick upon Saturday and Sabbath. A little better yesterday and to-day. Oh, what a hardened wretch am I! Should I not hide my head in the dust, and blush to look heavenward? I cannot express how very, very good my heavenly Father has been to me! Though often sorrowful, yet I am not permitted to be utterly cast down. The promises are so very precious, and at times I so delightfully realize the truth of them.

"Mr. M. has been poorly from cold; and still continues so. Lord, thou wilt spare him, if there be work for him in thy vineyard. Oh, cut us not down as cumberers of the ground! Our desire is towards thee and thy glorious cause! We feel so happy in the prospect that lies before us; yet rejoice with trembling! I have been enabled to commit myself entirely to God! His way is assuredly the best. I feel it my duty to remain here with my husband, and that it would be cruel to him and a risk

at all events, for me to go to Aneiteum. 'The Lord is my keeper;' let me rest in his name! Good is the will of the Lord! So far has he preserved, supported, and wonderfully blessed me. He has not brought me thus far to desert me in the hour of pain and trouble. O blessed Friend that sticketh closer than a brother, let me feel thy presence near!

"Sept. 26. Alone this evening. Mr. M. has gone to the harbour to raft home some boards. Heavenly Father, keep him in the shadow of thy hand, and send him home in safety! Truly, O Holy One of Israel, thou keepest him in perfect peace, whose mind is stayed on thee! It is sweet to commit one's self entirely to God, to know and feel that he cares for the feeblest of his flock—that not one is forgotten by him. O sweet, tender Shepherd, I cast myself entirely upon thee!

"28. Saturday afternoon. Have felt exceedingly languid all day, and since attending to household duties in the morning, making preparations for Sabbath, have done very little, but glance over home papers and Registers. Like to have Saturday evening entirely to myself, in order to be in a composed and proper frame of mind for Sabbath. Feel very unlike my former active self, feel a want of energy and zeal even in God's work; though my very heart does yearn over the perishing around, and I do at times try to pray fervently for God's aid, and an outpouring of the Holy Spirit. Our Father in heaven knows our weak and feeble frames, and yet we know that he who sows sparingly, shall also reap sparingly. The day is short, and in the cold grave to which we haste, there will be no opportunities of winning souls to Jesus! O Lord! guide and revive me. Thou art very, very kind to me. How oft hast thou sustained and supported me, when sunk in troubles and dangers. Oh, that there were in me a heart to acknowledge thy mercies! My husband was brought back in safety, and we are surrounded by comforts and blessings of no ordinary character. 'Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits!'

"Oct. 18. I mourn when I think how worried I have been about trifles. How little of the spirit of the Master whom I profess to serve, have I exhibited. To-morrow will be four years since the never-to-be-forgotten morning, when at the break

of day I left my home ; and was severed from those I love so fondly, but this is a point too tender upon which to touch. I have known something of life since then—have known what it is to live—have tasted a *little* of life's joys, much of its sorrows. Its shadows have rested heavily upon me. But wherefore should a living man complain ? I was reared too gently and tenderly. It is well to know something of the world, that we may learn to feel for others.

“26. Brought again to the close of another week, richly crowned with mercies. Oh, I hate myself, when I consider how little I strive to benefit my fellow-creatures, how very selfish I am ! Have really not been well every day this week, and to-day very sick. Managed to attend to household duties, but no translating or preparation for the Sabbath. Ever blessed be our covenant-keeping God ! for these sweet precious words, ‘Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him ! for he *remembereth* we are but dust, and he knoweth our frames.’ Lord ! remember this word unto me upon which thou hast caused me to hope. Attendance at school is good, and the girls seem progressing. Oh, that even one were seeking Jesus !—the way of life !”

This was the last she wrote in her diary.

At the close of the year, the work seemed in as promising a state as it had ever been, and indeed some indications were very hopeful. Mr. M. thus writes on the 1st November.

“By the good hand of God upon us we have been permitted to go out and to come in among this people ; and though the amount of success which we have to report may appear small, still all things considered, we cannot but raise the voice of thanksgiving, and say, ‘Hitherto hath the Lord helped us !’

“We have service an hour every Sabbath morning on the mission premises, at the close of which I meet with the men in one end of the church, and Mrs. Matheson with the women in the other, and catechize them on the preceding discourse, after which I generally itinerate two or three hours, and embrace

every opportunity of speaking of Jesus, to all with whom I am privileged to meet. Mrs. M. accompanies me to the villages near at hand. The out stations I visit alone. Some Sabbaths we are much encouraged, others quite the reverse.

“The attendance at the morning service has averaged 28 during the year, sexes nearly equal—if any difference, a greater number of females. The services are conducted much as at home, the reading of the chapter excepted. That will however come as soon as possible. As our collection of Psalmody has hitherto been, and is still very small, we do not weary them with the reading of many verses either before or after sermon. When we came here we had but one hymn consisting of four verses. We have recently translated the 100th Psalm!

“Our school, if such it can be called, is open every day, that any person will attend. Some days we have ten or fifteen, other days none. Of the males four have mastered the alphabet, and two are plodding their way through trisyllables, the average male attendance being but three. Mrs. Matheson has also a class of Tannese girls, and the Aneiteumese residing here, of whom there are four, Matthew and his wife, who came with us as servants on our first arrival, and Talip and his wife. Of the Tannese girls, the average attendance is four.”

And again on the 14th January :

“The natives in this village have now, however, more confidence in us than they ever before manifested—and are also more willing to believe that our mission is a mission of love—that we are not seeking our own or theirs, but themselves, and that their soul’s salvation was the one grand object, by which we were actuated in leaving home, and coming here to dwell among them. A similar state of feeling (though less in degree) is also quite perceptible in one or two neighbouring villages. Last year we were regarded as everything but good, this year the natives among whom we live, and over whom I hope we are beginning to exert some little influence, invariably affirm that I know nothing of the art of making sickness, that I cannot make famine, hurricanes, &c.

“In itinerating on Sabbath day, I have also much more en-

couragement, *e. g.* in referring to my last year's diary in January, 1861, I find that in some villages upon my arrival, every man, woman and child would clear out of sight, and I would not have an opportunity of speaking to one person. This year while many run away some few remain and listen to the word of God in their own tongue, with some good degree of attention. At another village where I sometimes succeeded in collecting a few individuals, yet had they been ever so willing to receive instruction, they could not hear either the voice of prayer or of praise, owing to the fiendish yells of our enemies, and the incessant noise which they kept up by chopping, and beating with their clubs upon trees, old logs, &c.—at that village I have not of late been at all annoyed or molested. And to mention but another one, along the outskirts of which I seldom or ever passed, either on Sabbath or week day, without having stones or spears, often both, thrown at me, I can now pass and repass, not only along the outskirts, but through that village with some feeling of security, and with no small degree of comfort, when permitted to speak to them of Jesus.”

But in the month of January the clouds returned after the rain. On the night of the 16th the island was visited by another fearful hurricane. Nearly every thing in the shape of native food was destroyed, and as famine stared the natives in the face, the rage of the heathen was excited against the missionaries. On the morning of the 17th their infant child was removed by death, and on the 20th Mr. Paton's station at Port Resolution was broken up. The heathen tribes commenced war against those at the harbour. It seems that the spot on which Mr. Paton's house was situated, had been their fighting-ground from time immemorial. For several days they fought round his premises. His windows were smashed, his house broken into, articles destroyed and stolen, and his life was threatened. Mr.

Paton felt it his duty to leave, and after passing through serious dangers by the inland route, reached Mr. M.'s station.

Dangers now began to threaten them here. But an incident which he records in his next letter, dated Jan. 31, 1862, was very encouraging.

"I believe that more real soul-saving knowledge has been communicated this month, than has ever before been since the commencement of this mission—and there has evidently been a spirit of inquiry among the people, in reference to things spiritual and divine, such as has never before been displayed. The day before yesterday, Kapuku, our young chief, handed over to me all his deceased father's household gods, which fell to him by right of inheritance, saying that he did not require them any longer. These gods are simply small rude stones, which they supplicate on all occasions, *e. g.*, one is supposed to be a god of war, that they supplicate before going to war—another stone represents a god of the sea, whose favour they supplicate when going to sea, either for the purpose of fishing or of going from one island to another—one stone represents the god of sickness—another of storms, &c. Some chiefs have more, some less of these sacred stones—Kapuku had twenty, all of which he has given up. The receiving of these gods, or the seeing of him giving up his idols, has, as you naturally may suppose, ten thousand fold repaid all that we had endured on benighted Tanna. Truly the day on which an influential chief on dark Tanna delivered up his gods, declaring that he had no further use for them, may well be recorded as 'A day of the right hand of the Most High.'"

But the rage of the heathen was excited. On the night of Sabbath, 2d February, the church was burned down. This, it has since been ascertained, was done by the heathen party as an act of hostility against Yaresi and Taura, by whom the church had been built.

They also threatened to burn down Mr. Matheson's house. After mature deliberation the missionaries concluded to retire from Tanna. A vessel that had been engaged by Mr. Geddie, who had heard of the perils by which they were surrounded, to visit them, now appeared in sight.

This vessel was owned by Capt. Burns, who, though engaged in the sandal wood business, has frequently rendered efficient service to our missionaries. He has carried their goods and themselves without charge, and has always given instructions to his captains, to do anything in their power, to forward the interests of the mission.

Preparations were immediately made to leave the island. Their goods were packed up, some left in the house, the rest stowed in two boats. It was evening before all was ready, when they proceeded to sea in the boats, though in danger of missing the vessel. That night they were obliged to sleep in the boats. During the night they ran into Port Resolution, hoping to meet with the vessel. She, however, had been drifted away by contrary winds, and did not pick them up till the next evening. They then set sail for Aneiteum, where they were heartily welcomed by Mr. Geddie and family. Ten of the Tannese followed them, viz., Yaresi and his wife, Viavia and his wife, Kapuku and his wife, Kaiou, and five boys from six to ten years of age.

It is doubtful, however, whether the purpose of killing the missionaries had been so seriously entertained, and so deliberately planned as they had been led to believe. There was much talk of that nature. Their lives were not indeed free from danger. There was no trusting

what an enraged savage might do, there were some bitterly opposed to Christianity, and there is no saying to what length they might have gone. But had they deliberately planned the murder of the missionaries, the latter would not have heard of it till afterward. When an attempt was made on Aneiteum to destroy Mr. Geddie, by burning his house at midnight, even the Christian natives, forming a large portion of the inhabitants, had not heard of it, and for weeks after could not discover the guilty. But the fact ascertained, is that they were anxious to get the missionaries away, but did not wish to do them injury. The heathen were determined on this, and even some of the friendly became alarmed at the hostility of their neighbours, and began to wish the missionaries gone. This was the case more particularly at Port Resolution. This was the cause of the threats, which were freely used, of burning their house and even of killing them if they did not leave. The whole design was to induce them to remove. With this view they also sometimes represented the friendly chiefs, who had promised to protect them, as plotting their destruction. Notwithstanding all these threats, Mr. M. had hitherto continued firm at his post, and never thought of leaving it for any apparent danger. Mrs. M. during the most troublous times never lost her confidence. Her mind was in perfect peace. She was never molested. She won the affection of the most savage, so that they were never guilty even of rudeness to her, and even at the worst, she records instances of their kindness and attention. She had more influence over them, than any person on the island, a remarkable proof of the power of womanly gentleness in the mission work.

among such a people, and makes us regret that Mr. Paton during these dark days should not have had such assistance.

It must be observed, however, that while the heathen party were so anxious for the removal of the missionaries, those who had befriended them remained friendly to the last. The chiefs who had pledged their honour to protect the missionaries faithfully fulfilled their engagements. Mrs. M. anticipated no danger, and would cheerfully have remained; and Mr. M. repeatedly declared afterward that he would never have left but for the state of her health. Even at Port Resolution the friendly chiefs did not wish the mission broken up. And when circumstances were such that Mr. P. felt it his duty to leave, they still earnestly requested that the Aneiteumese teachers should remain, and that, as soon as possible, missionaries should resume their work; and the faithful Abraham was willing to have remained. At Mr. Matheson's station a number were so attached to the missionaries that they left all and accompanied them to Aneiteum. Yaresi, who had first invited the missionaries there, though of standing as a chief, and as well off as chiefs there generally are, died a poor man on Aneiteum; and Kapuku, who just before had brought all his gods to the missionary, remained firm in his attachment to him, and we trust in reality to Christ. It must be added, that though Mr. M.'s goods were left in an open boat-house, it was afterward found that not a thing had been stolen.

But the state of Mrs. M.'s health rendered a removal imperative, while his was scarcely better. By the hurricane their house, which was situated on a hill, though

not thrown down, was so twisted that it became open both to wind and rain. It was the rainy season, when the rain falls not even as in the copious rains of a temperate climate, but in perfect torrents, and that sometimes lasting for eight or ten days at a time. There was scarce a spot in the house that could be kept dry. She had then recovered from her confinement, but was still delicate. She had in January a dry cough, such as she had been subject to. At this time she got thoroughly wet, took severe chills, cough settled on her lungs, followed by night perspirations,—in short, she now had all the symptoms of pulmonary consumption. The exposure during her removal to Aneiteum, aggravated the symptoms, and when she arrived there, the worst was feared. It was hoped, however, that she might rally for a time, and none thought her end was so near. However, she gradually became worse. Every thing that Christian love and sympathy could suggest, was done to minister to her comfort.

“Her illness,” says Mr. M. “was borne with much patience and resignation to the divine will. From first to last not a murmur, not a complaint escaped her lips. In reference to her prospects of recovery, she often said that if it was God’s will, she should like to be spared to return to Tanna with me; adding, ‘I would not like to see you going back to Tanna alone; but if God’s will is otherwise, I would rather go and be with Jesus. If God takes me from you, and if you will say that you will return to Tanna, I know that God will take care of you.’”

A day or two before she died, it seemed evident to those around that her end was near. At the request

of Mr. M., Mr. Geddie informed her of the fact. She received the intimation with great calmness, and said that there was but one thing for which she had any desire to live, and that was to do good to the poor heathen around ; but if it was not the will of her heavenly Father, all was well. At various times she spoke calmly of going to her Saviour. Early on the morning of the 11th March, symptoms of a change appeared. She then gradually sank, her breath growing feebler, till, without a struggle, she fell asleep. "She died," says Mr. G. "rejoicing in the Saviour whom it was her delight to serve. None could converse with her on a dying bed without saying, 'Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his.' This world had no attractions to her, and her desire was to depart and be with Christ, which is far better. If she at times appeared willing to continue a little longer on earth, it was only for the sake of the poor heathen around her. Her missionary career was short, but it was one of much interest. Few women have been placed in more trying circumstances on the mission field, but she never complained of her lot. She was the only white female on the island of Tanna, and she laboured among a dark hearted, deeply degraded and savage people. No member of the mission stood so high in the estimation of the natives, and her knowledge of the language, kind disposition, and efforts for their good, gave her much influence among them. Few men would be disposed to risk their lives among the natives, where she resided, and yet she never had occasion to complain of rudeness from them. She was not spared to see the fruits of her labours, but we may hope that they were not altogether

in vain. May God raise up other instruments for his work, equally devoted to the best of causes."

Her mother died before the intelligence of her death reached Nova Scotia; and it is a curious circumstance, that on her deathbed she repeatedly and emphatically expressed strong confidence that Mary had already gone to heaven. She refrained from leaving any dying counsels for her, because "Mary had gone before, and she would meet her in heaven."

We believe that it is unnecessary to add anything regarding her mind and character. That she possessed superior talents, which had been carefully cultivated—that she had fine powers of imagination, with earnest practical wisdom and energy,—that her intellect was graceful as it was vigorous, is, we think, clearly evinced by what she has written. The strength of her affections, the tenderness of her feelings, and the depth of her sympathies must also, we think, strike every reader. The amiableness of her disposition, the engaging sweetness and attractiveness, the loveableness of her whole nature can only be appreciated by those who knew her, but will, we hope, appear in some measure from the foregoing memoir. Above all, she was distinguished by the beauty and force of her moral nature. Naturally she seemed composed of finer clay than ordinary mortals. But as her character was moulded by the universally pervading influence of love to God, she formed as fair a flower as ever beautified the garden of the Lord on earth—too fair, alas! for this lower world—so that when her Beloved came down to His garden to gather lilies, one so lovely could no longer be left among

the thorns, but must be transplanted to bloom in the paradise of God.

At this time Mr. M. was extremely feeble. Indeed, it amazed every person how he could prosecute his work so long, while to all appearance so far gone in consumption. Yet still he persevered, and now continued to instruct the Tannese who had followed him, and still to translate, when everybody thought that he might lay aside his armour. The energy of mind which carried him through all this is truly amazing. In June he went to the island of Mare, or Nengone, of the Loyalty group, which is considered very salubrious, with that hope which has disappointed so many thousands in his disease, of being yet restored to health. What followed we shall give in a letter from Mr. Creagh.

“He intended to return again to Aneiteum on the arrival of the *John Williams*. But by the time the vessel came to this place, to go to Aneiteum, he was in a very weak condition; he intended, however, to go; but on my persuading him to remain where he was, he consented. On the return of the vessel from Aneiteum, he was dead. He sweetly fell asleep in Jesus, his precious Saviour, on the 14th instant, at 45 minutes past 12, A. M., our time; twelve or fourteen hours before your time.

“On his arrival here it was evident to all that saw him that he would not be long in this world. While here he was diligently and constantly employed in translating the gospels into the Tannese language, and that notwithstanding the shattered state of his health. Such was his close application that it was not before he had augmented his weakness, that I could persuade him to study less. He was buoyant with the hope that Mr. Paton would return from the colonies in the *John Williams*, and that he and himself would together revise his translations, and then print them at Aneiteum, for the benefit of the poor Tannese. Whilst here, he wrote out a school book in Tannese; and the week before the *John Williams* arrived, he proposed to

me to print it. I readily consented, and only regretted he had not mentioned the subject earlier, as I feared the vessel would come before it was possible for the work to be done. I began the book and was at work in the printing office about it when the arrival of the *John Williams* was announced to me. This put an end to the work. Mr. Matheson only lived a fortnight after the arrival of the vessel at our island. His descent to the grave was not marked by anything singular. His mind was calm, and peaceful, and happy; humbly hoping in Jesus, 'his precious Saviour,' and patiently waiting the will of 'his Father.' Had his death occurred a fortnight earlier I should have been all alone with him, but a kind Providence had so arranged that not only should my wife be present, but also a brother minister and others, all of whom manifested their deep sympathy with our suffering brother. The burning ardour of his soul was sadly damped by his frail and shattered tabernacle of clay. Often has he shed tears over the wretchedness and wickedness of dark Tanna; though in perils often by the heathen of that island, and driven from those shores through fear of death, yet Tanna was as precious to his heart as if he had received nothing but excessive kindness at the hands of the people. He had sanguine hopes that the good seed sown there would yet spring up and bear fruit. May his hopes be realized! When he arrived at Nengone his voice was very low, scarcely above a hoarse whisper. At one time his voice improved a very little. This produced great joy in him. He appeared like a captive with his chains unloosened, and began to exercise his voice by reading aloud. I, however, advised him not to try it too much as he might throw himself back again. His joy was of but short duration. His throat became worse, and swallowing anything was most difficult. Boiled batter pudding was what he managed best. This I made for him every day. (My wife was away in Sydney and I had to be cook.) He was with me three and a half months, but he could not conduct family worship once during that whole time. In this very weak state, and when his throat was at its worst, he commenced preparing Psalms for singing. And it was my intention, if possible, to print the Psalms he prepared with the school book."

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On Mr. Matheson's character we need not dwell. That he was a man of ardent piety and deep devotedness to the cause of God, must have been seen by all who became acquainted with him, and is sufficiently evinced by his labours on the mission field. That he was a man of extraordinary perseverance and indefatigable energy, is doubted by none who know anything of his history. That he had in a high degree those qualifications, which, if bodily strength had been granted him, would, under God have rendered him a most successful missionary, is the opinion of every missionary in the South Seas who knew him. This want of health from the time of his arrival in the New Hebrides, however, neutralized his zeal and rendered his efforts apparently fruitless. In fact his whole missionary career was one continued struggle with disease, and his periods of greatest strength after his arrival, were only the deceitful rallies, marking the progress of the slow but sure destroyer. After the expenditure of so much labour and means on his part in preparing for the work, and after so heavy expenditure on the part of the church in sending him forth, and maintaining him, the results may not equal our expectations, yet we have reason to bless God that under the circumstances he was able to accomplish so much, and that we can see evidence that his labour has not been in vain in the Lord. And though we had seen no fruit whatever, yet this would be no reason whatever for discouragement. It is one of the most common appointments of God in his church that one shall sow and another reap, and we doubt not that the good seed sown by Mr. M. shall not be fruitless—that if he laboured other men shall enter into his la-

bours. "And he that reapeth receiveth wages, and gathereth fruit unto life eternal; that both he that soweth and he that reapeth may rejoice together." God may see fit to try our faith by delay. "Behold the husbandman waiteth for the precious fruit of the earth, and hath long patience for it, till he receive the early and the latter rain." Let us be patient, therefore, let us have faith in God! and pray the Lord of the harvest to send forth other labourers into his harvest, and give them to reap an abundant harvest of souls. We feel assured that the offerings of our church to the God of missions on the New Hebrides' field shall not be in vain. All the tears by which this mission has been watered, the Lord hath put into his bottle—every sigh breathed for its desolations is written in his book—every prayer of faith has come up into the ears of the Lord of Sabaoth! and God is not unrighteous to forget the work of faith and labours of love of our devoted missionaries. The contributions of the church are to him "an odour of a sweet smell, a sacrifice, acceptable, well-pleasing to God." But far outweighing all our pecuniary sacrifices must be reckoned those dear departed; Mr. Johnston, Mr. and Mrs. Gordon, Mr. and Mrs. Matheson, whose lives have been freely offered to the service of the God of missions on these islands. "Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints," and shall five such lives be as nothing in his sight; or be without fruit? Oh, no; "precious shall their blood be in his sight," and crying for mercy to the perishing heathen, will yet be answered in salvation to them, and blessings to the church!



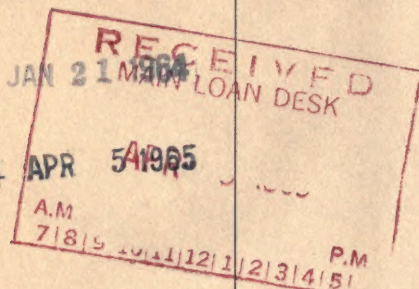
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